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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE & CHARACTER

OF

MRS. SARAH SAVAGE,

BY

J. B. WILLIAMS, ESQ. F.S.A.

WITH

A PREFACE, BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MEMOIRS OF HER SISTER, MRS. HULTON.

"Wisdom! thy plants no blights of age consume,
Deathless they bud—and breathe a rich perfume."
Politian; Greswell's Translation.

THE FOURTH EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

LONDON:
HOLDSWORTH AND BALL,
18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1829.

310.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following Memoir* nothing has been introduced but what is authentic.—Mrs. Savage left in her own hand-writing, a Diary of many volumes, commencing with the year 1686, and continued, with few intervals, to her death. Thence, chiefly, the narrative has been compiled. All the extracts, unless otherwise mentioned, are given from those volumes.

The great number of her papers, generally of superior excellence, rendered selection difficult. It has been my aim, however, to avoid tediousness, and to introduce only fair examples illustrative of each particular into which her character has been divided. In doing this, as well as in the general plan, I have followed Mr. Orton, in his useful Life of Dr. Doddridge.

Of the Appendix little need be said. It is rather bulky, but, I hope, neither prolix nor irrelevant. For the Memoir of Mr. Owen I am responsible. The facts were principally obtained from a life of him written, soon after his death, by his brother, Dr. Charles Owen, and long since become scarce. The other articles are from manuscripts never before published; and a reference, as to authenticity, is made, in each, for the reader's satisfaction.

To the descendants of Mrs. Savage, and also to Mrs.

* The only account of Mrs. Savage, and that a very brief one, which, it is believed, has ever been written, may be seen in the Christian Observer, vol. iv. p. 327—and Burder's Memoirs of Pious Women, vol. iii. p. 83.

Ireland, of Wem, I embrace this opportunity of renewing my acknowledgments; as well for their repeated kindness in furnishing information concerning their revered ancestor, as for the liberal use of many manuscripts which enrich this compilation.

Nor can I omit to mention Mrs. Savage's granddaughter, the late Mrs. Brett, of West-Bromwich, in Staffordshire—my venerable and lamented friend—as having contributed essentially to the present volume.

The undertaking was commenced not only under the auspices of Mrs. Brett, but of various esteemed friends, both among the clergy and laity; and has been prosecuted, at intervals, in those moments which a laborious profession furnishes for relaxation. My object has not been to gratify a blind partiality, to extol human nature, or to satisfy captious criticism; but, by illustrating the blessedness of religion, to encourage early piety, to edify aged christians, and, in short, to animate and confirm all who love the "truth as it is in Jesus." Female virtue is repeatedly exhibited by inspired wisdom, for the imitation and guidance of succeeding generations.

> Now, see the Saint immortal; her I mean
> Who liv'd as such; whose heart, full bent on heaven,
> Leaned all that way, her bias to the stars.
> Observe the awful portrait, and admire;
> Nor stop at wonder: imitate, and live.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

Swan Hill, Shrewsbury,
February 12th, 1818.

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PREFACE.

In November last, going to Shrewsbury to preach for the Swan Hill Sunday School, I called upon my amiable and worthy friend, the Editor of the following sheets. He shewed me a number of manuscript volumes, filled with the diary and remarks of Mrs. Savage; and intimated some design of publishing a selection from them. I was so impressed and delighted after hearing various extracts indiscriminately taken, that I applauded the wish, and endeavoured to accelerate the accomplishment of it. Having, therefore, rendered myself in some measure responsible for the publication by my opinion and advice, I the more readily comply with his desire in writing a few words by way of introduction.

The relationship of this good woman will deservedly bespeak some peculiar attention

to the following pages: for who, without sentiments of love and veneration, can think of PHILIP HENRY, her FATHER, and of MATTHEW HENRY, her BROTHER?

The Daughter and the Sister was worthy of her excellent kindred. She possessed much of their piety, and no inconsiderable share of their talent. She had their familiar acquaintance with the Scripture; their prompt remembrance of its significant phrases: and their easy and pertinent accommodation of them to events. She had the same devoutness of remark; the same sprightliness of observation; the same degree of quaintness — just sufficient to awaken notice, and aid recollection, but not enough entirely to offend good taste.

She was "a gracious woman, and she retains honour." By the providence of Him who has said, "Them that honour me I will honour," after serving her generation according to the will of God, and falling asleep, her memory, at the distance of more than a century, is blessed; and her works written in the closet, praise her in the gate.

The species of writing, in which she so largely indulged, was far more common in her days [illegible] it is in ours. It has been

abused, and rendered ridiculous by its minuteness and too frequent publication: yet properly conducted, it would prove eminently conducive to usefulness. It would promote communion with Providence, and bring a man within the reach of the promise, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." It would secure the habit of retirement, and the practice of self-inspection. It would enable the writer, in review, to compare himself with himself, and awaken humiliation and repentance, when instead of growing in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour, he found that he was standing still, or had left his first love.—And though we have not the formality of the thing in the Scripture, we have many indications of the principle: as in the names which Joseph and Moses imposed upon their children; in the stone which Samuel reared and called Ebenezer; in the pot of Manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, laid up in the ark; in the command —"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness:" in the reproof—"Of the rock that begat thee thou art unmindful,

and hast forgotten the God that formed thee:" in the resolution—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Some Diaries were written, either for the express purpose of meeting the public eye, or in the apprehended probability of it. When this is known to be the case, we cannot peruse them with the same degree of pleasure and freedom, as when they seem written for their own sake, and betray no wish to produce effect. Nothing was further from the mind of Mrs. Savage, than the public exhibition of what she wrote. It was solely inscribed for her own use and edification. Her views in it she has thus recorded. "It is in my thoughts to do something in the nature of a Diary, being encouraged by the advantage others have gained thereby, and the hope that I might be furthered by it in a godly life, and be more watchful over the frame of my heart, when it must be kept on record. I would approve myself to God, who alone knows the sincerity of my heart. To him I have made known my request herein, and I heartily beg that what I shall at any time put down may be the workings of my heart, and that in nothing I may bear witness against

myself." In this temper of mind the whole seems to have been penned: and nothing can be more pleasing or edifying than the perusal of such unstudied, undisguised representations of her conscience and her character.

The inspection shews us, that a dissent from the National Church may be founded in conviction, as well as education; and does not necessarily imply a fastidious, or a factious disposition; that it does not render its subject blind to what is good or excellent in the doctrine and liturgy of the Establishment, or prevent prayer for its success, or rejoicing in its welfare. It shews us too, how little it encourages disaffection to civil obedience, or forbids "rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Could the diaries of Mrs. Savage's times be explored, what a contrast would be found between the sentiments such worthies confessed before God in their most sacred moments, and those charged upon them by their calumniating adversaries. Take the following extract from the journal of her honoured father, when deprived of his living for conscience' sake:

"1663, *May 29th.* A Thanksgiving day

for the King's return; a mercy in itself, for which the Lord be praised, though I, and many more, suffer by it."

We perceive in these pages, that evangelical principles do not lead to licentiousness, but are friendly to every duty we owe to God, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves. Where do we here see any traces of—that bold familiarity with the Supreme Being—of that contempt of others which cries, Stand by, I am holier than thou—of that relaxation of vigilance; that carelessness of conduct; that presumptuousness of hope, which in the minds and languages of many, seem for ever identified with the doctrines of Grace?

We may see here somewhat of the nature and value of Christian experience. We are accustomed to speak of doctrine, experience, and practice: but though these are in a measure different, they are not separable: they resemble the colours in the rainbow; you can distinguish them, but you cannot limit; they imperceptibly melt into each other. Christian experience results from enlightened views of divine things—which is no other than doctrinal belief: and it issues in the conversation and life—which is nothing less than practical godliness. Yea, these

operate mutually, as cause and effect: for as our perceptions influence our feelings, and these our conduct; so practice increases our feelings, and these aid our judgment; for the exemplification of our religious views in our dispositions and actions, renders them more clear and more powerful. Hence the meaning of the term; for experience signifies knowledge derived from trial, in contradistinction to conjecture and theory. A Christian does not at first adopt religious sentiments, or engage in religious exercises, with a view to make experiments; yet a reception of the former, and an attention to the latter, have this effect. They put these things into a state of trial: and a new kind of evidence is obtained by the individual. He that believeth hath the witness in himself; and though it may not be convincing to others, it is very satisfactory to his own heart, and he is neither to be ridiculed, or argued out of it. Hence, says our Lord, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Hence men are invited to "taste and see that the Lord is good." Hence Christians are represented as having "tasted that the Lord is gracious." Hence David says, "Because thou hast been my help, therefore

under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice: and Paul exults, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

I here look into Mrs. Savage's heart, and I see this satisfaction—yet not excluding many anxious and painful feelings: and the Christian is pourtrayed in the Scripture, by his fear, as well as by his confidence: by his weeping, as well as rejoicing. A stone remains the same all the year; but what changes does the living tree feel, and what different aspects does it exhibit in the four seasons? I see in this subject of divine grace no vain, no proud pretensions; she no where says, "I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin;" "I have already attained, I am already perfect:" but in every page she cries, "This one thing I do, forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Amidst all her complaints of the want of more conformity and devotedness to God, we still see her—differing from others—a new creature—God's workmanship:—and we see reason

why Christians, under all their acknowledged imperfections, are called "righteous," and "godly," and "holy," and "spiritual:"—for we see the complete state to which she aspired, powerfully at work in its principles; already commenced in its preparations; already ensured in its earnests; already enjoyed in its foretastes.—We see "the path of the just, which is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The experience of Mrs. Savage shews us that religion is not always begun abruptly, or in a manner bordering on prodigy. It is often derived, under the divine agency, from pious education, family worship, parental instruction, holy example. Mr. Baxter goes so far as to say, that if these were discharged as they ought to be, even the preaching of the word would not be the most common means of conversion. It is certain that many of the most eminent and useful ministers among the Puritans and Nonconformists were not converted from a course of profligacy, but were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; from children knew the Holy Scriptures: and the change in them was as gradual in its progress, as it was proved to be real and divine in its effects.

Many, I fear, are tempted to think suspiciously, or loweringly of the acquisition of religion in this humble and unostentatious mode; and deem it far preferable, that a man should have been led from the depths of Satan into the way everlasting; have felt a sudden violence; and, after enduring insufferable terror and anguish, be elevated into confidence and rapture. We are not to limit the Holy One of Israel; yet ought we to be careful, not to draw universal conclusions from particular cases, or convert exceptions into general rules. It is one of the golden sentences of Mr. Henry, her brother, "God is sometimes found of them that seek him not, but he is always found of them that seek him." It is a mercy if God calls us by his grace in any way; but where the certainty of the change is so extremely obvious, the subject is too prone to rest convinced of the fact, instead of praying, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." From the apparent magnitude of the change, he is too prone to feel, as if it had finished a work, which it only began. From the superior notice and wonder it excites, the more temptation is there to spiritual vanity and pride. The suddenness of

the illumination frequently dazzles while it enlightens; and the man is likely to feel and retain a partial attachment to some one religious doctrine, according to the first direction his mind takes under such a novel and powerful impression: and for want of those *relative* views, which should accompany and qualify and direct his fervour, his zeal is seldom according to knowledge. Often too, coarseness and freedom of manners result from former viciousness of which the individuals themselves are not aware, but which expose them in their social, especially female, intercourse. I never knew a professor of religion, or a preacher of the word, who fell by certain temptations, but had been, previously to his connexion with the Christian world, the victim of vice.—Moral and virtuous habits produce delicacy and impose restraint. Former scenes of guilt will often revive in the imagination; and though they are not entertained there, yet by passing through the mind, they defile it and distress it. I have heard more than one pious character confess the pain and injury he has suffered from this quarter, even in his public and retired devotions, and who would have given the world to be free from the shocks

he received from the hauntings of the ghosts of his old iniquities. To which we may add, that though morality is not religion, yet it is a social benefit—but the man called from the dregs of profaneness, has to look back upon the injury he has done to others, and to mourn over effects which he cannot repair. He has led astray many that he may never be able to reclaim; and seeing those running the downward road, whom he led into it and encouraged by his vices, influence, and example, how often, as he advances towards Heaven, which he is almost ashamed to enter, must he sigh and pray, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God of my salvation."

These reflections are not designed to exclude any from hope, however deeply they have transgressed; or to withhold esteem and confidence from those who have obtained mercy; but to remove a mistake by no means uncommon; and to induce those who have been preserved from vice, to be peculiarly thankful, that they were moral before they were converted; and to bless God for those early advantages which led them into connected and consistent views of religion; and that their characters were formed after models of excellency, placed constantly in sight, and

endeared by all the claims of nature. They are designed also to call upon parents, not to leave their children to a kind of religious chance; or to suppose that divine grace is a thing perfectly independent of rational and pious means, instead of being connected with them, and conveyed by them, and in them. Let the command and the promise be ever in their mind: "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Not that means are ever sufficient of themselves without the divine blessing (and therefore there is as much need of prayer as of exertion); but when God has appointed the means, and engaged to bless them, our hope is well-founded; and in the *proper* use of them we may expect success with as much certainty, as in nature, the sower expects to reap.

Finally. I have no wish to hinder the humbling sense of inferiority, which persons acquainted with themselves will feel in reading these papers. There are certainly degrees of religious excellency. Even the good ground brought forth in the varied proportions of thirty, sixty, and an hundred, fold. What a difference do we see between Abraham and Lot, with regard to lowliness

of mind, self-denial, and a spirit of conciliation. What a difference between the Centurion, who took our Saviour at his word; and Thomas, who required every kind of sensible evidence. — And Christians are in honour to prefer one another. Yet it should be remembered that what is written in such diaries as this, is the fruit of retirement and reflection, and the summary of the best feelings called forth in the presence of God. And whatever modern Christians think of *themselves*, I love not for *others* to view them as a race, very inferior to those who lived in an earlier period. We know who has said, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

There may be the same degree of religious principle, while yet it is put forth in different ways. Even the constitutional temper will have some influence, as we see in the case of Martha and Mary. There was the same regard to our Saviour in each, but Martha was cumbered about much serving, while Mary sat at his feet to hear his words; and when after the death of the brother, he was coming into Bethany, Martha went out to meet him, but Mary sat still in the house.

Nor should we forget, that the providence of God often diversifies the direction of religious principle.—At one time it peculiarly calls forth the passive, at another, the active, graces of the Christian: at one season it requires more of the private exercises of godliness, at another more of its public efforts: winter leads the sap down into the roots, while summer calls it up into the branches, and displays it in the blossoms and the fruit.

We readily acknowledge, that with regard to the more private and retired influence of religion, they who lived in the days of Mrs. Savage were superior to the generality of modern Christians; but we make no scruple to say, many modern Christians are far superior to them in public spirit and active exertions. If the river spreads wide, or flows in various fertilizing currents, it cannot be expected to roll so deep. How little working *comparatively*, do we find even in the feelings of many of these worthies towards the cause of God at large! Their own souls, their families, their particular churches,—these drew forth their concern, but too much restricted it too. The present day exhibits a very different scene: and from a thousand public assemblies, convened for the very

purpose, and evincing their sincerity and fervency by their efforts and sacrifices, we hear the exclamation, "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory." There is indeed a danger that keeping other men's vineyards we should not be attentive to our own; and that our zeal should expend itself so much abroad, as to be extinguished before it reaches home; on the other hand it is true (though liable to perversion and abuse), that if we mind God's affairs he will mind ours; and that, while doing his work, he that watereth, shall be watered also. In the unprofitableness of those ministers, the barrenness of those churches, and the deadness of those professors, who from their selfishness, or sloth, or any doctrinal restraint, come not up to the help of the Lord, may be found at this hour illustrations of the truth of David's words; "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, *they* shall prosper that love thee."

Had many Christians now living been cotemporaries with Mrs. Savage, they would have devoted that time and attention to religion in its retreats, which seemed not so much called for abroad. And had many who lived in her days been born in ours, they would have sprung forth at the call of those

institutions which we have witnessed; and, following the direction of Heaven, have fallen in with a state of things which demands the utmost co-operation and activity; and which not only allows, but demands that every subject of divine grace should be also its instrument and its agent: and when by teaching poor children and adults to read and write, by dispensing Tracts, by aiding Bible and Missionary Societies, and by endeavouring to evangelize our own dark villages, Christians, as well as preachers, shall be named the "Priests of the Lord; and men shall call them the ministers of our God:" when the promise made to the church shall be fulfilled, "They that be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundation of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

This is the glory of our day: and let not Christians be comparatively undervalued because they obey the obvious will of Providence and are workers together with God. The period so long prayed for is arrived; and we are required to rise, even from our devotions, and serve. We could employ the hours in songs of praise; but the voice cries,

"Work while it is called to-day:" and you shall soon rest from your labours, and join those who dwell in his house above, and are still praising him. Christians are now required not to sit still and record their feelings, but to endeavour to communicate them. They must not abide by the stuff. The field calls them. The harvest is come, and it is harvest weather; and the ears, ungathered in, will soon fall and perish. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest, and he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

WILLIAM JAY.

BATH, *May 2*, 1818.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. SAVAGE.

CHAP. I.

HER BIRTH, EARLY PIETY, AND MARRIAGE.

SARAH, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry and Katherine his wife,* was born August 7th, 1664, at Broad Oak, in Flintshire. Of her eminently pious parents nothing need be here said—their praise has long been in the churches.†

It is not surprising that, at this distance of time, but little can be stated as to the early period of her life.

The discovery of an unusual degree of amiableness, connected with mental energy, secured particular attention to her education.

* Appendix I.

† See Philip Henry's Life, and Matthew Henry's Sermon on the death of his mother, appended to it.—Henry's Works, Burder and Hughes's edit. vol. vii. pp. 1, and 80.

She was taught to read by the Rev. William Turner,* who, prior to his admission into the University, resided at Broad Oak for instruction. Her learned father, by the aid of a grammar which he compiled for the purpose, in English, instructed her, when only six or seven years old, in the Hebrew tongue, and she went so far in it as to be able readily to read and construe a Hebrew Psalm.†

She also, while young, wrote outlines of the sermons she heard preached; and her diary frequently mentions the comfort and edification she experienced in reviewing them. This custom was continued to old age, and many volumes are still extant, no less proofs of her industry and neatness, than valuable specimens of ministerial skill and fidelity. She preserved in writing, likewise, her honoured parent's stated Expositions in the family, and used them, through life, in her private perusal of the Scriptures.

Through the divine blessing, promised to a religious education, the means used for her spiritual welfare were not in vain, for her parents witnessed, in the years too often sinfully

* Afterwards Vicar of Walburton, in Sussex.—P. Henry's Life, p. 123, Oct. 1825. See also the Life of Matthew Henry, by J. B. Williams, p. 3.

† Philip Henry's Life, p. 83, ut supra.

employed, a devotedness to God, which could not fail to promote their veneration and love to the great Author of saving mercy.

Noticing, when seventy years of age, the period alluded to, she thus expressed herself: "I was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity; yet a kind Providence took care of me, and preserved me safe through the perils of infancy. My great Creator and Benefactor endued me with understanding, reason, a capacity to learn—but infinite goodness gave me early advantages by religious parents, such as, I am ready to think, the whole world can hardly produce the like. I was betimes taught my catechism, and other things proper for my age. I had excellent examples. Religion was set before me in the clearest and best light. Secured, by privacy, from so much as seeing the corruptions the world abounds with, for the first twenty years of my life, I do not remember to have heard an oath, or to have seen a person drunk. But still this was but negative religion—the free grace of God, in infinite mercy, took early hold of me, and brought me to feel something of the powers of the world to come."

It is well known how careful Mr. Henry was to give serious youth an early introduction to

the Lord's Supper.* We therefore find Mrs. Savage, in her sixteenth year, a guest at the sacred table, and the time was "a time of love." Several years afterwards, the recollection was pleasant. "1697, (Sabbath), May 23," she writes, "I cannot but remember that upon this day, now seventeen years ago, I first gave up my name to God in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There, through his goodness, I found great sweetness. I trust the knot was then tied, and the bargain made, which will prove an everlasting covenant never to be broken. Amen."

Henceforth her papers record increased anxiety that, by departing from iniquity, she might adorn the gospel. She was far from being satisfied with even a devotional attendance at "the feast;" she aimed to manifest the reality of her faith by zeal for "good works," and so, "with well doing, put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." She notes it in her diary, as a saying of her beloved father, worthy of special

* P. Henry's Life, p. 84, ut supra. The compiler cannot help commending, especially to his juvenile readers, a sermon by the excellent Dr. Doddridge, entitled, "The young Christian invited to Communion." It is an admirable specimen of holy reasoning.—Doddridge's Works, by Dr. Williams and Mr. Parsons, vol. ii. p. 137. And Matthew Henry's Communicant's Companion.

attention, that "It is certain we have many eyes upon us. Some," said he, "watch for our halting; let them be disappointed. Others rejoice in our close walking; let them have more cause to do so."

How much soever practical godliness may, by some soaring religionists, be decried as too earthly to attract their notice, or as too legal to interrupt their piety, the humble Christian will not object to meet, in this connexion, with the substance of one of *Philip* Henry's sermons on the important subject. It is introduced from Mrs. Savage's copy; and as it, very probably, was her frequent companion in the closet, it may on that account appear the more interesting. The text is,

"Psalm l. 23.—'*Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I shew the salvation of God.*'

"There is a question, Psalm cxvi. 12, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' These words are an answer to it. Two things you must render—Praise—A well ordered conversation.

"1. Praise. Be inwardly thankful in heart. Be outwardly thankful in word. This is our

rent—to be paid daily—according as our receivings are. He that doth this is said to glorify God, that is,

"*Pleases* him. Glorifies me. Does the thing that I delight in. The *prayer* of the upright is his delight. But he hath more delight in their thanksgiving than in their prayers, because therein they do not seek themselves, but wholly his glory.

"*Glorifies* me—that is, gets me a good name among men.

"2. Besides this; another duty is to look to our conversation. Those that have received mercy from God, should be very careful about their conversation.

"You have all reason to feel weight from God's benefits; are you willing to know what you shall render?

> "*Doctrine.* Though thanks *giving* be very good, yet thanks *living* is a great deal better.

"What is to be done that ours may be a *well-ordered* conversation? Two things are of great concernment.

"1. Our conversion. Are we new creatures? born again? Are we passed from death unto life? Without this there is no salvation.—

Matt. xviii. 3. I pray see to this. Let there be a principle.—Matt. xii. 33.

"2. Our conversation. This must be ordered *aright*. What is that? I answer, living and walking by rule—as soldiers are set rank and file in their march. 'These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and *set them in order* before thine eyes.'—Psalm l. 21. There is a time coming when God will set our disorders in order. There are omissions and commissions—sins of ignorance and sins of presumption. He that orders his conversation aright now, need not be afraid of the day of judgment. A sad sight it will be when God shall set all the sins of a wicked man *before* him.

"I shall give some rules for the ordering of the conversation *aright*.

"1. Begin and end every day with God. He is the Alpha and Omega. Make him so. When you awake, let your first thoughts be of God—not of the world, or vanity. Lift up your thoughts in thankfulness for the rest of the night—for the health of the morning. Will you remember this?

"When you are up, you must make a more

solemn business of it. God expects to find you somewhere *alone*, every morning. '*In the morning* will I direct my prayer unto thee.' Afterwards, in the family. In a well-ordered conversation, the man dares not go about worldly business till he and his family have been together to worship God. In the *evening*, worship God in your families also. Pray alone. Close the day with God. Let prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the night. And—see to the *manner* of it—that it be done after a due order.—'I will wash mine hands in innocency: *so* will I compass thine altar, O Lord.'

"2. Set the Lord always before you. He *is* always before you. His eye is always upon us. But do you *set* him before you? 'Mine eye is *ever towards the Lord.*' 'Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so *our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.*' Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus to the glory of God.

"3. Be good husbands of time, especially of *opportunity* time. Time is precious. Ask dying people. Ask damned people. An inch of time is worth a wedge of gold. I believe wherever God gives grace to a man, from that time he will value time at another rate than before.

Especially value opportunities. These are the cream of time, whether of doing or getting good. Improve them. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it*.' Eccles. ix. 10. Time may last, and opportunity be gone; 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.' This present day is a price. I pray improve it. Think—what shall I do for God, or for my soul, *this* day.

"4. Be diligent in your callings. Each of us ought to have a calling. We are not to stand idle in the market-place of this world. The first Adam, heir apparent of the world, had a calling, so had the second Adam. For thirty years together our Lord worked with his supposed father in the trade of a carpenter. 'Be diligent to know the state of thy flocks.'* Whatsoever your calling is, therein abide with God. Let it be never so mean, if honest, and followed diligently, with an eye to God, he accepts us. Take heed of inordinateness. Those are too busy who cannot find time from their calling to attend the service of God. Be industrious in the *fear of God*.

5. Look well to the duties of your particular relations. It is a certain truth, that you are *really* what you are *relatively*—as husbands

* Proverbs xxvii. 23.

and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, and fellow-servants. A well-ordered conversation discharges the duties of each of these relations with all might in the fear of God. 'I and my house will *serve the Lord;*' not only in immediate acts of worship, but in all family relations and duties. The second and third chapters of St. Peter's first Epistle are to direct in the several relations. All is comprised in one word—*Love.* Walk in love, and dwell in love. There is no walking, no dwelling like this. They that dwell in love dwell in God, and shall be with him for ever. A whole Psalm, the 133d—a whole chapter, 1 Cor. xiii.—a whole book of Scripture, the first Epistle of John—all written to commend brotherly love.

"6. Be careful what company you keep. Psalm i. 1. Acts. ii. 40. Be not delighted in that company that you would not be with for ever. 'I am a companion of all them that *fear thee.*'

"7. Set a watch over the door of thy lips. Psalm cxli. 2. By our words we shall be justified, by our words condemned. Some say, 'Our lips are our own.' Do not say so. Do not *think* so. The sound of the vessel discovers the emptiness of it. Those that are bound for

Canaan must not speak the language of Ashdod. Be the first to begin good discourse, never the first to let it fall.

"8. Acknowledge God in all thy ways. Knock at his door. Beg of him guidance and direction, success and a blessing. Ask at his mouth, 'Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?' Own him in your successes. In your disappointments acknowledge him.—The *Lord* is pleased to disappoint me in this.

"9. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. I fear God hath a controversy with our nation about this. Our fights and our fires discover this so plainly, that he that runs may read. London fire began on the Sabbath day. So did divers others. You will find that, according as you keep the Sabbath, your worldly affairs succeed well or not; 'Will a man rob God?'

"10. Die daily. Let no day pass without some serious thoughts or words about death and the grave. This will help to make you serious. It was Paul's practice—'I die daily.' Do something every day to make your dying day comfortable.

"11. Honour the Lord with thy substance—that is, *dishonour* him with no part of it, and *pay* him his rent out of it in charity to the

poor. They are God's receivers, and are always with us.

"12. Make Christ your all in all. Make Christ your *strength*, to assist you in duty. Make him your *righteousness*, for nothing we do is, or can be, acceptable to God. None but Christ, none but Christ. I live upon him. I live by him. I live through him."

Mrs. Savage, a few years after her public profession of religion, commenced that particular series of writing, to which I am indebted for the most interesting parts of her biography. "August, 1686. I have had it," she remarks, "in my thoughts to do something in the nature of a Diary, being encouraged by the advantages others have gained thereby, and the hope that I might be furthered by it in a godly life, and be more watchful over the frame of my heart when it must be kept on record. I would approve myself to God, who alone knows the sincerity of my heart. To him I have made my request known herein, and I heartily beg that what I shall at any time put down may be the true workings of my heart, and that I may in nothing bear false witness against myself."

The following year, March 28, 1687, she was married to Mr. John Savage, a respectable

farmer and land agent, residing at Wrenbury-Wood, near Nantwich, in Cheshire. Her notice of the annual return of that day evinces much gratitude for the providential kindness which she experienced in the important change. She was not unequally yoked. Mr. Savage appears to have been a pious, active, and useful man. It was his custom, in addition to family and closet duties, to pray with his wife morning and evening, and it pleased God to continue them together on earth forty-two years.

Mr. Henry, conformably to the pious custom of the times, addressed a Sermon to Mr. and Mrs. Savage on their marriage. The text was Genesis ii. 22; and though I am unable to present the reader with that discourse, another, preached by his son, Matthew Henry, on a similar occasion, will be found in the Appendix.*

A pious solicitude honourably to discharge the duties of her new relation, is apparent in her diary. The anticipation of them was connected with fervent prayer, and her uniform deportment proved that the petitions were sincere.

The first visit she received, in her new abode, from her excellent father, is thus noticed:—"He read and expounded the 101st Psalm (well styled

* Appendix II.

the householder's psalm), and gave us these rules always to act by, well worth remembering:—That God, who is the first and best, must be served with the first and best.—That except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—That every creature is that to us that God makes it to be, comfortable or uncomfortable.—That man's life and happiness does not consist in the abundance of what he possesses.—That the things of time and the body are not to be compared with the things of the soul, and eternity."

As from this period her religious principles were necessarily more fully called into exercise, it will not be unprofitable to mark with increased attention, their holy influence. Religion did not flow in her soul as a contracted rivulet in a subterraneous cavern; but, like a widely-extended river, by its fertilizing streams, it enlivened and enriched the sphere in which she moved.

CHAP. II.

HER CHARACTER.*

To delineate the character of persons long since dead, is indeed a task; but happily, in the present instance, the difficulty is materially lessened by Mrs. Savage's pious industry.

It is not my intention to eulogize, but, for public advantage, to represent this excellent woman with all possible fidelity. That she had *faults* none can doubt; though, to adopt the language of her funeral sermon, (an authentic copy of which, in manuscript, is in the author's possession,) "This testimony is borne of her, that notwithstanding the many and great trials

* Mrs. Brett informed me in conversation, that she distinctly remembers her pious ancestor. In stature she was rather short and corpulent, with features more like the painting of her father than that of her mother. The sprightliness of her disposition appeared even in old age, and she constantly promoted, by heavenly converse, the edification of all around her. Mrs. Brett was often catechized by her, and still preserves a prayer which she composed for her use. It is a pleasing specimen of simple language, comprehensive brevity, and pious supplication.

she met with in a large family of children and servants, above forty years, she was never seen so much in a passion as to say or do what she might have cause to accuse and reproach herself for afterwards."

She, however, deplored her native depravity, and keenly observed those effects which passed unnoticed by surrounding friends. She needed no arguments to prove that, as in the natural, so in the moral world, there are no gardens without weeds, no trees without superfluous branches. It was an habitual discernment of indwelling sin (a sight only beheld by a spiritual eye) which, as it manifested the necessity of daily mortification, excited fervent aspirations after heavenly felicities. Hence on one occasion, she writes; "Friday night.—In my closet I was much cheered and revived by thinking of the second coming of Christ, especially with that scripture, Acts iii. 19, where it is called the *time of refreshing*. Such, indeed, it will be. Here I am often tired with duty, tired with sinning, tired with a *corrupt heart:* sometimes tired and weary with just nothing. Oh, but there is a time of refreshing coming. Well may it be called so. Mr. Alleine, in one of his letters, speaks thus, to comfort Christians in their sufferings,—'Wait awhile, and you shall have a blessed heaven.' The

Lord speaks to a Christian as one did to his creditor—'Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' Oh, for faith and patience! How safely and sweetly would these carry us to our home and harbour through all difficulties."

At another time thus; "I lately heard a good remark—Why should those go *mourning* to the grave who hope to go *rejoicing* to heaven? Yet I find my spirit lean to the mourning side. What with our own and others' sins, and our own and others' sorrows, this world may well be called a vale of tears. Blessed be God for a comfortable hope that shortly they shall all be wiped away. The blessed Saints above *obtain joy and gladness*, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Mrs. Savage in her natural temper was contented and cheerful, meek and affectionate.

Filial duties were eminently observed by her. She "honoured her father and mother."

In the *conjugal relation* she happily discovered the influence of Christianity. Her attentions to her husband, though minute, were not confined "to things temporal;" she assiduously studied the advancement of his spiritual interests. Her diary shews that when secular business lawfully occupied his time, she was a frequent

intercessor at the throne of grace, that his heart might not be too much engaged.

She loved home, and, as the *head of a family*, aimed, by setting a pattern of cheerful, serious piety, to walk "as becometh the gospel." For the spiritual welfare of her domestics she cherished a holy zeal, and discovered it by regular and patient instruction, as well as fervent prayer. "Oh," she writes, soon after her marriage, "that the family might be the better for me. As far as I know my own heart, I earnestly desire the salvation of every soul under our roof. Oh, that they did but see what I see of the excellency of Christ, the sinfulness of sin, and the vanity of creatures!"

She was the mother of nine children, but only four of them survived her. The care and tenderness she discovered in their infancy did not exceed her concern for their souls. As they advanced in years her pious anxiety increased, and no pains were spared to teach them the things of God. A considerable part of the evening of the Sabbath was devoted to family instruction. She excelled in the happy art of recommending religion to the young. She gained their attention, and by a careful representation of piety, as the reverse of every thing harsh and severe, they were encouraged to be

inquisitive on divine subjects. To her instructions were added the most affectionate prayers; and her children, when not immediately under her inspection, were visited with such letters of piety and love, as, with the blessing of God, were calculated to produce the happiest effects.

Her diary abounds with expressions of concern for her children. "Oh," she writes, on one occasion, "that I could be every day travailing to see Christ formed in them. This week I was much affected when reading, in course, Proverbs xxx. 8, *Remove far from me vanity and lies.* It is the only prayer in that book. Methinks it is a very proper prayer for children. I have earnestly begged of God to remove from *mine*, vanity and lies."

At another time thus; "I read in course, in my closet, Isaiah liv. with the Exposition. I was much affected with the 13th verse, *And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord.* Though it is spoken of the Church's children, I would apply it to my own children in particular, and desire to act faith on it. I am caring and endeavouring that they may be taught and instructed in the good way. This is the inward desire of my soul. Now, saith God, they shall be taught of *me*—and *all* thy children shall. A sweet promise. It much satisfies me. Lord,

set in with poor parents who desire nothing in the world so much as to see their children walk 'in the narrow way' that leads to life."

As a *friend* she shone with peculiar lustre. Her enjoyment of the society of her friends was ever improved to spiritual purposes. Mutual exhortation and prayer were special objects of attention; and some portion of scripture being selected as a parting farewell, happily lessened, by an elevated style of thought, the pangs of separation.

Tidings having suddenly reached her of the illness of one whom she regarded in that character, she remarks—"My heart was full; my remedy is to retire and spread the letter before a compassionate Father, and tell him how it is, which I find more easy than to submit freely to his all-wise disposal; yet, when I had done this, I was refreshed."

The death of a friend was no trifling occurrence; every feeling was exercised, and the most sacred efforts resorted to, that the event might be followed by entire resignation, and personal benefit.

> "Nor was the funeral denied the grace
> Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
> Heart-sorrow, rendered sweet by gratitude."*

* Wordsworth's Excursion, p. 331.

Thus she records the loss of an acquaintance: "My dear friend, Mrs. Bradburn, having brought a living child into this world, went herself, about four hours after, to a better. She went, as I hear, triumphantly to glory, sweetly sleeping in Jesus. I heard not of it till Friday. I was then much affected. I could not quiet my spirit for some time. A dear praying friend left us, and gone to receive the reward of her work. Indeed she *lived* much in a little time, and was a pattern of piety. Great need of such. May I not cry to God as one did to the dying prophet—"*My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof*"—"*Were it not that the Lord of Hosts hath left us a small remnant, we had surely been like Sodom ere now.*" And wilt thou lessen the number of thy praying ones? Surely it bodes ill; especially, now there is so much need of such. But shall the clay contend with the potter? His will is his wisdom. Infinite wisdom sees good thus it shall be. With that I silence my murmurings."

On the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. Radford,* of Chester, in the year 1699, she thus wrote; "Lord, what work has sin made! It is the old kill-friend. What a great many of our

* See the Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 73.

dear relations have been snatched away from us in a short time. All in the midst of their days and usefulness. O that my heart were more duly affected, and that I could be learning the meaning of these providences, which have really a sad aspect. There is reason to fear when God houses his people so fast, that a storm is coming. I am told dear brother Radford finished admirably well, and gave great satisfaction as to the safety of his eternal state. Is it not matter of comfort, that our dear friends have safely escaped the corruptions and entanglements of this evil world?—landed at their everlasting rest? Brother Henry* preached his funeral sermon on Tuesday evening, August 22, from Psalm lxxxviii. 18. *Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.* It is God who removes them. They are put far out of our sight, out of hearing, out of our reach. He gave the following directions:—Bless God for the lovers and friends we have had, and for the comfort we have had in them. Learn by such providences to *cease from man.* Retain the remembrance of the love and friendship of those who are now removed. Imitate them in what is virtuous and praiseworthy. Let it make death and the grave more familiar to us.

* Appendix III.

Diligently prepare to follow after. Bless God for the remnant that are left of our lovers and friends. Since they are thus removed from us, let us make sure of a friend and a lover that will never fail. He said that under such providences it is comfortable to believe—that though put far from *us*, they are gone nearer to God—though *they* are removed from us, God is not.—We are going to them, and shall be with them shortly."

It would be easy to illustrate, with valuable matter, Mrs. Savage's *general* character; but, it being my intention to notice, more particularly, those features of it which seem best calculated for edification, I shall, at once, attempt a delineation, hoping to illustrate, thereby, the essential principles of religion. An admirer of creation is not satisfied with casually surveying a rich landscape, but for improvement as well as gratification, finds pleasure in visiting and individualizing its minuter beauties. So a spiritual mind delights to expatiate on regenerating mercy, and to trace, in the "heirs of salvation," the moral image of their Saviour.

As there is a beautiful uniformity in Christian experience, the following extracts may serve to shew that the people of God are engaged in a conflict, emphatically styled *spiritual*—that

devotional exercises are their element—that their hopes of divine acceptance rest exclusively on the meritorious sacrifice of Christ—that "things above" engross their affections—that present attainments cannot satisfy them—that universal obedience, and entire resignation to the will of heaven, are their habitual aim. In short, that religious excellence is characterized by godly fear, holy love, and spiritual joy.

Section I.

Her Diligence in improving Time, and in studious Exercises.

When the toil and bustle connected with a farm-house, and a large family, are considered, it is truly astonishing how so much was accomplished. It should be borne in mind, that her preparation for eternity, which it will appear was most exemplary, never hindered her secular affairs. Her eye was fixed upon the land of Canaan, but she perseveringly walked in the paths of appointed duty. She attended, diligently, to the routine of the kitchen and the dairy, the market and the fair. "Conscientious waiting upon God," it is observed in her funeral sermon, "neither prevented her discharging her

duty to those who were about her, nor hurried her to the neglect of her temporal concerns. So remarkable was her diligence in her family, that, excepting the portion of time which she consecrated to God, it is said of her, by one that observed and knew her well for forty years, that she was not idle or unemployed—no, not a moment. She very well understood and knew that her duty to God did, by no means, oblige her to neglect the duties of a wife, a mother, or a mistress. When out of the more immediate service of God she was constantly discharging these. Religion is no friend to sloth, confusion, and indolence."

Mrs. Savage habitually rose early, and so miserly was she of time, that when, through the disturbances of nursing, or other causes, she slept too long, her diary records especial dissatisfaction and regret.

It was the order and wisdom of her household regulations, which enabled her to redeem time for mental improvement. She thought much, and, considering her pressing engagements, she read much. Good books were her treasure;

"———Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm,
Beguiled her leisure hours; refreshed her thoughts."*

* Wordsworth, p. 330.

Her acquaintance with, and delight in, the Holy Scriptures was extensive and sincere, and laid a firm foundation for the accurate knowledge she discovered of the system of revealed truth. The Psalms of David, and St. Paul's Epistles, were peculiarly admired. During the last years of her life she usually, while at work, kept the Bible within reach, that she might turn to such portions as were the subjects of meditation. With reading the Scriptures (in regular order) and her father's Exposition, she commonly began the day; and the wakeful hours of night were usually improved by repeating, from memory, Psalms, and Hymns, and Catechisms.

The following are pleasing specimens of a devout perusal of the divine word, in which she particularly recognizes the goodness of God. "Wednesday morning I read in course Ezekiel xvi. A portion of scripture where, as in a glass, I may see my own face. His kindness to that poor forlorn infant was great. Surely such was his kindness to me in infancy, when I was wholly polluted and defiled with original corruption. *Then* he had compassion on me—washed me with water—entered into covenant with me in baptism, so that I became his. He decked me with ornaments, viz. natural abilities, both of body and mind, in a competent manner. In a

word, he did much for me. But I was unthankful—fought against him with his own weapons. Yet he was pleased to follow me with the calls of his grace, till, at last, he made them effectual, and brought me home to himself. To the King eternal, immortal, invisible, be honour and glory for ever. Amen."

Again,—"Read in course in Malachi i. that perverse people, when God by his prophet tells them I have loved you,—say, wherein hast thou loved us? a question I need not ask—wherein! Father, thou hast many ways expressed thy love to me in things of this life and that to come. Thou hast not been to me as a barren wilderness. This week I began the New Testament in secret. The Old ends with a curse. The New begins the book of the generation of Jesus Christ;—he in whom all the families of the earth are *blessed*."

"Sabbath, July 15, 1694. I did not awake with thoughts suitable to the day. Is my Lord *risen*, and is my heart so low and cold? I was lately refreshed by reading, in the family, Daniel xii. 13. How comfortably does that book close! The good man had great revelation of things to come, and he seems, by the story, to have desired earnestly to see the coming of Christ, and the accomplishment of the great

things he had been told of, verses 6, 8. But observe, how God answers him—"*Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.*" Thy *body* shall rest in the grave; thy *soul*, in heaven. As if he had said, Let it suffice thee it *shall* be, though thou dost not live to *see* it. I believe God hath great things to do in the world; perhaps, shortly, in the destruction of anti-christ, root and branch—and the advancement of the gospel-kingdom of Jesus Christ. Though I may not live to see it, yet, I trust, I shall *rest* with that good man, and all the dear members of that great body, and stand in *my* lot at the end of the days—in the resurrection of the just."

"1708, January 11. This week I am reading, in course, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, wherein I see more excellency than ever heretofore. The eighth chapter is concerning the everlasting covenant. I will make a *new covenant.* The Exposition especially observes—that pardon of sin seems to be the foundation of the rest. I will do so and so, *For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.* And, methinks, the manner of the expression is exceedingly sweet. In the Old Testament it used to be—'If they will walk in my statutes, and do them, and be

obedient, &c., then I will be gracious.' But here are no *ifs* and *ends; I will* and *you shall* is the language. This is, indeed, Gospel—good news. Enough to make one's heart leap for joy. He works all our works in us, and for us. Oh, this everlasting covenant has that in it which is 'all our salvation, and all our desire.' It was that which my dear and honoured father had his heart much upon."

"In the ninth chapter, as all along, he is preferring the Gospel before the Law—the New Testament before the Old. But, that which most affects me is the last verse, where, speaking of Christ's second coming, the true saints are described to be such as *look for him.* This the wicked do not. They would be glad if he would never come. But the real Christian *looks,* nay longs, for his coming. As the mother of Sisera —*Why are his chariot's wheels so long in coming*? I desire to be always found in a praying, waiting frame, and in the way of my duty, because he will come suddenly, and find many sleeping. Therefore, Oh, my soul, *watch. Watch.*"

It is in the records of inspiration, that the Christian beholds wisdom clad in her loveliest attire—and finds truth "unmixed with error." The Scriptures are the map by which he travels

Zionward—the fountain, by whose streams he is refreshed—the armoury, from whence his spiritual weapons are supplied. As such they are inexpressibly precious. But is it not to be feared, that professions of exclusive attachment to revealed truth, are by some persons converted into an asylum for sloth, or prejudice, or pride? Despising the usual methods of instruction, and the productions of all uninspired writers, they arrogate to themselves the wisdom which must be derived from reading the Bible only. Mrs. Savage, however, thought otherwise, and without undervaluing the Bible, highly esteemed the pious labours of good men; especially such books as were best calculated to strengthen the understanding, to quicken devotion, and excite to holiness.—Alleine's Letters, Polhill's Precious Faith—the Works of Owen, Hopkins, and Howe, Flavel, Baxter, and Watts, with other writings of a similar description, were the subjects of patient and regular perusal. She delighted much in Biography, and her diary manifests the interest with which she read Clarke's Lives, Mather's History of New England, and the lives of Mrs. Bury, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Reynolds. She likewise transcribed several manuscript memoirs for the use of herself and her family.

On retiring to rest she commonly placed good books near the bedside, to prevent an unprofitable employment of her waking thoughts.

The application which has been noticed was not instituted to equip a pedant, or to furnish matter merely for discourse; but for personal benefit, and to subserve, by holy practice, the divine glory. "Saturday morning," she writes, "I was refreshed in reading the Exposition on Hosea v. 14.—*Tear and go away;* Though God tear, yet if he *stay*—if he tear, and *tarry*—there is some hope; but if he tear, and *go away*, 'tis sad indeed. Oh the cheering, comforting influences of the divine presence! 'Tis that to the soul, and much more, which the refreshing dews of heaven are now to the thirsty earth which is parched and dry. In the evening I read in Mr. Alleine's Life (that pattern of piety) some of his letters. I met with many heart-warming expressions. Persuading to preparedness for trials, he remarks—'How sad is it with them that are called to part with all for Christ, and are not sure of him neither;' 'therefore,' he adds, 'whatever you do, get, and keep, your evidences for heaven clear.' He would admire the mercy of God in every meal, and say to his wife, 'I live a voluptuous life, but it is upon *spiritual* dainties, such as the world know not,

nor taste of.' Another saying—'When I look back upon the gentle dealings of God with me, I often think he has brought me up as indulgently as David did Adonijah, of whom it is said, his father had not displeased him. I have received nothing but *good* at the hands of the Lord all my days.' The same may I say. What a *good* Master have I served, or rather, a tender, indulgent Father. He hath followed me with *mercies* all my days."

She made extensive and useful *collections* from the books she read, and by writing the sermons she heard preached, and copying others from manuscripts which appear to have been borrowed for the purpose, transmitted to posterity much treasure. She did not repent the toil. Her pleasure in perusing such papers has already been hinted at, and the advantage she found in having heard, to adopt her revered father's expression, "for the time to come," is visible in almost every part of her diary. Thus she wrote in the year 1727:—"Sabbath day," October 29. We read, at noon, a good old sermon of my dear father's (as long since as January, 1687) concerning those things that pertain to godliness. He mentions ten, which, he said, no godly person is without—'Knowledge, Repentance, Faith, Sincerity, a Spirit of

prayer, Love to the people and word of God, Public spiritedness, Mean thoughts of the world, Delight in Sabbath sanctification.' Lord, let these things be in *me*, and abound. Methinks, as I grow old, I have more delight and sweetness in my old sermon notes, and often think of those who had seen the old temple,—they wept, while others rejoiced. Yet, I heartily bless God for the gifts and abilities of our younger ministers. But I am comforted to think that I have not now my *foundation* to lay. I had then the best helps, so that my roots were watered with wine."

In the year 1750, when aged 86, noticing a sermon, preached by her honoured father, on Psalm lxxi. 17, 18, "*O God, thou hast taught me from my youth*," she writes; "he gave five excellent lessons for young ones: Remember your Creator, Eccl. xii. 1; Come to Jesus Christ, John vi. 45; Bear the yoke, Lament. iii. 27; Flee youthful lusts, 2 Tim. ii. 22; Cleanse your way, Psalm cxix. 9; '*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house*.' There are precious promises, sweet ordinances, rich graces and gifts, choice comforts and hopes, and everlasting joys yet behind."

How forcibly does the preceding exhibition commend Christian diligence! When it is

considered how high a station industry occupies among virtues, how honourably it is associated in Scripture, and how closely it is allied to personal comfort, as well as public advantage, we do not wonder that the examples of the saints are proposed, by inspired wisdom, as a stimulus to exertion. "Be not *slothful*, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

It not unfrequently happens that young Christians, either from the overpowering splendour of newly-discovered objects, or from a mistaken apprehension that God is only served by prayer and praise, neglect their temporal avocations, or undervalue the opportunities afforded by common duties for holy obedience. Too often, likewise, they overlook their best interests by omitting to store their minds with Christian knowledge, which, however painfully acquired, always affords its possessor a rich remuneration. Though, in truth, the divine glory has greater accessions by the unwearied industry, patient submission, and habitual self-denial of consistent believers, than by the highest flights of rapturous devotion. Be diligent in business, is the heavenly order; "*fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.*"

Section II.

Her Benevolence and Moderation.

That Mrs. Savage possessed a truly benevolent spirit, and was actuated in works of charity by pure motives, is very evident. Hear her language: "I find the duty of giving, hard to manage *aright*—to keep the eye single. I find it much easier to draw out the hand to the hungry, than to draw forth the soul in inward compassion. O this *inside* of duty is that which I find so very hard."

She did not act upon the antichristian principle, that heaven is to be merited by charitable deeds. She had been better taught. "As the elect of God, holy and beloved," she "*put on* bowels of mercy," well knowing how peculiarly a kind and benevolent spirit adorns the gospel. Indeed, if heaven is the *reward* of alms-deeds, how can the poor, who have every thing to receive—nothing to bestow—hope for a place in glory? How different the language of revelation! "*By grace are ye saved, through faith: and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of* works, *lest any man should boast.*"—"*Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God*

chosen the POOR *of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?"*

There was nothing forced in her beneficence. It was truly divine. "Providence," she remarks, "having placed me at the upper end of the table, I have dealt out with a liberal hand." This part of her character has been thus recorded by one of her family. "The pleasure with which she gave alms, or did any other good office to the poor, or distressed, is not to be described. She willingly employed herself in making garments for their clothing. She always spoke of the plenty of a farm-house as one of the chief advantages of her station, that it allowed her greater opportunities of supplying the wants of the poor, and feeding the hungry, which she always did with her own hands. She was often observed to be most cheerful those days wherein she had been most called on for such charity.

MODERATION too, eminently distinguished this excellent woman. After her marriage she was deprived of those opportunities for public worship which, from infancy, she had enjoyed.

The nearest house of prayer was the parish church, to which, though a dissenter from principle, she, on the Lord's day, statedly resorted, but on sacrament days she usually travelled to

Broad Oak, or Nantwich; the former about eight, the latter about five miles distant.

Without relaxing in her attachment to the mode of worship adopted by dissenters, or at all shrinking from an avowal of it, she embraced every proper opportunity of testifying her respect for the established clergy, and strengthening their hands in their important labours. On one occasion she writes, "Our minister takes a great deal of pains in catechising (Sabbath noon.) I send mine to him for example's sake, for I take the Assembly's Catechism, which they have learned, to be much better than that the Church of England appoints; but I find he joins some useful instructions, and I hope some of them may remain. To-day he exhorted them to the great duty of *secret prayer*. Lord, set in, and speak to their *hearts*, that all pious endeavours this way may meet with their desired success."

There are individuals who may be ready to censure her conduct, and almost suspect her sincerity. To such I would present the following extract from her diary. "1703, Aug. 15.—In the morning I had refreshment by reading Psalm cxxxix. concerning God's omniscience—'*Searched me and known me*;'—very comfortable as to the censures of men, and suitable to

me as to our nonconformity. Some accuse of singularity, and hypocrisy, in my *conformity.* Thou hast seen and searched, and knowest my heart in that matter—that it is right with thee, As my dear father thus expresses it—'I am censured by some for conforming so far; by others for doing it no further. Which shall I seek to please. Neither. But thee, O heavenly Father, who seest in secret.'—Reading this week in the book of Job, and observing the speeches of his friends, how savourily and piously they speak in some things, and yet how much misapplied to Job; and that though they often said the same to him, yet there was great want of that candour and tenderness which his case required; methinks, I could not but have these reflections. Why should I think it strange that it should be so *now?* Good men differ in their sentiments, not understanding each other's meaning. I believe there are many wise and holy men of the episcopal, as well as the presbyterian, persuasion. If we could all walk humbly and piously with God according to the light we have, and charitably believe that others do so too, this, I think, would heal us. How comfortable is the appeal—*He knoweth the way that I take.*"

Her papers contain frequent extracts from

the Book of Common Prayer, with special observation of many admirable petitions, and their suitableness to her own circumstances.

Indeed her religion did not consist in cavilling, nor in a tedious, invective spirit. Divine love having occupied her soul, there was no place for illiberality and prejudice. Though she possessed an ardour of intellect by no means common, it was not exercised in contemning others. Nor did the extensive knowledge she had acquired by reading, and meditation, and a long acquaintance with the world, afford, in her judgment, any reason for despising those who differed from her. She was convinced that—"To agree in our sentiments as to every point of doctrine or discipline, or as to the authority or expediency of every rite of worship that may be in question, is absolutely impossible. The best of men differ, their understandings differ; various associations have been accidentally formed, and different principles have been innocently, and perhaps devoutly admitted, which, even in a course of just and sensible reasoning, must necessarily lead to different conclusions."*

On one occasion she manifests her grief at

* Dr. Doddridge's Sermon on Christian candour. His Works, Dr. Williams and Mr. Parsons's edit. vol. iii. p. 266.

the conduct of a clergyman who, in her opinion, had discovered a different spirit; and under the obvious influence of a love of moderation, combined with sacred fidelity, addressed to him the following letter. It is known to have been candidly received, and it cannot be supposed that the gentleman less esteemed the writer.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have long desired an opportunity of conversing with you, and I know not how to excuse my doing thus, since you are so obliging and easy of access, but only for privacy, especially, as it becomes such as I in silence to learn. Yet we are also commanded to be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear. Therefore you will pardon my boldness in thus expressing my thoughts. Women's tongues and pens sometimes claim a freedom, which men, who are more wise and reserved, will not use. It is (or may be thought) our unhappiness to differ from the Established Church in some lesser things, but while we agree in fundamentals, why should there be among us strife and envying?

The high charge we had yesterday from you, of *devilish pride, arrogance*, &c. I cannot account light, especially from one who should stand in the

place of God, to guide and direct us in the way to heaven. I think it invidious to judge men's hearts, which none but God can do. It cannot be in itself sinful to dissent from the church, else why did we cast off the yoke of Rome?

"For my own part, I freely profess that I have seen so much sincere piety, fervent charity, and humility practised in those I have joined with, and found such solid peace and tranquillity in this way I have walked in, that, I trust, I shall never be either allured or affrighted from it. The name of schism (that ecclesiastical scarecrow) is industriously, though falsely, thrown on us, as I have seen proved. But if it were true—who is in the fault? The imposers of things, themselves own to be unnecessary—or, us who dare not comply with them—yet desirous to sacrifice any thing to peace, but truth? I must say, as any unprejudiced person will, that if the Nonconformists are mistaken, they are the most unhappy to exclude themselves from all that is desirable in the world, and expose themselves to poverty, scorn and hatred. I must do them that justice to tell you, I never remember to have heard one public reflection from any of them upon the Established Church. I need not here enter into the merits of their cause, which hath so many better advocates;

only I must take the freedom to express my resentments that we have, sometimes, from your pulpit, such keen reflections as we cannot bear, and as, I am sure, do no real good to any one. The great things of the Gospel—faith in Christ—repentance unto life—and new obedience—these are enough to spend our zeal about, as a worthy person writes: Our lives are short, our work great, our souls precious, heaven and hell real things, and all that must be done for eternity must be done quickly, or it will be too late. Therefore I am always glad to hear ministers insist on these great things. I was much affected, many years ago, with a sermon I wrote from you on those words—*Purifying to himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.* I wish you would preach and pray as you did then; yet, good Sir, excuse my freedom in thus giving vent to my thoughts. I think there is no family but ours in the parish that are accounted dissenters; yet, you know, we are as true friends to you, and the Church, as any in the parish, perhaps more than many who profess to be entire members of the Church of England. As many of our family attend the ministry as most, or any of the like number; and it is to me sad that we should be censured, and worse thought of than them, than hundreds who absent

themselves through ignorance and carelessness. It is well we are not to be each other's judges.

"Said my honoured Father, when dying—'Follow peace and holiness, and let them say what they will.' This has been my sincere desire and endeavour. And I solemnly profess, I have not at all endeavoured to draw my children into the same way, otherwise than what my example might do, though some of them have taken pains to study those points, and are not presbyterians by chance, but of choice; for I desire they may not pin their faith to my sleeve, but choose for themselves; and if they take this despised way, it is not because they know no other, but because they know no better.

"I have heard divers complain that you speak so low, they can scarce hear you, but I observed yesterday you could raise your voice. If I had foreseen our treatment, I believe my place had been empty. I know not how they will answer it who beat their fellow-servants, and cast stones instead of bread. I know not what the Church would have—they have all the profits, preferments, and advantages they can desire; yet because our Governors take off the power to persecute, it avails nothing. But I am quite too tedious, and I crave your pardon, Sir, a thousand times, for my freedom with you. I

truly respect your person and ministry, and pray for its success. I am satisfied you well know the great value of all souls, and the danger of most. This thought will quicken you to cry aloud, and shew your hearers their sin and duty before it be too late. What a blessed place is heaven, where there will be no divisions, or disturbances, for ever! To which glory he brings us who hath most dearly bought us with the inestimable price of his own blood. Amen.

"*Monday, January* 14, 1716-17."

Though she entertained the highest regard and veneration for her truly eminent father, and other divines his contemporaries, in whom was concentrated almost every valuable attainment, she did not despise their successors. She rejoiced in the gifts, graces, and success of all who exalted the Redeemer, and invited sinners to his throne.

Early indications of piety and ability she diligently cherished, and, by an amiable candour, animated and encouraged the diffident and humble. She was, indeed, a "Mother in Israel," and her "moderation was known." After hearing a sermon at Wrenbury Church, on Titus ii. 14, "*Zealous of good works*"—she writes—"O that I may learn to be always

zealous in a good thing, and remember my dear father's rule—'In those things that all the people of God are agreed, to spend my zeal; and as for other things about which they differ, to walk according to the light God has given me, and charitably to believe others do so too.' I desire not to be zealous as to these smaller matters; and methinks, I find as I *grow in years* that I am in my judgment more catholic, and would not do any thing to increase differences, but rather what I can to *heal*. Lord, when shall it be? This balm, this healing balm, 'tis only with thee. O pour, pour of it on us."

This Christian virtue appeared equally conspicuous in her use of temporal enjoyments. Prosperity did not elevate her. Nor was she dejected by adverse events. When her husband was robbed of a considerable sum of money, she calmly remarked, as she had done on other occasions,—"Well, it should stir us up to secure that treasure which none can take away from us."

In the prospect of retiring from active life, her husband being dead, she thus writes, "1731, Nov. 18, Saturday. I concluded a bargain with my son Savage, who is to come here [Wrenbury Wood] and take all my estate, paying what is to be paid to others, and to me thirty-six pounds

per annum; which will be a competency for me during my life. If God will be with me, and teach, guide, and support, all will be well.

Section III.

Her Zeal and Public Spirit.

Pharisees are notorious for spending their zeal about lesser matters, while the greater are neglected. Not so Mrs. Savage. With a truly apostolic fervour she aimed to overthrow the dominion of Satan, to obtain a large increase of grace, and, by her prayers, her example, and her correspondence, to promote the worship of God, and the interests of the Messiah's kingdom.

She diligently cherished a zealous spirit, and rejoiced in all attempts to do good. On one occasion she writes, "Sabbath, July 10. Dear Brother's* subject was Galatians vi. 18, *It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.* The things of God and religion are good things—the best things. It is a good thing to draw near to God—to keep far off from sin—to give thanks unto the Lord—to bear the yoke—to do good in our places to

* Matthew Henry. Appendix III.

others—to hope and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. These things I should be zealous for. My affections and actions should be zealous, and vigorous against sin—in desires after God. I should be forward to good works, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—diligent in doing—daring and bold in suffering."

Some time afterwards, on perusing the Sermon just mentioned, she thus expresses herself: "I remember my faults, particularly lukewarmness—in opposition to this holy zeal. I am afraid lest, sometimes, that which at first looks like meekness, proves a fault. By being too mild for a fault, the glory of God suffers. We ought, indeed, to be as lambs in our own cause, but as lions in the cause of God. It is a Scripture comparison—*The righteous are bold as a lion.* I see great need every day of the wisdom which is from above."

At another time she writes—"Wednesday. Dear Brother preached the lecture (at Broad Oak) from Heb. iv. 12, *The word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword.* The word is a weapon in the hands of Christians, and in the hand of Christ. Lord, direct, and teach me how to use this weapon. Let the word which I heard last Sabbath be as a sword to pierce, and kill, my lukewarmness and want of zeal. And

prosper, O Lord, the sword in the mouth of Christ—the everlasting gospel in the mouths of thy dear ministers—that the kingdom of Satan may fall before it like lightning from heaven. I cannot but rejoice in the endeavours which are on foot in many places in this nation, for suppressing profaneness—the Societies for the formation of Manners. We see there is great need of some to stem the tide. God in mercy own them, and hear the prayer of the royal Psalmist, *Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end.* Amen. So be it."

It was a source of peculiar gratification that her husband, soon after his marriage, united with her in attempting the spiritual benefit of their neighbours. A lecture was instituted at their house, and many excellent ministers alternately travelled thither to publish the everlasting gospel. The commencement of this work of love is thus noticed:—"1687. Thursday, Sept. 8. We had the first meeting in our house at Wansbury Wood. Blessed be God, that has trusted us with a house to employ for him, which I therefore think the better of. Dear Brother preached from Revelations iii. 17. Pretty many hearers. I begged of God that it may be said of our poor house, that this or that man or woman was born again *there.*"

"It often pities me," she writes on another occasion, "to think of the state of some of my neighbours. They are well inclined—have good principles of moral honesty and sobriety, yet, I have great reason to fear, they are strangers to a saving change, and dying so, will be for ever miserable. Oh that it would please God to call them effectually to himself. I know the Father of Spirits is infinite in compassion, and knows what is best; but how would it rejoice my heart to see converting work go forward among us."

The lively feelings of her spirit, and the pious ardour of her desires for the prosperity of Zion, are manifest from the following memorandum, dated 1696. "A meeting of nonconformist ministers appointed August 11, to be at Chester. The eternal God himself meet and bless, direct and succeed them in all their ways! They used to meet at Knutsford, but appointed it now at Chester, to be nearer my dear father, who was designed to be there, and to preach, it being so ordered by them at the last meeting. But God has seen good to break their measures, and hath taken him to the 'general assembly and church of the first-born,' to be with the 'spirits of just men made perfect.'* Should I not rejoice in

* Mr. Henry died June 24th, 1696. For Mrs. Savage's affecting account of that event, the reader is referred to

hope that I am on my way to this happy end. Like poor Gideon—*faint yet pursuing—faint yet pursuing.*"

"This day, viz. Tuesday, August 11th, my husband went early to Chester. He was present in that sweet assembly. There were twenty-six ministers. A lovely sight to see so many together, who are messengers of churches, and the glory of Christ, let men say what they will. But for our late disappointment it would have been too much like *heaven.* Alas! we must not set up our staff here. This is not our *rest.* In the evening he returned—much affected with the sight of so many worthy men together. The sermon was preached by Mr. Owen,* the same that preached my dear father's funeral discourse.† An excellent sermon from 2 Cor. vi. 1.—"*We then as workers together with him, beseech you also that you receive not the grace of God in vain.* Concerning the dignity and duty of gospel ministers: one says, they were affected at the meeting much as they were

"Eighteen Sermons by P. Henry," printed for Josiah Conder, 1816, p. 371. Where may be also seen two discourses on the occasion—one by the Rev. Francis Tallents—the other by Matthew Henry.

* See Appendix IV.

† P. Henry's Life, p. 228, ut supra.

at the building of the second temple—*weeping and rejoicing*. O Lord, hear prayer, and pour out of the Spirit. Where is the Lord God of Elijah?—It is comfortable that Jesus Christ is the same, the same to his ministers *now* that he was formerly, if they cleave faithfully to him—even to old age—to the old age of the Church. 'I am HE.' I am he that I used to be—he that my people have found me. *Faithful is he that hath promised who also will do it;* viz. all that we can ask or think, and *more*, if for our *good*."

In all public events she felt a lively interest. She was a loyal subject, and, in the spirit of true Christianity, was ever anxious for the welfare of her country. She rejoiced in its defence and prosperity.

At a time when alarm prevailed she writes, "1689, May 13. This week my fears as to public affairs were great. That saying of Luther is suitable,—'When trouble comes I have cause to hope I shall be either in heaven or under heaven,—in its possession, or under its protection!' Micah v. 5. The Lord Jesus Christ is his people's peace in the worst of times. I would be getting my heart loose from the world, that so I may be fit to suffer."

The year 1690 is memorable for King

William's (of glorious memory) expedition against Ireland, and the battle he gained at the Boyne. His progress through Shropshire and Cheshire, on his way thither, is thus preserved by Mrs. Savage. "Friday, June 6th, King William came to Whitchurch in his way to Ireland. He lay that night at Combermere; thence next day, to Peel, to Colonel Whitley's; thence on Sabbath day, to Chester; thence to Hoylake to take ship. I have earnestly begged of God that his blessing may go along with him."

"Monday, July 7th. It pleased God to send good tidings. A bloody battle. The king himself in great danger; he escaped with a slight wound. Our general killed, and many more; yet it pleased God to give victory to the Protestant forces, so that on Thursday, July 3d, the King entered Dublin, which King James hath quit, not being able to make any resistance. An instance to me of the truth of that sweet Scripture—Psalm lxvi. 12, *He cuts* (Hebrew *slips*) *off the spirit of princes*, as easily as we do a flower. News from the Navy at sea not so good, the admiral proving treacherous.* I

* The Earl of Torrington. He was afterwards tried by a Court Martial, and acquitted.—Burnet's Own Time, vol. iv, 75, &c.

trust God will shew himself there as he has done by land. Is he '*the God of the hills only, and not of the valleys also ?*'"

The death of the great monarch first named is thus noticed. "1702, March 8th, a little before eight in the morning, our good King William submitted to the stroke of death, after a fortnight's illness, occasioned, at first, by a fall from his horse. He is taken away in the midst of usefulness; about fifty years old; much lamented, and deservedly, God having made him a useful instrument of much good to us for thirteen years. I wish we could learn not to trust in an arm of flesh, but to take Christ for our King, who ever lives to subdue his and our enemies."

In the same year "a bill was brought into Parliament by the Tories, against *occasional conformity*, which produced great and long debates. By this bill, all those who took the Sacrament and Test, and did afterwards go to the meetings of the Dissenters, or any meeting for religious worship that was not according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, where five persons were present more than the family, were disabled from holding their employments, and were to be fined in a hundred pounds, and in five pounds a day for every day in which they

continued to act in their employments, after their having been at any such meeting: they were also made incapable to hold any other employment, till after one whole year's conformity to the church, which was to be proved at the Quarter Session; upon a relapse, the penalty and the time of incapacity were doubled: no limitation of time was put in the bill, nor of the way in which the offence was to be proved; but whereas the act of the Test only included the magistrates in corporations, all the inferior officers or freemen in corporations who were found to have some interest in the elections, were now comprehended within this bill. The *preamble* of the bill *asserted the toleration, and condemned all persecution for conscience sake*, in a high strain."*

* Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. v. p. 119. The bill itself, with the Debates in both Houses, may be seen in the Parliamentary History of England, vol. vi. pp. 59, 153, and 359. Bishop Burnet, who argued at length *against* the bill, believing it would necessarily strike at the Toleration Act, observed of the *preamble*—that it put him in mind "of a clause in the sentence of the inquisitors; when an heretic is condemned, and delivered to the secular arm, they conjure the magistrate by the mercies of God, and the bowels of Jesus Christ, that no harm be done to the obstinate heretic, neither in life, nor limb; but all this, said he, is but a farce, for he is to be burnt immediately." Parliamentary History, vol. vi. p. 164.

The attempt, however, failed, to the great satisfaction of Dissenters, whose fears as to the event had, while the bill was pending, risen high. On its rejection by the House of Lords, Mrs. Savage observed—"Our comfort is, the Lord God omnipotent reigns. Methinks I see great reason to fear lest God hath a controversy with the professors of our time for our conformity to the world. How unlike the plain old Puritans! Lord, help me to begin at *home* in humbling of *my own* soul: and oh!—that God would be entreated, and leave a blessing behind."

At a time of anxious expectation as to the issue of a threatened invasion by the French, she writes, "What will be the end we know not. The truth is, we are a sinful nation. The profaneness of some, the coldness and lukewarmness of others, may justly provoke God to give us up to the will of our enemies. Yet we hope there are thousands among us running into the breach, and crying mightily on behalf of these nations. I have been of late sometimes afraid lest wise and good men among us have too much pleased themselves with our being called Great Britain; and, it may be, God will make us see that our strength is not in ourselves, but in him only."

She diligently and conscientiously observed

fasts, both congregational and appointed by authority. Do not the following extracts manifest a delight in spiritual worship, and a fervency in ministerial labours, not often surpassed?

"*June* 18*th*. My dear, and self, and my little girl, went to Broad Oak; it being the third Wednesday, was the fast, which my dear father was enabled, by divine assistance, to carry on from nine till four in praying, singing, preaching, and expounding. A sweet opportunity it was, wherein my soul certainly had communion with God, who was pleased so to answer my prayers as to keep me from drowsiness all the time, which I reckon a great mercy."

1692. *June* 8*th*.—Wednesday the public fast. I went to Broad Oak. Took my two little girls with me. Dear father preached from Gen. xlii. 21—*guilty concerning our brother*. He insisted on three points:

1. The office of conscience. I bless God for any tenderness of this kind—that I have that within me which will smite when I do amiss. I bless God for such a deputy with all my heart.

2. The benefit of affliction. Till Joseph's brethren were in trouble they thought not of their sin. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions. But

3. That chiefly insisted on, was the guilt we

all lie under concerning our Brother. Both omissions and commissions laid open in many particulars. Here I must lay a guilty hand on a more guilty *heart*, and cry, *I* am verily guilty concerning my Brother. What relation have I filled up as I ought! Father, forgive.

It pleased God to abate the pleasure I should have had now in being here, by laying his hand on my father, afflicting him with lameness, and much pain on his bed. Wearisome nights appointed him; full of the graces of God's spirit—humility, patience, resignation—especially, full of the sermons he had lately preached concerning Christ: what he is to believers in forty particulars.* He said he never had so much comfort in the reflection upon any subject as this. Notwithstanding his illness he went on Sabbath, June 12, limping to the pulpit, where,

* These sermons were lately in the compiler's possession, and are in the best style of their admired author. The subjects, with an appropriate text to each, are as follows: our Lord Jesus Christ is considered, in relation to his people, as their Foundation—Food—Root—Raiment—Head—Hope—Refuge—Righteousness—Light—Life—Peace—Passover—Portion—Propitiation—Freedom—Fountain—Wisdom—Way—Ensign—Example—Door—Dew—Sun—Shield—Strength—Song—Horn—Honour—Sanctification—Supply—Resurrection—Redemption—Lesson—Ladder—Truth—Treasure—Temple—Ark—All.

indeed, his delight is, and preached, expounded, and catechised as usual, being strengthened with strength from above. Still he goes on to preach Christ from Phil. iii. 7—10. *But what things were gain to me, &c.* Christ. Christ. In comparison with him all is nothing. Lord, teach me this good lesson. Still my father is much afflicted with pain. The use I would make is to be myself preparing for the like. If this be done in the green tree—if he be so afflicted who has done so much and been so long a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, what must *I* expect, who have been cumbering the ground?"

The annual return of Nov. 5th, served to excite fresh emotions of thankfulness for the signal deliverance of England from ungodly machinations. Nor was her observance of the day a mere formal recollection of the treason. Her very soul was lifted up to the great Deliverer. Her devout father, and other excellent ministers, commemorated the event, annually, by a sermon adapted to the occasion. The return of these opportunities were highly prized. In 1724, she writes: "Nov. 5. The return of the year should excite our thankfulness for national mercies. Yet a protestant people. Blessed be God. Psal. cxxiv. When this old

mercy is in danger to be forgotten, God still sends us fresh ones; as at this time King William, of blessed memory, landed in England, Nov. 4th, 1688, whom God made a saviour to deliver us from popery, and slavery. At the same time of year again, another great deliverance, in 1714, from the Rebellion at Preston. Our soul escaped as a bird. I often fear lest I offend God for want of a public spirit. A sign I am but a babe in the family."

Section IV.

Her Humility.

"True humility," observes an illustrious writer,* "is a lowly frame and habit of spirit, arising from a due sense of the glorious excellency of the almighty God, our own frailty and infirmities, and our infinite dependence upon his bounty, goodness, and mercy." And, among the various graces which adorn Christianity, there is none more valuable. It is essential to personal religion, and peculiarly distinguishes eminent piety. Who has been more humble

* Sir Matthew Hale. Thirlwall's edit. of his Works, vol. ii. p. 130.

than Abraham, or Jacob, or Job, or David, or Paul? Dr. Harris said,—So much humility as any man has, so much grace and worth he possesses, and no more.

The Scriptures abound in discoveries of its importance. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the High and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." "Put on humbleness of mind,"—Be clothed with humility."

Angels are bright examples of this sacred virtue, and it is observable that Ezekiel, when relating his vision* of their "attention, activity, and perseverance in executing the divine commands," expressly states "that they had the hands of a man *under their wings*." We see their operations, but not their hands. They are humble.

The language of our Saviour on the subject is especially striking. "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—And it is "well worthy," as Dr. Doddridge has remarked,† "of

* Chap. i.

† Family Expositor, Matt. xxiii. 12, note k.

our observation, that no one sentence is so frequently repeated as *this:* which occurs at least *ten* times in the Evangelists." Humility is indeed,

> The proof of goodness, and the solid stamp
> Of blessed piety! The hallowed base
> On which the Christian virtues love to rest.*

Mrs. Savage, having learned of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," *was* "poor in spirit." This is manifest from her deep sense of the evil of sin—her esteem of the righteousness of Christ—her submissive conduct while suffering affliction—her gratitude for divine mercies—her meekness under reproach—her contentment in every station—and her love to prayer, and all heavenly appointments. The following extracts furnish her sentiments on this interesting topic, shewing her love, as well as practice, of humility.

"1688, Dec. 9th, Sabbath. In the morning I was more than ordinarily drowsy, but God was found of me before we went to public worship. I find it more easy to go on in a course of external duty, than to be heavenly and spiritual as I should be. How many vain

* Philpot on Humility. Musa Seatoniæ, vol. i. p. 224.

thoughts lodged within me to-day. How long, Lord, must it be so? This night I begged of God the twenty-four *good* spirits* which my dear father has been preaching over this last year. Methinks I see cause to be especially earnest for an *humble* spirit. Oh, humility is a most excellent adorning grace. I find pride strong in me, and I am apt to be jealous of my dear relations lest they do any thing in pride or vain-glory. I am of his mind who named the three great graces of a Christian—Humility! Humility! Humility! We cannot have too mean thoughts of ourselves, provided we do not neglect our duty, nor let go our hold of Christ."

"1694, August 7th. The return of the day brings to my mind the mercy of God to me in my birth. Thirty years I have been a monument of mercy. Yet, how have I abused that patience and long-suffering which have so long waited to bring me to repentance. If I can any way judge of a change, the greater part of these thirty years of my life was spent wholly in a state of unregeneracy, wherein I was not only a stranger but an enemy to God; and if, out of the lesser half of my time, I subtract all that

* See the Evangelical Magazine for September, 1817, p. 349.

which hath since been employed in serving the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, how *small* a part of my time hath my God had to his service; and when out of that I subtract all my lifeless, careless duties, wherein I have, as it were, only mocked him, offering a sacrifice without a heart, I am amazed to think that his patience is yet lengthened out to a tree which hath been so many years barren in the vineyard. O what empty spaces are there in the time that is past. I wish that for time to come my time may be better filled up."

"1702, Sep. 14. Dear Brother (after long intermission) came to us, and preached our lecture from Matt. v. 3, *Blessed are the poor in spirit.* Lord, entitle me to this blessing. Such are happy in both worlds—both here and hereafter. This true poverty of *spirit* is that which empties me of self that I may be filled with Christ. It extends itself to God—our brother—ourselves. It enables us to possess ourselves in any condition. I have often desired it of God, and it is the breathing of my thirsting soul—Lord, make me poor in spirit, and rich in spirituals. How poor soever I may be in the world, make me rich in faith, an heir of 'the kingdom,' and I have enough."

At another time she writes thus:—"In the evening several of our friends came, especially Mr. King, who was our good helper. He preached excellently next day (Sabbath) from Luke xviii. 22. *Yet lackest thou one thing*; but he rather insisted on the parallel Scripture, *What lack I yet?* There is much lacking in the best. Alas! I lack *much*—much wisdom, much knowledge, much grace. Surely it is a proper, a very proper question for me to put to myself frequently, and especially sometimes—when going to prayer. I should then be reflecting—what lack I? What is it most needful to pray for? When going to the Lord's Supper I should ask—What is it I now especially want?—Lord, that my eyes may be opened—that my heart may be softened. This evening we had a long-desired opportunity. *All things ready.* But my poor heart was not prepared. I was cold and dull. Lord, pity and pardon, and help me in after reflection. I need not long consider to answer this—'*What lack I yet?*'"

Noticing an unpleasant dispute between Mr. Savage and a neighbour, she writes, "I heartily desire to forgive him all his hard thoughts and speeches. If we can approve ourselves to God in our integrity, we must be content to pass

through evil report, as well as good report. It comforts me much that my husband has so satisfied Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Illidge, and others of the chief of the society, that he has not deserved those aspersions which he has cast upon him. I hope God will, in time, bring good out of this evil. I have earnestly desired it of God, but I am concerned that I do not pray so much and earnestly for him as I should. I think of Mr. Baxter's saying—'Others' unkindnesses to us are but a check to us for our unkindness to God.'"

The concluding sentence of one of the volumes of her diary is strikingly characteristic of her prevailing disposition. "It is now almost seven years since I began this little book. If there have been the workings of any grace, it is owing to the God of grace, for I am nothing."

Section V.

Her Patience and Resignation under Affliction.

It was in tribulation that Mrs. Savage most evidently manifested, by a heavenly dignity and composure, the influence of piety. In her afflictions we see the keenest sensibility regulated by faith, and in the deepest sorrow behold her

yielding, by sincere resignation and fervent prayer, to the divine will. Her patience and humility, with a constellation of celestial graces, shone, in every melancholy gloom, with peculiar lustre. The brilliancy of the stars is best seen when the night is dark. "Oh that we could learn," she remarks, "these four good lessons, which sickness should teach us—What a vain thing the world is—What a vile thing sin is—What a poor thing man is—What a precious thing an interest in Christ is. If we could thus make the house of affliction a school of instruction, how well were it."

She thus notices the sudden illness of her beloved father, at a time when he was expected to preach at Wrenbury Wood:—"1687, Dec. 26, Monday. I went at night with my husband to Broad Oak, on foot, with a sad heart. Sometimes I could resign my father up to God—then, by-and-by, natural affection prevailed—then, grace again. I well remembered that when, at first, I entered into covenant with God (as well as often since), I gave my *all* to him, without excepting any of my dearest comforts, and now shall I draw back? No. I did *heartily*, as my tender affection would suffer, resign him up to God. We found him not so ill as I feared. Wednesday and Thursday his pain continued, yet

still supported. Everlasting arms are under. An unseen hand making all his bed easy to him, and, in some degree, *profitable* to us. Three things, he told us, are comfortable in affliction,—'An affliction borne patiently—an enemy forgiven heartily—and a Sabbath sanctified uprightly.' Further, 'Six things are a salve for every sore—Christ—a good conscience—the promises—patience—prayer—foretastes of heaven.' He had many more sweet expressions. Grace will appear in any condition. On Friday he began to amend. Let God have all the glory."

It pleased God frequently to exercise her with sharp and long-continued trials of a more personal nature. "*Many* are the afflictions of the righteous." "God had one son," said Augustin, "without sin, but none without affliction." A few days after the birth of her first child she was called to the painful task of surrendering him to the tomb. The whole of her account of the affecting event is so interesting as to render any apology for its length unnecessary.

"1688. About 5 at night, December 18th, he died, seemingly in little extremity,—wherein God answered my prayers. Now I could not keep my passions in bounds. Strength of natural affection works, yet my *judgment* is quiet. I had not one repining thought against God,

as if he dealt hardly with me. *It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.* Shall I refuse to drink of the cup that my father puts into my hand? If he had seen it good for me I should have had this comfort spared; but perhaps he saw that my heart would too much have gone out after it. *Therefore* hath he dried up the cistern—to bring me nearer to the fountain. Oh that it may have that blessed effect! As to the everlasting state of the child, I have good hope concerning it; 'tis a very comfortable thing on this account to have an interest in God, because he hath said, 'I will be a God to *thee* and to *thy seed.*' It should seem that David had some hope of the eternal salvation of his child that died in infancy, because he says—*I shall go to him.* I am satisfied that it was taken into covenant with God. *What though my house be not so with God, he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, and this is all my salvation and all my desire.* My good God hath been with me in six troubles, and in seven. Thrice this year in peril. What another year may bring forth I know not, neither am I solicitous to know, for this I know—All is working for my good. God is teaching me by his rod. Upon this rod I have found honey. How hath my soul sometimes gone out after God! I have

had sweet communion with him, and communications from him upon my bed; particularly, on Sabbath-day, December 16th, when my dear mother read to me 1 Tim. i. Oh! how did my soul catch at that passage in the beginning—*The Lord Jesus Christ, who is our hope.* Who is *my* hope. As one said, This *me* and *my* and *mine*, is the life of religion. It is the life of my comfort when I read Romans viii. 1, to be able to say, there is no condemnation to *me*. Who would be without an interest in Christ? 'Tis comfortable at all times, but surely sweetest of all, when under God's afflicting hand, to be able to say—'the rod is in the hand of a Father—this bitter portion is designed for my *good*—though he slay me, yet I'll trust him.'—Shall I think much to be crossed who deserve to be *cursed?* My keeping of my chamber makes me, sometimes, sad and solitary, to think of the pleasure others in my circumstances enjoy, to whom God is pleased to spare their children; but hath he not made it up to me in some measure, already, by sweet communion with himself? And oh! what comfort also have I in other relations—a yoke-fellow, kind and loving beyond expression—parents, brothers, and sisters—all joining with me in singing to God, both of mercy and judgment."

"My strength returns pretty fast. Blessed be God. I desire to be ready for the next trial. He is training me by degrees. The honey that Jonathan tasted on the rod—1 Sam. xiv. 27, did *enlighten his eyes.* Oh! that it may be so with me. Others can attend on public ordinances. I am confined. Psalm lxviii. was read by me one Sabbath morning. A sweet allusion from that passage, verse 12—*she that tarried at home divided the spoil.* God can make my solitude profitable to me, yet I cannot but long to see the outgoings of my God, my King, as I have seen them in the sanctuary."

"1688-9. January 20. Sabbath morning. I was very drowsy and sleepy. 'Tis hard to get the heart into a right Sabbath frame. In the reading of Mr. Baxter's Saints' Rest, I found satisfaction, in his marks of those who are the people of God; especially he insists on two,—Such take God for their highest end—Such take Christ alone for their King and Ruler. This, as far as I know myself, I do. In the afternoon I went to Wrenbury Church—had much ado to quiet my spirit at the sight of my poor baby's grave, which I had not seen before; just in the instant as I came into Church the minister was reading Isa. liii. at verse 4, *surely he bare our griefs and carried our sorrows.* Oh, sweet

Scripture! Our dear Redeemer knows how to have compassion on us in reference to natural infirmities, griefs, and sorrows. How dry and cold is this heart of mine in hearing, and reading of the sufferings of the blessed Jesus! When for an affliction (which comparatively is but small) I can weep floods of tears. Well may I be ashamed that thus it should be. If I had not an High Priest who can have compassion, what would become of me?"

Early in the year 1694, another infant son was removed from her embraces, soon after his birth. Her sentiments will be best expressed in her own language.

"Friday night, 12th January, about six o'clock, it pleased God to take him to himself. I found it hard to quiet my spirit so as I should. My *judgment* is quiet, and tells me that from such a hand nothing can come amiss; but my affections are often rebelling. Nature is, sometimes, too strong for grace. I must not for the sake of this one cross throw away other *comforts*. I have other relations exceedingly tender and careful, especially he who is in the nearest relation, whom God might have taken from me instead of this infant. My dear mother was with me two nights, and sister Radford* from Chester,

* See Appendix V.

staying till the child was taken was very useful to me. I have the prayers of dear father, brother, &c.; but, above all, that which most comforts me is—my covenant interest in God as *mine*, which gives me hope that he means me no hurt in his dispensations. He saw that I spent too many thoughts and cares about my children, and if this had been spared, my cares had been increased. I trust God hath taken him to heaven, and left me to serve him better on earth. Amen."

The death of her only surviving son in the twenty-second year of his age, gave fresh occasion for the exercise of Christian graces; and though her heart seems to have been, thereby, peculiarly agonized, she was enabled, through divine influence, thus to record the visitation.

"1721, February 15. My dear Philip was seized with the fatal distemper, the small-pox. Many, many, fervent prayers were put up for him, both in closets and congregations; but on Monday, February 27th, between one and two o'clock, he breathed his last—the blessed spirit took wing, I trust, to the world of everlasting rest and joy. The desire of our eyes—concerning whom we were ready to say, *This son shall comfort us.* Once all our joy—now all our tears. Near twenty-two years of age. *O my dear*

Jonathan, thou art slain in the high places. He was just beginning to appear in public business—sober, and pious. A true lover of his friends, of whom he said on his death-bed, 'I lay them down as I do my body, in hope to meet again every way better.' To his father he said, 'Farewell, my dear father, you won't be long after me:'—one of the last words we could understand was of that blessed choir—that triumphant choir, to which, I verily believe, he is joined. A sore breach this is to us. But, now God has done his work, let us go and do ours—patiently and quietly laying down under the rod. *It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.* I have no murmuring thoughts. Lord, thou shalt beat, and I will endeavour to bear. I do not think the worse of God, or of prayer, for this dispensation; yet, sometimes, I am much oppressed. I find that deceit lies in generals. How often have I in word, and in tongue, given up and devoted my *all*—yoke-fellow, children, estate—and all without mental reservation. And now, when God comes to try me in but one dear comfort, with what difficulty can I part with him! O this wicked heart. Shall I think to keep back any thing when I have given *all?* By no means, Lord, I *am thine,* and all I have, and all I can do. Though thou shouldest strip me of all my

children and of all my comforts here, yet if thou give me thyself, and clear up to me my interest in the everlasting covenant, it is enough. That blessed covenant has enough in it to gild the most gloomy dispensation of Providence. O, that we may hear the Lord's controversy! He seems to speak in *this* providence as one that will be heard. Lord, give me the hearing ear. The man of *wisdom* will hear. *What says my Lord unto his servant?*—It is a great loss to lose any children, especially such an one as this. Lord, do me good by it, that I may keep the mean between despising the chastening, and fainting under it. We have had a long series of health, peace, plenty—We have not been emptied from vessel to vessel. We have lived too easily, too happily, even to the envy of those about us—and now, God sends this sharp and heavy affliction. I would get good by it, and be brought nearer to himself. Alas! how weak is my heart, how hard to turn my tears into the right channel. We have many sympathizing friends and letters, which to me are but as *songs sung to a heavy heart.*"

"March 5th. Sabbath-day. Mr. Vawdry preached the funeral sermon on Heb. vi. 12, 'That ye be not slothful, but followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the pro-

mises.' He gave him a short but just, character. I am comforted with hopes that I shall shortly follow him to that blessed rest. Lord, do us good by these providences. Bring me nearer to thee, and then 'separate me from what thou wilt, and when thou wilt!' I have condoling letters daily from my friends. Their words, indeed do reach my case, but cannot reach my heart. Yet (I bless God) I am supported. Every one of our dear friends is sorry for us. But, *what are they?*"

"Friday, March 24. This was my dear Philip's birth-day: if he had lived to it he would have been twenty-two. But, I trust, he is born into glory. 'The pangs of death to a believer are but as the pains of a birth.' Blessed be God, my dear child had no bands in his death. He said, 'Death is not bitter.' I must remember the mercy of his birth, and with this comfortable reflection—that neither of us were over desirous, or over-fond, notwithstanding we had five daughters before. A good woman said to the prophet—*Did I desire a son?* I hope not inordinately. My dear mother, when some seemed much pleased that we had an *heir*, said,—'If they have not a better inheritance than any we have for them, it were better they had never been born.' I trust *he* is now possessed of a blessed inheritance—*incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.*"

"Lord's day, April 30th. I went to Nantwich. I had too many thoughts of my dear Philip, who used to ride before me. Yet, I hope, I do cheerfully acquiesce in the divine disposals. The text was Rom vi. 13, *Yield yourselves unto God.* I trust I do this deliberately, sincerely, freely, for ever. I did it at the Lord's table, and when I took the elements I had this thought—The particular grace I desire to get strengthened here is—submission, and contentment with the blessed will of God in this severe dispensation. I have good ground to hope I am answered. My *judgment* is quiet and satisfied, but my affection sometimes breaks out. I have not had a dry day since. In heaven all tears shall be wiped away. O blessed state! Everlasting joy shall crown those blessed ones, and sorrow and sighing shall *for ever* flee away."

This heart-breaking trial called forth the commiseration, and sympathy of friends, both near and distant. Many consolatory letters were addressed to her: part of her reply to one written by the Rev. Mr. Finch, of Norwich, is as follows:

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"I do, as I well may, esteem it a great favour that you would take so much time from your

other weighty employments to write to me, a mere stranger—but unacquaintedness with the face is no bar to the communion of saints—and for all your kind expressions of a tender sympathy, I return you a great many thanks. 'Tis a demonstration that you are qualified, as a gospel minister should be, to bind up broken hearts, and to speak a word in season to them that need it. It has pleased our heavenly Father, in wisdom, to chastise us, by taking away the 'desire of our eyes with a stroke,' yet I desire to justify him in all his dealings. From his good hands nothing can come amiss. I can see by what you write that you can easily put your soul in my soul's stead, and know, somewhat, of the heart of a sorrowful parent. I was ready to say—this same shall comfort us, and that he would be serving God on earth when we are silent in the dust; but infinite wisdom said otherwise. And shall folly dispute? We were ready to think our mountain stood strong; but alas! soon convinced of the contrary. I would now make it my greatest care to *improve* the providence. To lose such a dear child, and not be bettered by the affliction, doubles the loss. You well observe that of David—*I shall go to him*—not only to him to the grave, but to him to *heaven*, to be joined to that blessed choir

which he spoke of a few hours before his death. Though we are much at a loss as to the particular meaning of this providence, yet, in general, we are sure it is *well.* I have now one less tie to draw me downward, and shall have so much less care in my dying moments."

Afterwards she thus expresses herself;—"This week I found among some of my old collections a useful passage concerning afflictions. 'If such things befal the Master, it is sufficient for the servant to be *as his Master*, and *as his Lord.* And all to make him more humble, more awful of God, more careful to please him, more fearful to offend him, more conformable to, and contemplative of, Christ's sufferings, and more compassionate to others. Afflictions render sin more bitter, Christ more sweet, the world more contemptible, death more desirable, heaven more delightful, and glorious grace more admirable in the saints. How good to be thus troubled on every side, but not distressed; cast down, but not destroyed; a bush burning, but not consumed; in a fiery furnace, yet receiving no hurt. Nay more, the fiery chariot of affliction shall be pressed for the service of carrying Christians to heaven. Their very tribulations are made the door for their entering into the kingdom of God. Therefore,

the Scriptures count them happy that *endure*, and teach us to reckon it 'all joy' when we fall into divers temptations.' When I read or hear such things, my own heart reproaches me that *I* have not thus *received* correction, as I ought. Though my judgment is well satisfied, and submits to the sharpest strokes, yet my affections are often stubborn, unwilling to be subjected. It was one of my dear Philip's sayings, when on his death-bed—'I can bear any thing from God's immediate hand,'—then why should not I?"

In the year 1729, the faith and patience of this heavenly traveller were again severely tried. Affliction met her with a still more terrible aspect, and the king of terrors, removing, by a sudden grasp, her aged husband, left her a mourning widow. How affecting is the following statement!

"Saturday, Sept. 27th. A heavy stroke falls upon me, unexpectedly, by the sudden death of my dear yoke-fellow, with whom I have lived in great amity and affection, these forty-two years and six months. *Lord, what is man?* He seemed pretty well in the morning, but complaining of pain I persuaded him to go to bed, which he no sooner had done, but he expired without a sigh or groan. Alas! What—what is this that God hath done unto us? O, for wisdom and grace to improve this sad providence!

He had almost completed his seventy-eighth year. I will endeavour to lay my hand on my mouth. I have often told my heavenly Father, that I will take nothing ill that he shall do with me. Since I have his eye, his ear, and blessing, why should I not submit to his rod?

"Sabbath day, Sept. 28th. We kept a poor, cold, and sorrowful sabbath. I sit alone and keep silence.

"Monday. I received condoling letters. One reminds me of that sweet promise—*Thy maker is thine husband*—I am a widow, but not desolate—none of those who trust in God shall be desolate.

"I record it to the praise of my best Friend that this evening (Monday) I begin to be in a better frame; more composed—so that I slept well. How kind is my heavenly Father to a froward child! Lord, help me to behave myself *well* under this sharp dispensation. I own the mercy of God to me in outward things. I am not forsaken of my friends, but the contrary; every one is ready to help me. I am not left in debt, and with children little. Surely all these mercies should make me thankful.

"Tuesday, Sept. 30th. I am still desiring and endeavouring to improve this affliction. I would meditate on the happiness of separate

spirits. He that was lately groaning, (though that was seldom) is now, I trust, singing and rejoicing, and would not be again with us. O glorious hour! Blessed exchange!"

"Wednesday, Oct. 1st. We laid up the dear remains in comfortable hope of a glorious resurrection. The sadness of my spirit makes me almost stupid; yet, in reflection, I will say—*all is well.* We are parted for a time; yet, I trust, we shall be together *for ever.* Our friends and neighbours mingle tears with us. He has long served his generation, and is now gone to rest. A flood of cares falls on me, but I cast all my care on my heavenly Father, who has cared for me hitherto, and, I trust, will. I lack wisdom. I ask it. Lord, give—give liberally. Do not upbraid. No, not with my folly. *For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.* A promise worth a king's ransom. God's sovereignty should silence me, and his wisdom satisfy. It is *well* with my husband. It is *well. All* is well that God doth. My time after him is not likely to be long."

She has recorded it as "an excellent prayer" of her dear brother's (Matthew Henry) at Broad Oak, after the death of their father and mother—"That while we are grieving for those who are

gone before, and caring for those who shall come after us, we may not be found neglecting our present duty, and soul concerns."

Section VI.

Her Piety and Devotion.

Having seen the ardent glow which signalized Mrs. Savage's piety in public and social life, it will not be unimportant to retire with her into her closet, there to witness her holy earnestness for advancement in Christian experience and godly practice.

Her disposition being peculiarly sociable, she felt a refined pleasure in Christian friendship, and in conversation directed to spiritual subjects. Nevertheless, her prevailing enjoyment was in retirement, and, unless unavoidably prevented, she constantly sought it, morning and evening, and, in her latter years, at noon also. "It is the nature of true grace," observed a great divine, "that however it loves Christian society in its place, yet it in a particular manner delights in retirement, and secret converse with God. So that, if persons appear greatly engaged in social religion, and but little in the religion of the closet, and are often highly affected when

with others, and but little moved when they have none but God and Christ to converse with, it looks very darkly upon their religion."*

"I would rather," she writes, "spend one solitary hour in mourning before God over heart corruption, than many in the outward exercises of religion, wherein hypocrites may not equal but outdo the sincere Christian. I usually find that when I most solemnly sequester myself, and spend most time in duty, then God is pleased to meet me, and make the duty sweet indeed." To this, perhaps, is to be attributed in a great degree, her eminence in piety.

The following stanza, by Dr. Watts, well expressed her desires when engaged in secret worship:

"Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee."

"This," she remarks, "is usually applied to the Lord's day, but I think it a very proper thought any time when I retire."

SELF-DEDICATION formed an important part of her employment, and it was attended with a blessed effect.

* President Edwards on the Affections, p. 272, Edit. 1772.

A specimen is thus recorded: "Sabbath evening, Sept. 18th, 1687. I renewed my covenant with God, afresh resolving (according to Mr. Allein's phrase) to call nothing mine but him—*my Lord and my God*—he is mine. I will rejoice. Nothing shall be able to separate—neither death, nor life—prosperity, nor adversity. I trust in him. I rely on his promises. These shall be my staff with which I will pass over this Jordan towards the heavenly Canaan. Next morning I had comfort in reflecting on this."

She invariably entered upon a new year with devout solemnity, and, accompanying a minute retrospect of providential goodness with fervent praises, consecrated herself anew to the glory of her heavenly Benefactor. The form prescribed by her father* was, at those seasons, commonly used, and having transcribed it in her diary, she signed and sometimes *sealed* it. The following instances present themselves.

"1724, Jan. 1st. I am now entering on another year. It is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed. Yet spared—to see the beginning of it. It is uncertain what it may bring forth. I have, this morning, made a fresh surrender of myself and all that is dear to me, to be freely and entirely at the disposal of my

* P. Henry's Life, ut supra, p. 83.

heavenly Father—with this solemn profession—that there shall be but *one* will between us, and it shall be *his*. By his grace I am determined to take nothing ill that he shall do with me. If all other steps are ordered by God, surely the last, and most important step, shall be so—the great step from one world to another. I hope he will order it wisely and comfortably. I must own I have some fears about my children's health. The circumstances of two of them are perilous. But both as to the one, and the other, I have spread my concern before my dear and tender Father, and with him I cheerfully leave myself, and all mine. I was affected with what I read lately in the exposition on 1 Tim. ii. 2.—*That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.* This is the top of the ambition of a good Christian—to lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty—to get through the world unmolested—in a low, private station: and truly, this well suits me, being what I desire for myself. If God will be with and keep me in the way that I go, and give me food to eat, and raiment to put on, then the Lord shall, yea he *shall* be my God. I have avouched him to be mine, and, through grace, I resolve to be wholly, and entirely his. * *

* * * * * * * * *

And, I am bold to assert that unallowed miscarriages, *contrary* to the bent and desire of my heart, shall not void this covenant.

"Thy own,

"SARAH SAVAGE."

At another time she thus writes. "Jan. 1. Methinks I should begin the year with something of solemnity. I would begin it with God. The last has been a year of *Mercy*. No remarkable affliction to myself or mine. *Many* mercies. No death in the family of our children—houses made to grow. Blessed be God, the God of our mercies! Now, *what does the Lord my God require of me?* I should love him more and serve him better. In order to it I devote and dedicate myself afresh to his fear and service—and, with so much the more seriousness, as *I see the day approaching*. I have now completed my sixtieth year. What a great while wandering in this wilderness!

"Long ago, my dear father observed, from Joshua xiii. 1, where God says, *Thou art old and stricken in age*, that 'those who are so have need to be reminded of it.' Surely I should be daily considering, *What lack I yet?*—What knowledge—what love to God—what heavenly-mindedness. These I much *lack*, and would

be daily improving in—but, alas! I am apt to grow cool, careless, indolent. Methinks because of all this, I would make a sure covenant, and *seal* it. I would be better this year I am entering upon than I have been formerly. Particularly, I would sanctify Sabbaths better, and be more frequent in solemn meditation, which has been called a soul-fattening duty. Lord, help me herein, for, of myself, I am unable to think a good thought, much less a chain of good thoughts."

"I take God the Father (my great Creator) for my chiefest good and my highest end.

"I take God the Son (whom he hath exalted) to be my Prince and my Saviour.

"I take God the Holy Ghost for my sanctifier, teacher, guide, and comforter.

"I take the word of God to be my rule in all my actions.

"I take the people of God to be my people in all conditions.

"I also give, dedicate, and devote myself unto the Lord, all that I am, all that I have, and all that I can do. And this I do deliberately, sincerely, freely, and for ever.

"Amen. And let this covenant that I have made on earth be ratified in heaven.

[*Seal.*] "SARAH SAVAGE."

"I do this with all solemnity, because I find my naughty heart too apt to fall off, and neglect solemn obligations. It is an old maxim, 'Fast bind, fast find.' We cannot repeat too often that which we cannot do too well. Dear Lord, help thy poor feeble, unworthy servant, and daily work in me what thou requirest of me."

She abounded in the arduous duty of SELF-EXAMINATION. Heavenly wisdom not only preserved her from presumption, but, by creating anxious solicitude as to the reality of her experience, induced a frequent and scrutinizing appeal to the *Bible* on the important subject. She also, carefully, used other aids, so far as they corresponded with revelation; and diligently noted, in writing, whatever she met with in reading, or heard in public worship, conducive to the same end.

As, for instance; "Jan. 13, 1688-9, Sabbath. Could not get my heart at all into a Sabbath frame in the morning. Poor I am still a prisoner; the weather cold, and my heart so. O when shall it be otherwise. I have great need of these warming ordinances. At night read in Mr. Baxter's Saints' Rest concerning self-judging. We should judge ourselves that God may not judge us. And our not doing it provokes him to examine us as they would have done

Paul, by scourging; perhaps that was his design of late in afflicting me. This night I did a little set about that unpleasant work of self-judging, and found comfort afterwards."

"My dear brought me," she writes on one occasion, "a good book from brother Henry, entitled,—A Sacramental Question concerning Assurance. I find many excellent things in it, which are very suitable to me—answering the objections of doubting Christians, who fear they have not passed a saving change, because they cannot tell exactly the *time* of it. But (saith the worthy author) 'if the Spirit of Christ hath wrought such a change in your judgment, choice, affections, conscience, and life, as will make up the character of a *sanctified* person, you should not be perplexed for want of knowing *when* this change was first made. You may know a man is alive, though you know not when or where he was born.' 'Tis certain,' (saith he) 'corrupt nature could never incline you to love God, and be devoted to him—to hate sin, and watch against it—to take Christ for your Saviour, and heaven for your portion. It must be from the Divine Spirit, however early, gradual, and insensible it seems to have been effected.' I have often had fears as to myself, that I have not experienced sufficiently the terrors of the law,

but I bless God for the satisfaction I have here met with."

When detained from public worship, the time was frequently spent in serious self-inquiry. Thus she expresses herself on one of these occasions: "I was all day at home. I read sometimes in Firmin's Real Christian. Very excellent. Concerning receiving Christ in truth, I am, especially, to ask, How did *I* receive him? Was my choice deliberate—free—full? Am I resolved, by his grace, it shall be firm and abiding? That death itself shall not separate? I trust I am. But then who did I receive? A Saviour, and also a *Sovereign.* A *Christ* as well as Jesus. I am willing to take his yoke upon me. It is a sweet, pleasant, easy yoke. It is my daily grief that I daily break his holy laws. It is my comfort that he can subdue these rebels in my soul, which oppose his rule and government. O thou King of Peace! tread them under thy feet. I still find creature love prevails too much, and I wonder at the patience of my heavenly Father, that he does not take away the comforts I over-prize. Yet, Lord, thou knowest, in the settled bent of my choice, I do love thee *more than these:* more than *any thing* else. That I do at any time seem to do otherwise is my greatest grief."

At another time thus: "This morning I read in an excellent book—Caley on Eternity. What an awful thought! Shortly all seen things shall not be seen, and unseen things seen. It is a serious, and a needful question—What evidence have *I* for heaven—what ground have *I* to hope that it shall go well with me to all eternity? My conscience witnesses for me, that I love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity—that I would not omit a known duty, nor commit any known sin—that I would walk in the narrow way, and carefully follow those who now through faith and patience, inherit the promises—that it is my great grief that, in so many instances, I come short of my duty, grieve the Spirit, and wound my conscience. Yet I hope I can say I do not wickedly depart from my God. It grieves me, saith a pious one, that I cannot give him present actual possession of that which I would he should have. It is reported of some hermits, that they were very careful of their sepulchres, but took little care of their houses, because they should dwell but a little while in their houses, but should lie a long time in their sepulchres. Oh that I could always think of this, and act accordingly."

While on a visit to her brother, Matthew Henry, at Chester, she thus mentions the exer-

cises of the Sabbath: "I had a comfortable day joining with that assembly in holy ordinances. In the forenoon, Brother went on in expounding gospel Psalms, such as especially look at Christ. To-day Psalm lxix. We had the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper (the first in the new Chapel) administered, which I have often found sweetness in. I received a pardon as being the purchase of that precious blood which purchases precious privileges, and nourishes precious graces and comforts. Lord, evermore give me of this bread. The exhortation, *Have I here also looked after him that seeth me?* He told us, that much of religion lies in the eye of a believing soul being fixed on an all-seeing God.

"The subject was 2 Cor. xiii. 5. *Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith.* Doctrine: all that profess themselves Christians ought strictly to examine whether they are Christians indeed.

"I remember my faults—how much I have been wanting in this great duty. Oh! this *heart* work is hard work. The *motives* he urged were—It is a matter of great concernment—The rule is very strict—It is easy to be deceived—Multitudes are mistaken—It is a matter that will be examined shortly—A mistake is of fatal consequence—and the true discovery of our state

will turn greatly to our advantage. The *rules* he gave were—Examine your settled judgment—Your deliberate choice—Your indwelling cares—Your outgoing affections—and your constant and allowed practice. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24. O God, do thou help me in the search.

"The third head most alarms me—Indwelling cares—I have too many thoughts and cares concerning things of time and the body, but the thoughts I most *delight* in are of another kind; though, alas! too few and seldom. Eben-ezer."

Another sacramental opportunity is thus recorded: "I did avouch the Lord for my God, and I had some true, though weak, desires towards him. The exhortation was from 1 John ii. 2. *And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.* This was suitable to the subject of the day. Phil. iii. 9. *Not having mine own righteousness;* proving that the best of us have no righteousness of our own wherein we dare appear before God. There were some serious queries to-day.

"1. Do you not find great defect in love to God? Think so seldom and so coldly of him.

"2. Do you not find great defect in love to your brother? I am verily guilty.

"3. Do you not find great defect in love to your own souls, and their true interest?

"4. Do you not find a want of power to be, and do, what indeed you would, in that which is good?

"I must own all this, and a great deal more. Where then is *my righteousness?* Lord, I have none. None. None of my own; but I hope I have some interest in one who is the Lord Jesus Christ, *the Righteous.* I fly to him as my only Refuge. Let me be found in him here, and for ever."

MEDITATION may be instanced as another branch of her devotional character.

"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," was the impressive declaration of our Lord, when describing the nature and effects of piety. And since *God* is the Christian's treasure, and *heaven* the appointed place for the full enjoyment of his presence, the consequence is natural:

——"Contemplation is his bliss."

After hearing a sermon Mrs. Savage thus expresses herself: "I endeavoured to do some little in the excellent duty of meditation. The subject was concerning Christ. Surely, here is a large field. *What think ye of Christ?* A subject

preached on at Nantwich, long ago, by my dear father, of blessed memory. It is of great consequence, and necessary for all to reflect what their thoughts are of *Christ.* Some do not know him, nor think of him at all. Some think meanly, others think hardly of him.—But ask a sincere believer, and he thinks him the brightness of his Father's glory—the fairest of ten thousand. A mirror of unparalleled love thus to die for sinners—*enemies.* But that which most affects me is to think that he is *my beloved and my friend.* He whom I have known, chosen, loved, and desired to serve and please in *all* things: and wherein I fail, I mourn and grieve. O that I could thus think of him, and demean myself to him. He is my 'all and in all,' both for justification and sanctification—sufficient for me both here and for ever."

In one place her practice is thus recorded: "In the evening I endeavoured, with a little success, to meditate on the great privilege of adoption. *Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God;* One sweet excellent remark of worthy Doctor Manton is this—'That a child is not discarded or cast off for every offence, as a servant may be, but he is borne with, and made the best of.' Methinks this

thought comforts me against daily infirmities. This night, on my bed, I had satisfaction in these meditations: If God be my Father I shall want no good thing. I shall have *boldness in the day of judgment.* Wherefore should I fear if the judge be my Father, and my Friend?"

On another occasion thus: "Nov. 10th, Sabbath. In the afternoon I stayed at home alone. The first hour I was very dull and lifeless: afterwards, I set myself to meditate on the four last things—Death—Judgment—Heaven—Hell. The thought of these brought some warmth to my affections. How sweet is it when I think of *death*, to think that it will be my friend. It may be near. If so, the will of the Lord be done. To die will be gain. All things are mine, whether death or life. As for *judgment*, I have reason to hope the Judge will be my advocate. When I think of *hell*—to have that within me which says—through grace, this belongs not to me. And then, for the happiness of *heaven.* When I think of it—it is hard to believe that such poor services should have so rich a reward. But this he does like a *king*—he gives it to all them that are made meet for that inheritance."

Again; "Brought in safety to one Sabbath more. The light I see is the Lord's. This

morning I read, in course, in my closet, Ps. cviii. Methinks some passages in it did help to raise my meditations of the happiness and glory of heaven. There, and there only, will the heart be fixed upon the work of praise. Then no diversion from it nor distraction in it. Then there will be a perfect delivery from every thing that offends. Then, indeed, our enemies shall be trodden down. There will be no devil to tempt, no corrupt heart to be drawn aside. If I could keep my heart in a believing sight and expectation of that glory, it would quicken, strengthen, and enlarge me in all holy obedience."

On retiring in the evening to her closet, she frequently said—"Courage, my heart, now one day more of a vain, vexing world is gone, and one day nearer heaven."

LOVE TO PRAYER has ever distinguished the children of God, and it did not fail to do so in the present instance. If one Christian privilege was pre-eminently valued by Mrs. Savage, it was prayer—serious, spiritual, importunate prayer. Alluding in her diary to "that famous passage of Jacob wrestling with the angel," she notices that—"by divine strength he came off a conqueror: was, as it were, knighted in the field of honour: had a new name given him—Israel, a Prince with God." She frequently remarked

that—"Prayer is a salve for every sore—a remedy for every malady." "I have often," she writes, "experienced prayer to be heart's ease. Oh, what a sweet privilege is it to have such a friend as God to whom to tell all one's mind! A shame that I do not more improve such a privilege."

Indeed she abounded in the sacred duty, and under all circumstances, sought an asylum at the throne of grace. "I had a letter," she remarks, "from Chester with heavy tidings. This occasions grief and fear. My heart was full: my remedy is to retire, and spread the letter before a compassionate Father, and tell him how it is, which I find more easy than to submit freely to his all-wise disposal; yet when I had done this, I was refreshed."

"This week," she writes on one occasion, "I was somewhat thoughtful about changing servants. God in mercy order it for the best. I committed the matter to him by prayer, and then I was easy in my thoughts. I have often had experience of his goodness and kind providence going before me in this matter. Forty years and upwards have I been wandering in this wilderness, and hitherto I have lacked nothing. Praised be God!"

At another time; "I was at Wrenbury in the

afternoon. The subject was concerning Prayer. *Ask. Seek. Knock*—noting importunity. The minister especially exhorted to *secret* prayer. I bless God for the comforts of my closet, when no eye sees but my heavenly Father. Oh this hidden and divine life, which I have lately been reading of, what a blessed life is it! May I more experimentally taste the sweetness of it. I must own I love to be alone, to be looked on by my heavenly Father, who sees in secret.

'His is a pure, and searching eye,
Witness to all that's true;
Dark hell, and deep hypocrisy,
Are all before his view.'"

Her exalted esteem for this important exercise is manifest in the following extract, from one of her latest diaries. "I was guilty of a great omission. I forgot secret duty till about noon. I then retired. I well may blush, and be ashamed of my folly. Is this like one that *delights* to approach unto God? I confessed and bewailed this with tears, and I had comfortable hope through Christ, my great Mediator, that it shall not be laid to my charge. I trust that I do not *wickedly*, though often *weakly*, depart from God and duty. My dear, kind, heavenly Father considers our frame. He is always mindful of us, though we are not so of him."

Prayer before receiving the daily provisions of the table was, in Mrs. Savage's esteem, highly necessary, and she was accustomed to remark that—"In craving God's blessing upon our food, there should be the same seriousness as in other acts of worship, since it is the same God we address ourselves to."

How strongly she has marked her LOVE OF THE SABBATH and DIVINE ORDINANCES, may be seen by the following extracts. The devotions, the instructions, and the society of the sabbath, greatly endeared it, and her preparation for its approach was most exemplary. Indeed, the appointed labours of the week were relieved by frequent aspirations to its enjoyments: and these, by elevating and composing the mind, gave an impetus to her native fervour, highly serviceable to her generation, and honourable to the cause of Christ."

"I would not forget," she remarks, "a pretty, affecting verse in Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Watts's Hymns:

> 'Father, my soul would still abide
> Within thy temple, near thy side:
> But if my feet must hence depart,
> Still keep thy dwelling in my heart:'

it is often the secret language of my soul."

Again she writes: "The Lord loves the gates of Zion, and so do I. My conscience bears me witness that I, sometimes, envy the sparrows and swallows who are where I cannot be. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.* But, alas! it is not the bare enjoyment of ordinances that avails anything if the *heart* be not spiritual, and heavenly, so as to enjoy God in them.—Herein I was formerly much wanting, so that the Lord is righteous in cutting me short."

On another occasion thus: "Blessed be God for the return of this holyday—this queen of days! O for a heart to improve it to spiritual advantage. I purposed to have gone to church, having been long confined, but was hindered by wet weather. Woe is me that I am cold and hard, and want those warming, softening influences of grace which I have formerly enjoyed. But, alas! I have not improved them; and yet I rejoice in what I have had—especially, that I have seen the outgoings of my God—my King. I hope the axe of the word was laid to the root of the tree of my heart, even in the days of my youth. And blessed be God for the help I have from good books. He can, and doth make cold meat to nourish. Lord, make providences effectual instead of ordinances, that they may further

spiritual growth. Sure the impression of such repeated strokes shall not easily wear out."

"1688-9. March 3. Sabbath. A sweet day—spent at Broad Oak—the place of my solemnities—where I have many a time met with God, and been refreshed. A sacrament day. My preparation was slighty and distracted. I find it very hard to have my heart in any measure broken for sin. There, in that sweet ordinance, our gracious Father was pleased to feast us his poor children. Towards the close my heart was a little revived at thoughts of being *for ever* at his table in glory. It is good being here. O, but a thousand times better being there. I came away refreshed; yet that night, and the next day, I was dull in duty, as I usually am after such sweet opportunities—to my shame."

"Sabbath, Nov. 24. My dear went early to Nantwich: before he went, read in the morning, in course, Psalm civ. a sweet portion of scripture: verse 28 especially affected me. *That thou givest they gather.* If other creatures do so, why not I? if temporals, then spirituals. What God gives I am to gather; though it be but gleanings, compared with what I have had, it is that which God *gives*, and I desire to gather it. This day I spent at home: reviewed over some sermons I had writ from my father three

years ago concerning the several steps of Christ's exaltation. Methinks that, Heb. vii. 25, concerning his intercession, is most refreshing. He ever lives to do it: how sweet!"

"How easy," she writes on another occasion, "is it to go out of a Sabbath into a week—worldly affairs coming in like a flood. How hard to get out of the week into a Sabbath."

"1694. Sabbath, June 24. Being sacrament day at Nantwich I went thither. I set out pretty early. I begged the presence and blessing of my good God, which he was pleased to afford me. Mr. Lawrence's* subject was 1 John iv. 21, *That he who loveth God, love his brother also*—concerning brotherly love. A sweet duty. Christ places it next to the first and great commandment, and makes it a badge of discipleship. John xiii. 35. I am verily guilty in this concerning my brother. This day I had some sweet communion with my God in the ordinance of the Lord's supper. Who, and what am I—a worthless worm—that I should be admitted to the table of the King of kings? In the close the minister spoke of vowing ourselves to God. My heart was a little raised in expressing myself in that vow of

* Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 790.

Jacob's, Gen. xxix. *If the Lord will be with me, and keep me in this way*—the narrow way which, by his grace, I will walk in—*and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on*—which is in one word—Christ, who alone is both the food and raiment for precious souls—*so that I come to my heavenly Father's house in peace*—even that an abundant entrance be administered unto me into that everlasting kingdom—*Then the Lord*, whom I have this day avouched, *shall be my God*, and I shall be to all eternity swallowed up in seeing and enjoying him. Amen. I came home tired, yet inwardly refreshed. How soon am I made cool again by this present evil world, which appears my enemy in nothing more than in taking off the edge of my affections to spiritual things."

On another occasion she writes—"A sacrament day. Yet I have been too remiss in preparation. I have been told pains should be taken to trim the lamp. But alas! I am greatly wanting here. The world and its concerns take up my thoughts and time, and jostle out things of greatest importance. Yet I dare not absent myself when I have an opportunity, lest, when the King comes in (as he surely doth) to see the guests, he be displeased if my *seat be empty*. I desired the divine presence, which he was graciously pleased to vouchsafe me. I made fresh

resolves against all sin, to all duty—even hard duties that are most unpleasant to the corrupt nature. The subject concerning the returning prodigal—he *arose and came to his Father.* Lord, to whom else shall I go? thou art the Lord my God. The true convert yields a willing subjection to God, both as to what he will do with us, and what he will have us to do. It is owing to the grace and goodness of God that any sinners are brought home to him. Though we are *joint heirs* with Christ, yet not *joint purchasers*—he *trod the wine-press alone.* This day, through mercy, not drowsy. Lord, keep me from *mine* iniquity."

Again. "We went to Nantwich, to renew our covenant at the Lord's Supper. I hope I found much sweetness, having afresh renounced the flesh and world, and devoted myself to God and Christ with full purpose of heart. Amen. Hallelujah! Hath my dear Father admitted poor me to his table, though most unworthy? Shall not this oblige me to duty and obedience? The exhortation was—*If any man come after me, and hate not father and mother, he cannot be my disciple.* By hating, here is meant less loving. My love to Christ is to *exceed* my love to my dearest relations. I have this day seen and tasted how *he* has loved *me*—even more

than his own life—and shall not I abound in love and duty to *him?*"

At another time. "Sabbath. I have been this day favoured with a sacramental opportunity. I have been endeavouring to *shew forth* the Lord's death. I had this meditation.—I must shew it to *God* as the purchase of my peace and pardon. Lord, this is my beloved Saviour. I must shew it forth to *my own soul.* Behold, here is blood, and it was shed for *me.* Here is a spotless righteousness—and it is *mine.* I must shew it forth to *others.* I have eaten and drank into that great body of which Christ is the head, and I look upon the meanest of his members as my brethren—the excellent of the earth, in whom is my delight. Let me *walk* this week as one who has this day had communion with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ."

In more advanced life she writes:—"Sabbath. I had all good helps. The subject was Rev. xxii. 14. *Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.* Methinks it is comfortable to have this blessing in the close of the Bible. Though I cannot say *I do them,* yet I endeavour it, and if I really knew what would displease God, I would not do it, but endeavour the contrary. It

was an excellent note of good Mr. Mottershead long ago—*We wrestle not with flesh and blood*, said he, *only*, yet with these *daily*. I often find the flesh, the earthly part, my great hinderance, as particularly, this Lord's day. By the time I come to the assembly, methinks I am not myself—not the same that I was in the closet—but so dull, unaffected—a disinclination to any thing that is spiritual and heavenly: sometimes I lay the blame on my declining age, and decay of bodily spirits, but alas! I fear it is worse; owing to my spiritual sloth—in a cold, dull frame at the Lord's table, yet I endeavoured to renew my covenant against all sin—to all duty."

"1708. April 25th, Lord's day. We went to Nantwich, where we had the comfortable ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Our Lord Jesus hath instituted it purposely to keep in remembrance his *death*, knowing how apt we are to forget him; and though, to a carnal eye, it looks a mean thing, yet to those who are savingly enlightened, it has another aspect. Who can but be affected with it, to think that my dear Lord Jesus, *in the night wherein he was betrayed*, when he began his most bitter passion, yet was so mindful of *us*, and *our comfort*, as to institute this ordinance? Blessed be God for any sweetness my soul has at any time found in it.

Mr. Lawrence's subject was, Phil. iii. 14. *Press toward the mark.* It is our great duty to be daily growing, and pressing forward in that which is God. Sure I am I have many eyes on me. Some praying, and exhorting, that I may hold on, and get forward in heaven's way. Others, that would rejoice in my fall; but my comfort is, though I am weak and foolish, careless and lukewarm, yet my God is able to supply all my wants, and has undertaken to preserve all that belong to him (as I trust I do) *safe*—safe to his heavenly kingdom. Oh that this hope may quicken me to holy obedience!"

But although she often enjoyed much sweetness in holy ordinances, yet, it must not be supposed she was always upon "the mount." She, like other Christians, was not without trying experience. By divine grace, however, she usually was enabled to "hold fast her confidence." She thus writes:—"What a hard, stupid heart have I, that I am not affected with the love of my dear Jesus to my soul. This Sabbath is an instance.—'O fool, and slow of heart.' When I should have been meditating on redeeming love, and getting my heart affected with it at the Lord's Supper; then my heart was so heavy with sleep, and I so dull, and out of frame, that I was like a stock, or a

stone. It is a matter of grief and shame to me in reflection, that I have so trifled away such a sweet opportunity. In the close I was a little raised. The exhortation was from the 92d Psalm, *Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.* The subject of the day was concerning brotherly love, from James v. 20, *Converteth a sinner.* Oh that I might more manifest that I am of the body by a fellow-feeling with the members, especially by being solicitous for their souls."

Again; "We had, at noon, a sacramental opportunity. Blessed be God. The King sitteth at his table, but doth 'my spikenard send forth its smell?' Alas! No. I fear my desires were not right. Much coldness, and distraction. Yet, I trust, I did receive Christ, though with a trembling hand; and, as the bread and wine, which I have eaten, are so mine, as never to be again separated from me, so is Christ thereby set forth, and applied to my soul. *For I am persuaded that neither life, nor death, shall be able to separate me from his love.* Amen."

In illustrating the piety and devotion of this excellent woman, her attentive REVIEW OF MERCIES RECEIVED should not be overlooked. In this department of Christian wisdom, so eminently

distinguished in the Scriptures, she was a proficient. She well understood the 'loving-kindness of the Lord.'—The following are edifying specimens.

"1714. June. When I look back to the year 1686, wherein I first began this account of myself, it is with the remark of that blessed apostle—*having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.* Hitherto supported, comforted, carried on through storms and difficulties, so as still to be, in some measure, pressing forward. Not unto me. Not unto me. Free grace shall have all the glory. I was then little more than twenty, now almost fifty years of age. I have entered my declining years. Finding those that look out of the windows begin to darken, I am obliged to use glasses. I find my strength fails. Yet, as to these infirmities, several things comfort me—They are only natural, and common, not hastened by my own sin and folly—I, otherwise, enjoy a very great measure of health, and can be in any post of usefulness, not having been confined to my bed or chamber for almost three years. But, the greatest support of all is—the good hope of everlasting rest—that when my earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, I shall have a heavenly mansion provided for me, where I shall see God, and my glorious Redeemer,

and enjoy them—And, though how, or in what manner this shall be we are not sure, yet the thing itself is clear, as if written with a sunbeam. Not all the powers of earth and hell shall be able to break, or make void, one link of that glorious golden chain. *Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.* What though the flesh perish, and be worms' meat; yet the better part will be secured, and the Lord Jesus Christ will not lose one grain of the dust of any of his dear people, but will, by his power, raise them up—so that soul and body shall be united, and be together for ever with the Lord. Amen. Hallelujah! Establish thy word unto thy servant on which thou hast caused me to hope. I am not ashamed, for I KNOW *in whom I have trusted, and he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*"

"1729. Friday, March 28. Our wedding-day—now forty-two years: so long wandering in this wilderness, yet have lacked nothing. I desire to own, with thankfulness, the pillar of cloud and fire that has gone before, and smoothed my way. Blessed be the God of our mercies. O that I may abound in love, duty, and obedience.

"Lately refreshed with an old recital of mercies we should be peculiarly thankful for—particularly on Sabbath days—which somewhat assisted in praise.—The creation of the world—the resurrection of Jesus Christ—the pouring out of the Spirit—the institution of the Sabbath—means and opportunities of communion with God—the benefits and comfort of communion of saints—the blessings and comforts of the present life—the hopes and prospects of a better life."

Again. "1730, Feb. 15. I have had such plentiful experience of the goodness of God to me through all the way in which he hath led me in this wilderness, that I cannot but think it a duty to leave an acknowledgment of it under my own hand, for the quickening and encouragement of my dear children and grand-children who have this evil world to pass:

'A dang'rous and a tiresome place.'

"I heartily subscribe to that sweet truth, 'that a holy, heavenly life, spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most pleasant and comfortable life in the world. I have found that wisdom's ways *are* ways of pleasantness, and desire, as one of my chiefest

mercies, to mention my unspeakable happiness in a religious education. My parents were of the first three* for piety, and their good instructions, earnest prayers, and excellent examples, are, at this distance of time, blessed.—Though they are long since out of the reach of *prayer*, yet God is not out of the reach of *praise*.

"I find in the life of a good man (Halyburton), that besides his will as to temporal concerns, he thought proper to leave something on record of his sentiments concerning religion. I freely declare I came into the world a defiled, polluted branch of the first Adam, tainted with original corruption. A child of wrath. And I must own it was infinite mercy that laid hold of me, discovered me to myself, changed and renewed me, or else I had been lost for ever. I owe it to the infinite mercy of my gracious God that he has revealed his Son in me—the only Mediator between God and man. I trust *only* to his infinite merits and satisfaction. *None but Christ. None but Christ.* And if I had as many souls as I have hairs on my head, I durst venture them all on that sure foundation. This I account a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation—that *Jesus Christ came into the*

* See 2 Samuel xxiii. 23.

world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief. The 71st Psalm, being the aged Christian's prayer and song, I think very applicable:

'At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.'

"Though my flesh must see corruption, yet, I trust in that almighty Power which raises from the dead, and that in the great day I shall be set on the right hand, and be publicly owned, and acknowledged, though infinitely unworthy such a favour. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* Above all, I should desire, as Mr. Baxter did, those words of my risen Lord to be written on my sick and death bed—*I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.*

"SARAH SAVAGE."

"*Wrenbury Wood.*"

Another record of the same kind is dated 1734. "Finding decays," she writes, "especially in my memory, I think it not improper to leave this testimony under my hand of that kind Providence which has followed me all my days. I think the employing of my writing faculty this way is a duty which God may expect from me, since I must own that is a pleasure to me, which some who could do it, are averse to.

"In the 16th year of my age I was admitted

to the Lord's table. I took the covenant of my baptism upon myself. I made it my own act and deed to join myself to the Lord, and I have since found unspeakable comfort that my *early* days—the male in the flock, were dedicated to his service. I have often repeated, but never repented, this choice.

"I think I may say I had my roots watered with wine. Such sweet seasons of grace. Line upon line. The *best* helps for my soul. Surely I should reckon this among my choicest mercies. I have my lot cast where I have not only gospel light, but all advantages—exhortations—encouragements—to improve this light, and to be enlightened by it. How much am I indebted! Such powerful preaching, sweet sabbaths, comfortable sacraments.

"I think I should not overlook the great mercy I had in those years by bodily health—not one day's sickness in twenty years—I had comfort in the society of friends, and dear relations. We dwelt together in the greatest unity; I had excellent helps by good books—the lives of holy persons of both sexes. These I am sure may be placed in the account of my mercies.

"The most signal, eminent mercy of God to me was in the great turn of my life, when I was married, March 28, 1687, to one every way a

help meet for me. I was enabled, in some measure, by divine grace, for the duties of that state, and I had abundance of the comforts of it. All praise to the God of my mercies.

"In the year 1688, I was brought safely through the small-pox, after which my dear father led us in a family thanksgiving. He preached from John v. 14. *Thou art made whole, sin no more.* I would reckon the frequent lectures we then had, among my mercies. I hope some good was done, and the house was, as I thought, perfumed by the good prayers offered in it.

"The end of that year my first daughter, Sarah, was born, and suitable mercies were afforded to us both. After her I had six living children—three taken, three left—Dear Philip spared to his 22d year, then taken by the small-pox. *I shall go to them.*

"Another considerable mercy to me has been the marriage of all my four daughters suitably, and with consent, and to those who fear God, and have a competency in the world. All of them fruitful vines, and nursing mothers. Especially, that I see some of theirs, as they grow up, serious, with their faces heaven-ward.

"I think I may reckon among my mercies the supports I have had under sharp afflictions—

an only son taken in the flower of his age, 1721—my dear husband in September, 1729, suddenly removed—Yet my God has taken that care of me which the dearest relations could not have done, had they been spared. Since I have been in the widowed state, still goodness and mercy have followed me.

"The health I have in my old age is, surely, a great mercy.

'His mercy *crowns* my growing years.'

"I have the use of reason, and peace in my own conscience, those unspeakable blessings. How much am I indebted! Ebenezer!"

Mrs. Savage's pious *commemoration of her birth-day* deserves particular notice. In 1704, it is thus expressed:

"Now forty years I have been in this wilderness. I have not wanted the pillar of cloud and fire for guidance on my way. I have had manna—bread from heaven—and that for many years, of the finest. The rock, Christ, to drink of, and be refreshed. Thou gavest thy good Spirit for my teacher and comforter. But that which I would be especially thankful for is—the Canaan—the rest that is to come, and for any comfortable hope of an interest in it. Yet that which damps and allays my joy and comfort is—

my wilderness sins—my manifold murmurings and provocations. Had not my Lord Jesus, my dear Moses and great intercessor, stood in the gap to stay the stroke of divine justice, it had not been with me as now it is. There is a Jordan, it is true, between me and the heavenly Canaan, but through grace, I will not fear it. The God of peace will make me more than a conqueror over the last enemy."

The next year she writes: "Aug. 7th. I must remember the mercy of God in my birth; now I am forty-one. A great while to live to so little purpose. I bless my God who endued me with a reasonable soul, and a perfect complete body, strong and healthy, especially when I was a child. I have been told that my mother nursed me with less trouble than any of her children.

"I desired this evening, in my secret duty, to be more than ordinary in earnest with God for her—that showers of blessings may fall upon her—that God would bless her, and fulfil all her petitions, both for herself and us: and though my dear, thrice dear and honoured father, is out of the reach of my prayer, yet I desire to send hearty praises to God for him, and the great, unspeakable privilege I had to be born of such parents—for all the sweet counsels, reproofs,

example, sermons, prayers, expositions — and for what sweetness there has been in his pious discourses, and also his pathetic letters—by all which he endeavoured to make religion the most necessary, excellent, amiable thing that could be. Though I think it sad that he was so soon and suddenly removed, yet it was a mercy he was so long continued in usefulness—and that his very name has a good savour to all that knew him. God grant that I may follow him here in the regeneration, that I may meet him with comfort in the great day."

At another time, Aug. 7th, 1723, she thus expresses herself: "What a long time have I wandered in the wilderness of this world, yet lacked *nothing*—nothing needful, or good for me. Methinks I have abundant reason to own the kindness of my heavenly Father as to my better part. When I removed hither, I yet remember my fear and trembling, lest I should wither and decay in grace, in the want of the opportunities I had always enjoyed. But how has my dear God been gracious herein, above what I could have hoped. Blessed, and kept, and taught. Surely I should be very thankful for a competency in the world—free from the snares of riches and poverty. Methinks among my sweetest enjoyments I would reckon good

books, which I have found very profitable, and good company, often, in my solitude. I was, lately, much affected in reading Deut. x. 5; speaking of the tables of the Covenant which Moses put into the ark, it is added—*and there they be.* On which the annotations thus enlarge: 'We may say to the rising generation—we have had the benefit and comfort of bibles, sabbaths, sacraments, &c., and we leave them you—*there they be*—as we received them from our parents.' I trust Jesus Christ will have his faithful witnesses in all ages, and that the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against his church. I own I am ready to sign a discharge in full, that *there has not failed to* ME *one good thing of* ALL *that God has promised,* either pertaining to this life, or a better. And now, what doth the Lord my God require of me, as Deut. x. 12? It is in one word—obedience. Lord, I would be obedient, but I find myself often pulled back. I cannot do the good I would. I remember the years past, what advantage I found by solemn meditation, which now I find so great aversion to; but I do purpose, by the grace of God, to practise it more now, in the beginning of this new year of my life. Lord, help me herein.

"To be SPIRITUALLY-MINDED is life and peace." Experience proves it. Meditation on

heavenly things will occasion little interruption to customary avocations; while the frequency of the exercise contributes, in no small degree, to advance growth in grace, as well as to discover the present attainments of believers. "It is," observed the excellent Caryl, "a great part of our holiness to be spiritually-minded while we are conversing with God, through Jesus Christ, in *spiritual* duties. But to be spiritually-minded and to mind spiritual things, when we are conversing with the clods of the *earth*, and the furrows of the field; when we have to do with corn and grass, with trees and plants, with sheep and oxen; when we behold the birds and fowls of the air, the worms and all that creep upon the ground—*Then*, I say, to be spiritually-minded, and thence to have our thoughts ascending and soaring up to God, in heart-affecting and quickening contemplations, witnesseth a high degree of holiness. To make a ladder out of earthly materials, for the raising of ourselves in spirit to heaven, is the art of arts. Holy and happy indeed are they who, being taught of God, have learned this art, and live in the daily practice of it."*

Mrs. Savage's residence in the country was

* Preface to Husb. Spiritualized. Flavel's Works, vol. vi. p. 8.

thus improved, and her diary abounds with numerous instances illustrative of the preceding remarks. The following have been selected.

"My child being weak and unable to take its food, I am forced, at present, to have a nurse in the house. By my unconcernedness at the crying of her child, in comparison with my own, I cannot but sometimes think of the pity and tenderness of my heavenly Father towards his children. He hearkens attentively to *their* cry, whereas the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to him."

"We had Mr. Lawrence's little boys with us, and when I consider their great loss of a pious, tender mother, my heart moves in pity to them. From whence I cannot but infer the pity and tenderness that is in the heart of the Father of mercies towards those who are the seed of his friends and followers. For, alas! what are our compassions compared with his?"

"Monday. Overhearing a servant, being weary, wishing earnestly for night, that she might rest, I could not but be affected. Surely, if I was thoroughly weary of this world, which is so full of toil, labour, and sorrow, I should long for the rest of death, when my body shall sleep in the grave, and my spirit return to God who gave it."

"Seeing poor beggars wait at the door for their alms, I could not but think it fit that I should wait on God for the giving of what I desire:—not only *what* he will, but *when* he will. 'Tis good quietly to wait."

"The coals coming to the fire with ice upon them, at first seemed as though they would put out the fire, but afterwards they made it burn more fiercely. I had this meditation. It is often so with me. That which seems against me is really for me.—Have not afflictions worked for my *good?* Sometimes I have gone to an ordinance, as these coals to the fire, all cold and frozen, and there I have been melted. My love and desire have been inflamed. That it hath not oftener been so has been my own fault."

"Seeing other creatures clean and white in the same place where the swine were all over mire, I thought it did represent good and bad men in the same place; the one defiled by the same temptations which the others escape, through the grace of God, and watchfulness."

"An old tree in the garden was removed. We were afraid it would not grow in its new place. I could not but take occasion to bless God that he was pleased, in my tender years, to transplant me, and to take me from the common of a natural estate, into his own garden. The

time was a 'time of love.' Lord, how is it? Wherefore? What sawest thou in me to move thee? Nothing but misery. The greater was the mercy. Oh that I may bring forth fruit to God!"

"Walking in the garden I had this meditation. Seeing some young trees, which have all had the same soil, the same planting, the same watering, yet, some blossoming and flourishing—others scarcely alive, it cannot but make me think of the difference that there is in the growth of professors under the same means of grace. In my Father's family, how did I see some that were planted after me far more fruitful God-ward. This I reflect upon with shame. This comforts me—that I am a branch in Christ, and all such he will purge, that they may bring forth more fruit, according to that Scripture, John xv. 2. I have to-day been reading how Christ is the way to the Father, namely, to acquaintance, acceptation, relation, reconciliation with him. The way to the performance of his promises, and to the possession of his kingdom. All sweet, unspeakable privileges belonging to those to whom Christ is the way."

"By observing the flowers in the garden, which yesterday spread themselves in the sun, to-day, in the want of that luminary, close and

melancholy, I see the need I have of the warm influences of the blessed Sun of Righteousness, without which my graces will soon languish."

"Being employed in the garden, I was affected to see how much the weeds come on faster than the plants and herbs. Just so do corruptions thrive and grow in my soul. Yet this comforts me—the herbs, most of them, are better rooted than the weeds; they are not so easily pulled up. *The good part shall not* be taken away. If I am growing on the root—Christ—no man shall ever be able to pull me thence—*kept by the power of God to salvation.*"

"Seeing, through my window, trees that the other day seemed dead and dry, begin to shoot out, and bud, makes me earnestly desire that I may have an inward principle of grace; life in the root; else what will the leaves of profession avail? Lord, let my heart be *sound.*"

"Looking through the window I see workmen laying the foundation for a new stable—I am minded to see that my foundation for *heaven* be firm—well laid in Christ; on him alone I build, I rest: other foundation can no man lay. I neither need, nor desire any other."

"I see the masons busy *early;* why should not I exert myself in my closet? It should be

my daily *trade* and *employment* to sing, meditate, and pray. Lord, assist one that desires nothing so much as thy smiles, and thy blessing."

"I was affected lately when I saw our newly-sown garden, which we had secured so carefully, as we thought, from fowls, and had closely covered it, yet receive as much hurt by the unseen mole, which roots up and destroys. Lord, grant this be not the case of my poor soul. Many good seeds are sown. Line upon line—Daily hearing or reading some good truths. And, by the grace of God, with my good education, I have been kept from *gross* sins, but I have great reason to fear the unseen mole of heart-corruption, pride, covetousness. These work secretly, but dangerously! Lord, do thou undertake for me."

"On Saturday my dear came home safe. Praised be God. The same watchful eye is over him abroad, and over us at home. Our joy at meeting, though after a short absence, was mutual and great. I fear lest, at any time, it exceed bounds. This, in the reflection, makes me think of the great joy that there will be when all the espoused members of Christ shall be gathered together to him, their great husband—to be *for ever with the Lord.* The thoughts of it sometimes refresh me."

"Finding my sight much decayed, so that I cannot read a line without glasses, I had this thought: Surely this is a call to me to spend more time in meditation and prayer, which are, sometimes, best performed when the eyes of the body are shut."

"The slow, gradual approach of the sun, that is, the shadow of it, in my chamber, reminds me of the old observation—We tower up to heaven by a thousand ascents in the slow proficiencies of grace—yet if, at last, I can attain, all will be well."

CHAP. III.

HER REMOVAL TO WEST BROMWICH, AND DEATH.

How long, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Savage continued at Wrenbury Wood, is not certainly known; but on leaving that place, she sojourned, for a season, with her children and friends. It was not till the year 1736 that she removed to West Bromwich, and it was her final abode. The change will be best expressed in her own words.

"Tuesday, September 7th. I take leave of Wem,* particularly of this closet, humbly desiring to leave a blessing behind me on them and all theirs, entreating that all the prayers that have been, or shall be, offered up here may be graciously heard and answered, for Christ's sake. Next morning I set forward for Bromwich, not without some degree of fear and trembling, lest I should not be able for such a journey; yet, I bless God for some degree of

* The residence of her daughter, Mrs. Holland, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Holland, a Dissenting Minister.

courage, and cheerfulness. We slept at Newport. Next day came hither in safety. *All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?* I take this as an answer to prayer. And now I am here, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* I am encouraged to find some good, praying people, with whom I hope to spend a happy eternity. I observe that when old Jacob went down into Egypt, God told him that Joseph should *close his eyes.* So it may be that my child here* may do the last office for me. If so I beg my precious soul may be safe; then all is well."

In this situation, freed from the cares of business, she spent the residue of her days in diligent preparation for heaven.

It pleased God, however, to prolong her earthly existence a considerable time.

While here, she was favoured with a visit, which she thus records.

"1737. May 23d, Monday night. We were surprised by the coming of an unexpected friend—Dr. Doddridge. I have been often pleased and edified by his books, but I never expected to have conversed personally with him. I now find such a happy mixture of piety, sweetness, and humility, as much affects me."

* Mrs. Witton. She died November 3, 1775, æt. 74.

She often adverts to the advanced period to which her days had been lengthened, in terms like the following.

"1738. March 14. O that I may be some way useful even in old age! I am willing to continue here while God pleases, but my settled judgment is, to *desire to depart, and be with Christ*, which is far better. I see my children's children, and peace upon Israel."

"18th. Looking out at my window I see Bromwich church, where that excellent man Mr. Reynolds* was buried. I have desired that my bones may be laid by his, especially that I may stand with him at Christ's right hand in that day."

"20th. Though alone, I am not lonely. I can delight in a pen and a book, and opportunity to devote myself to God. My best Friend sees in secret. I am comforted under decays of nature when I think of the future glory. This morning I was refreshed by remembering these particulars of a sermon of my dear brother's. Characters of the true friends of Christ. 'They visit him—value him—and vindicate him; welcome him, wait for him, and walk with him:—they lay all their concerns at his feet—they love all his friends—

* See his Life, edit. 1735.

they long for his second appearance in glory.' This is my beloved and my friend."

"1742. April 10. My kind Master will not cast off a poor old servant. It is a good remark of Dr. Watts's—that 'to a pious person old age is but as a summer's evening.' O that mine may be so!"

"1742. April 15. Saturday night. I am desirous to prepare for the approaching Sabbath and Sacrament. I find some comfort from that old verse,

'The Lord can tell, he knows full well
The thoughts we entertain.'

"I would be better, and do better. A kind providence has followed me all my days, particularly, in bringing me to this place to finish life so comfortably—where I have so many advantages both for soul and body."

The following memorial of the illness and death of a neighbour, though brief, is interesting.

"1741. January 20th. This day we had discouraging tidings of our friend John Hickcox, fearing that he is wearing off. It is comfortable to think that I shall not stay long behind, but especially that *Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.* It pleased me to see in a small note from him,

lately, that he styled himself 'Your comforted, afflicted friend.' Our God has cordials for his afflicted servants."

"May 22d. This morning our good friend J. H. (whom we have so long prayed for) died. The precious soul received into those blessed mansions, which he has been so long expecting, and preparing for. We had hoped he should yet have been continued for usefulness here. But God said—No—And, therefore, it is fit we should submit."

Nor is the grateful recollection of providential kindness to our nation less pleasing.

"1743. November 5th." She writes, "My good God still renews his mercies to me, but, alas! how dull and cold am I in thankfulness. The mercies of this day to this nation, though so long since, should not be forgotten. We are still a Protestant people. Nothing was blown up but the treason. None were executed but the traitors. This was the Lord's doing. Old mercies should be remembered with new thankfulness."

A life spent in the fear of God, in the active exercise of those graces which dignify the Christian character, must terminate well. *From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous.*

Mrs. Savage's views of death were, in general, cheering, and she was commonly enabled, through her whole course, to regard the 'last enemy' as disarmed and conquered. On one occasion she thus expresses herself. "I was at home all day. I find going out will not agree with my present condition. Yet I would be very thankful that it is not with me as formerly in these circumstances. My good God grants me the use of my limbs. As to future events I humbly submit to his will. My times are in thy hand. My two last confinements were accompanied with mourning on account of the death of dear relations, and which of us death will next strike at we know not. But blessed be God, it is a serpent without a sting. *O death, where is thy sting?* I trust I can cheerfully bid farewell to all that is dear to me on earth, knowing that my best Friend is in heaven, where he ever lives and reigns—and he has prayed that all his *may be with him.* Amen.

'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The inward pleasures of my soul.'

Another time thus. "Lord's day spent in solitude. In the morning I was chastened with pain. I thought—what if it should increase and

be a messenger of death. I did not fear it. I thought of that excellent translation of Psalm lxxiii.

'What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint!'

Surely there is no reason to fear."

In an illness wherein she expected to die, her faith and hope were strong: mentioning the particulars in her diary, she says, "I was not well. I apprehended symptoms of a fever, and I record it to the praise of God's grace, that I had but little fear of death. The next morning I was well again: my heavenly Father but shook his rod." A little after she thus proceeds: "This week I thought sometimes of that passage in Dan. xii. 13. *But go thou thy way.* A sweet Scripture. The prophet Daniel is dismissed, and promised a comfortable retreat. Methinks I should like this text for my funeral sermon. Death is a rest from our labours; my body shall rest in the grave; my soul in heaven." In that illness being asked whether she wanted any thing, she replied, "I do not want peace of conscience and hopes of a better world."*

* Funeral Sermon. MS. p. 24.

Her meditation on her latter end was frequent and familiar, and in reading good books she particularly noticed what was calculated to remove "the pain of dying." The following are a few instances.

"The Communion of Saints is an article of our creed, and a very desirable one in this imperfect state. It will be much more so in that state of perfection. And, indeed, the enjoyment of those in the other world whom I so dearly loved here, is that which, sometimes, in my serious thoughts, does a little sweeten the thought of death to me."

"I read part of an old discourse of dear brother Henry's concerning Sabbath sanctification. He had this argument: It would help to prepare for death to consider—If it be hard to get out of the world for one day, when we shall so soon return to it again, surely we shall find it hard to get out and *not* return. I endeavoured to meditate a little on death—It is the last enemy—but it is a conquered one. It is but *welcome death*, and *farewell death*—for ever. Oh that I may experience the first resurrection, and then the second death shall have no power."

"Saturday morning I was weak and spiritless. In the afternoon I read some of my New England History; a book which often sweetly

entertains me. To-day I was affected with a passage respecting Mr. James Noyse, p. 148. He said he felt the whole frame of nature *giving way*, which threatened his dissolution to be at hand. But, he thanked God, he was not amazed at it. Truly I cannot but often think the same of myself, yet I avoid speaking of it lest I should be thought fanciful. But I would make this use of my frequent infirmities. O that the blessed angels may be ready to meet my departing soul. 'When his present state,' observes Mr. Howe, 'shall be considered by a saint in *glory*, what a change! What would I once have given for a steady, abiding frame in holiness: for a heart constantly bent, and biassed towards God; constantly serious, tender, lively, watchful, heavenly, spiritual, meek, humble, cheerful, self-denying. How have I cried and strove for this, to get such a heart. How oft have I spread this desire before the Searcher of hearts—Turn me out of all my worldly comforts, so thou give me but such a heart. What indignation have I sometimes conceived against my own soul when I have found it wandering, and could not reduce it; hovering, and could not fix it; dead, and could not quicken it; low, and could not raise it. How earnestly have I expected this blessed day when all these

distempers should be perfectly healed, and my soul recover a healthy, lively, spiritual frame."

"Sabbath. This week I read part of a sermon by Mr. Grosvenor at the funeral of a Mrs. Rudge, one of his society, an aged widow. He styles it 'Precious Death.' At p. 20, he has this excellent remark: 'Since the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, surely he will order this last, this most important *step*, the step from one world to another. It is a long step. Methinks I should be very thankful for this good soul-food. The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish. Blessed be his name. Afterwards he proceeds.—'The death of a saint brings honour to Christ. I undertook for him (may the Redeemer say) and here he is. I have led him through the wilderness of this world, and I have now brought him to the gates of the grave. I will not leave him there, but will keep him company *through* the valley of the shadow of death. It is my business to see that he takes no harm.' How comfortable is it to be able, on a death-bed, to say—Lord, I venture my all on the efficacy of thy grace, and the unfailing certainty of thy covenant. On this have I built all my hopes, and on the same bottom I will now venture my departing soul. I know whom I have trusted.

It is no new, no unusual thing for me to give myself, body and soul, unto thee. It is what thou knowest I have often done. *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.* I know I cannot comfortably do it at death, if I do not sincerely do it now. The excellent saint Mr. Grosvenor speaks of, had much comfort in her last hours, though in her life-time she leaned much to the doubtful side. The nearer she came to her end the more her assurance grew. At length these words dropped from her: 'I thank God I have no clouds nor fears remaining.' From that time, he observes, 'we stood round the dying as curious spectators to see, and observe, how heaven met the travelling soul on its way—to learn to die—to see religion in some of its grandeur—to see a mortal triumph over death, and, through faith and patience, more than a conqueror. And, after she had, with the majesty of an ancient patriarch, given the last admonitions and blessings to the several branches of her family, she waited, to use her own words, but a little while for '*leave to die.*' When in her last sickness, the minister asked her what he should more particularly desire of God for her, she answered; 'Pray for patience to bear the pains and troubles of sickness—for pardon of all sins—and the evidence of that

pardon, acceptance with God in the beloved—our Lord Jesus Christ, and a welcome reception into his presence.'"

It was not needful for Mrs. Savage's christian reputation (though had it seemed best to infinite wisdom it would have been much for the edification of survivors) that, while she was leaving this world, she should enjoy those cheering manifestations of the divine presence which have been vouchsafed to some favoured believers.—Of these, indeed, a *sudden* death does not admit. And it should be remembered that the words uttered by a saint, whose soul is just ready to depart, prone as we are to dwell upon them, are not the prescribed test of character. The *life* furnishes the surest evidence of piety. What Mrs. Savage's was we have seen. Her hoary hairs were *found* in the way of righteousness, and her end, though not triumphant, was serene and happy. The circumstances of it were communicated to a friend by Miss Hannah Tylston, her niece, in the following letter.

"My dear Aunt Savage died, February 27th, 1752, in a good old age (almost eighty-eight,) was gathered to her people. Her death was sudden. She dropped mortality without being herself sensible of the change, till she found herself in the worlds of light, among the number

of spirits made perfect—the world to which she was allied, and formed to the temper and disposition of. She had lived a holy, cheerful life; made religion her business, her choice early; and she was an ornament to her profession, through all the different scenes and periods of it. She was useful, beloved, meek, humble, charitable. She is gone to receive her reward—joined by the society she loved. May I ever remember such examples as these, to quicken, animate, and encourage me in the Christian warfare, since I have by experience known how happy all thy servants are. May my soul be gathered with theirs."

Mrs. Savage's mortal remains were deposited in the church-yard at West Bromwich, in sure and certain hope of "the resurrection to eternal life."

The funeral sermon was preached, March 15th, 1752, by the Rev. Mr. Howell, Dissenting minister at West Bromwich, from Daniel xii. 13. *But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days*—a text of her own choosing. The discourse was never printed.

CHAP. IV.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY, BETWEEN THE YEARS 1688 AND 1732.

1688. DECEMBER 8. Saturday night.—I spent a little time in looking over my papers of this kind, finding how it hath formerly been with me. I have just cause to fear decays in grace, because I do not watch over the motions of my heart so strictly as formerly. Woe is me. Do I go backward instead of forward? O Lord, strengthen thou the things which remain. This evening I was a little refreshed with a passage, in a letter from a friend, speaking of the providence of God thus—It is not only tender, but particular. He gives his angels charge over *me*. A host of angels about one Elijah.

1689. September 10. I read, in course, Micah iv. I found many sweet prophetical passages concerning the enlargement of the gospel church. *The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains.* A thing I have often prayed for—that Christ's kingdom might be uppermost; and

though I may not live to see it, yet I stedfastly believe it shall be in God's due time.

12th. My dear mother, together with brother and sister Hulton,* came to see us. Stayed all night. Next day returned. I was much pleased, and refreshed with their company; but, alas! how do such pleasures pass away—perish in the using! At parting, my mother prayed with us. Sister Hulton left with me that Scripture, Lam. iii. 26. It is good both *to hope and quietly wait.* Oh, I want this quietness of spirit, but I do cast my care upon God. If it be good for me he will bear me up under my burden to the appointed time; if otherwise, I submit. I will endeavour that there shall not be a murmuring heart.

1689. Sabbath. November 3. In the morning, I was thinking of the privileges others enjoy, this being a sacrament day both at Broad Oak, and at Chester. Psalm lxiii. was much in my thoughts—*As I have seen thee in the sanctuary,* v. 8, especially affected me: there is, 1. Man's duty to follow God, and to follow hard after him;—implying earnestness. 2. God's mercy and goodness in upholding by his right hand. As one said—spiritual suavities I have not, but spiritual supports I bless God I have.

* See the Evangelical Magazine for 1815, p. 521.

Wednesday. In the morning I read, in course, Matthew xxv. 3, awakening parables: at night, in course, a sermon upon 2 Pet. ii. 9, latter part, *reserve the unjust to the day of judgment:* there they shall be set on the left hand. Sometimes I cannot but take notice when precious truths do, as it were, follow, and pursue me. Yet this has not had that effect to make me seriously and solemnly meditate on the last judgment.

1690. April 14. Wednesday, I was present at the funeral of Mrs. Kirks, at Chester. Brother preached immediately after, on Luke xvi. 9.—*that when ye fail.* Death is a failing. This night my father came to Chester.

Thursday. My father preached, and baptized brother Henry's child Elizabeth, in the face of a full assembly. God, hear prayers for it, and make it a branch of thy family. This night we all—sisters and brothers—slept at brother Henry's, where afterwards, we went up to sister's chamber, and my father prayed with his ten children.—Blessed be God who hath once brought us all together in this world, but the great time of gathering is to come.

Saturday. After I had a few days seen and enjoyed my dear relations we must part. It is very probable it may be long before we again

meet, but as to that I am not very solicitous. My three sisters are all near an hour of peril and danger. I have prayed for, and commended them to God. In better hands they cannot be. Now I will wait for a good issue. We came home safe, but I was very weary. When I reflect on the five days past, it cannot but be with regret and sorrow that I have not performed this long-intended journey after a godly sort. I have not done, nor gotten the good which I might. Little communion with God in secret. Oh that I might now regain lost time. My gracious God was also with our family, so that we find all well at our return. My child well and lively, in answer to prayer. How much am I indebted! Behold, he hath been careful for me with all this care, and what small returns have I made!

Sabbath. July 19. I went in the morning to Nantwich, it being sacrament day. Little time spent in preparation. But, this morning I read the last chapter of Matthew, concerning the resurrection of my Lord. Methought the 7th verse very much affected me—*He goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see him.* I trust he goes before me this day, and will be in yonder assembly, where I shall see him, according to the desire of my soul.

Mr. Lawrence preached in the morning on Rom. i. 16. *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.* There is no reason to be ashamed of it, but rather to *glory* in it, because it is 'the gospel of Christ,' and also, 'the power of God to salvation:' It is a mean of salvation by the power of God going along with it. At noon he administered the sacrament. He was very lively and sweet. I came away refreshed. In the afternoon Mr. Edgley preached: a young man whom my father has been training up among the sons of the prophets. Oh that the spirit of Elijah, or rather of the Lord God of Elijah, might rest on these Elishas, that they may be pillars in the temple of my God. His subject was Matt. xi. 28. *Come unto me.* To which my soul answers, *Behold I come unto thee, for thou art the Lord my God.* I returned at night, but I had not that time for self-examination and reflection which was needful.

1690-1. Friday night, February 20. We read, in course, in the family, Dan. xi. where are many dark prophecies out of my reach to understand. But in the midst of them comes a comfortable word as to the Lord's remnant, ver. 32. Notwithstanding all those stirs and commotions, them that know their God shall be strong, and do exploits. (Knowing of God is

put for all religion.) God's remnant shall be owned by him; he will have a special care of them when he makes up his jewels. Likewise Dan. xii. How sweet a word to that prophet, ver. 13, *Thou shalt rest:* thy body shall rest in the grave; thy soul in the bosom of God. But that is not all; *thou shalt stand in thy lot;* namely, at the resurrection of the just: soul and body shall meet, and be united, and be openly acknowledged, and acquitted, &c. This scripture I chuse for my funeral text. How comfortable are the forethoughts of this happy day.

Sabbath, April 27. I was all day at home, having got an ill cold in my head. My heart was a little let out in love and praise to my Redeemer: a little quickened by a Psalm of praise of Mr. Baxter's; one verse especially. Thus—

"Though sin and death conspire
To rob thee of thy praise,
Still towards thee I'll aspire:
And thou *dull hearts* canst raise.
Open thy door,
And when grim death
Shall stop this breath,
I'll praise thee more."

But, alas! this is but a fit: soon off again: as dull as ever: but still here is my comfort. *Thou dull hearts canst raise.*

Thursday, September 10. We had a lecture. Mr. Lawrence preached an excellent sermon about heavenly-mindedness, from Col. iii. 1, 2. I had some warmth in my affections. I bless God for this good word. This morning my soul was a little raised by reading John x. beginning, Christ as a good shepherd takes care of his own sheep; especially v. 9—they shall go in and out, and find pasture. I experience the fulfilling of this sweet promise: my good shepherd provides pasture for *me* in this wilderness; witness the mercy of this day. He had this passage. There are many who set their mind and thoughts wholly on earth, pretending care for their children, expecting comfort from *them*, which, if good, are *dying*, if bad *killing*. This rightly considered would moderate our care as to these present, perishing, things. I lately met with an excellent comparison in my father's exposition of Judges iv. As Jael brought out butter and milk first to refresh Sisera before she took away his life: so the world doth by too many: entices them with its sweets, till, at last, head and heart become fast nailed to it, and it end in their utter ruin.

1692. Jan. 24. I did not rise so early as I should. The weather very cold, and my heart cold also. How weak is my heart to every

thing that is *good*. What reason have I to be thankful for the comforts of this life that I enjoy, that I am not wandering about to beg my bread! Sometimes this week my heart has been a little raised in secret duty; at other times as cold as a stone.

29th. I had a letter and comfortable tidings from my dear father, as also four directions how to keep warm within in this cold season.

1. 'Get into the Sun, that is, Christ. Under the beams of this blessed Sun of Righteousness there are warmth and comfort.

2. Walk to the fire, that is, the word of God. *Is not my Word like fire?* How many warming, comforting passages are there!

3. Keep in motion, and action. Stirring up ourselves, and the gift and grace of God that is in us.

4. Christian converse and communion. How can one be warm alone?

Alas! Woe is me, I have not the opportunity for Christian society which, formerly, I had; but my comfort is, that the blessed Spirit of God is not tied to work by means. God is able to make all grace abound in me according as my need shall be.

March 30. We sung in the family, at night, the close of Psalm cxlv. Them that love him

will the Lord *preserve in every place.* At this my soul catches. I trust I am of the number of those who love him; and though I am remote from many of my dear relations, and, which is worse, from ordinances of worship, yet, in this place, my God can, doth, will preserve me.

April 3. Sabbath. This being a sacrament day at Nantwich, we designed to have joined there, but were prevented by ill weather. However, my good God sends me refreshing truths, when I wait at wisdom's gates, in my closet. This morning I read an exposition on Judges v. 31, *So let all thine enemies perish.* God and his people have joined interests—his enemies are theirs—theirs are his. I thank thee, O Father, for this sweet word this morning. The worst enemies I have in the world are my own corruptions. If *my* enemies, then *thy* enemies. *So* let them perish. *So*—as Sisera and his host, by an immediate hand from heaven when means failed. *So*—irrecoverably. So as not to rally again; but *this* must not be while I am in this world; yet, if my God will assist me to subdue, and keep them under, it shall be well. This day we had no preaching at Wrenbury. In the afternoon we went to Baddely. Heard Mr. Barnet on Mark i. 3. *Prepare ye the way of the Lord. They* must prepare to receive

Christ coming in the flesh; *we* to receive him coming in the spirit.—Come, thou sweet Jesus, take up thine abode with me.

May 29. Sabbath. I was called up early to Eliz. S——, in perilous circumstances, but safely and speedily the mother of a living child. Blessed be God! I have not been enough thankful for the mercy of my birth. In the afternoon I went to church. Mr. Oliver preached on Rom. ii. 4, respecting the ill use that is, and the good use that should be, made of the patience of God.

1693. April 20. Thursday. I heard brother Henry on Gen. xxx. 2. *Am I in God's stead?* Doctrine. No creature is or can be to us in God's stead. God may be instead of all creatures. Lord, teach me this good lesson.

Friday. Brother Henry's little child (Mary) began to be ill.

Saturday. About noon she died. A short race soon run. Not quite three weeks old. The first that I ever saw die. Oh that I may by it learn the sinfulness of original sin.

Sabbath. April 23. Brother's subject, Rom. v. 14. *Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*—viz. Infants. The discourse was concerning the

dominion and reign of death. A thing that I find nature is shy of thinking of, but it is profitable. One of the uses which I took special notice of was this—Get from under the reign of sin, and submit to the reign of Christ, and you need not fear the reign of death. But that which he especially insisted on was the reign of death over *infants*, which is proved by sad experience. In the close, the directions he gave to parents that have children thus snatched away, were four scriptures.

Gen. xliii. 14. *If I be bereaved* of my children, *I am bereaved.*

1 Sam. iii. 18. *It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.*

2 Kings iv. 26. *It is well.*

Job i. 21. *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!*

Saturday, July 29. We went to Boreatton, a place in which I have formerly spent many happy weeks, with much comfort and delight. I find all well there, but Mr. Hunt himself troubled with the gout. We found dear brother Henry there: that night we had a short sermon on those words, Gen. xxii. 7, *Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?* This he told us was a serious, quickening question when we are

to draw near to God in any holy ordinance. Allusion—*The fire;* viz. God's acceptation, the aids of the Holy Spirit: this is ready. *The wood*—those are the ordinances. Ministers are hewers of this wood; they are ready: all things ready; but where is the lamb? This heart, this heart—how often is it unready, wandered away after vanity!

Sabbath, July 30. In the forenoon the subject was Psalm xcviii. 1. O sing unto the Lord a new song; that is, a gospel song; done marvellous things—in the work of redemption: which is especially marvellous, in twelve particulars, 1. The contrivance of it is marvellous. 2. The counsel of love, which, from eternity, interested us in it. 3. The choice of the Saviour. 4. His consent—Lo! I come. 5. The carrying on of the undertaking in his humiliation. 6. The crown and name given him in his exaltation. 7. The conquering of enemies. 8. The covenant of grace and privilege made over by it. 9. The conversion of souls. 10. The communion we have with him in ordinances. 11. The communications from him. 12. The consummation of all in the heavenly glory. All these particulars considered may well make us say, *He hath done marvellous things.* Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.

Sept. 6. My dear mother came to give us a visit. She brought good tidings. The voice of joy and rejoicing is in the habitation of my dear relations, and in mine. Praised be God. Brother Henry, having been slandered by a malicious person, as if he was overseen in drink, made his appeal to the magistrates of the town, when his innocency was made to appear as the light, and his adversaries made ashamed, and forced to acknowledge their fault; wherein God is to be acknowledged, who not only takes care of the persons of his servants, but also of their *names* and reputation. This was on September 3d.

December 20. Wednesday. My mother's maid from Broad Oak came to see us. She brought me a comfortable letter from my dear father, wherein he reminds me of a passage he had newly read that morning in the family. 1 Thess. v. 24. *Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.* Query. What will he do? Answer. That spoken of ver. 23, sanctify me throughout, and preserve me blameless to his holy kingdom. Further, What will he do? What will he *not* do? This, he adds—*He will never leave you, nor forsake you.* When you go down into the darksome valley he will be with you—his rod and his staff shall comfort you.

Amen. This coming from an ambassador of Christ, I take as a consolatory message from heaven, and I desire to act faith on it. Blessed be God: his consolations are not to me small. The interest I have in the prayers and affections of my dear parents is comfortable; but what is this compared with the intercession of my great High Priest, Jesus Christ—who has passed into the heavens for me—seeing he ever liveth (which no friend on earth doth) to make intercession for me?

1694. March 13. My God still continues to me the mercy of sabbaths: he is not wanting to me. I was at church morning and afternoon. Mr. Oliver's subject, Rom. ii. 13. *Not the hearers of the law are just before God.* Religion is an *inward* thing. Lord, search me and try me, and help me to look within, that my heart may be sound and sincere. I am heavy and dull. Lord, when shall I serve thee without weariness? I see reason to fear some quickening providence. Father, fit for thy will.

Thursday. We had a private day at Mr. Becket's to seek God for that afflicted family. Two sons not well. Mr. Lawrence preached on Psalm xxxix. 5. *Verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.*—Hebrew, Every man when *settled.* Oh that I was more thoroughly

convinced of this great truth, that I may act accordingly.

June 4. Monday. My husband having business at Peover, and I having long designed a journey thither, we went, where we stayed till Wednesday. Kindly entertained, but especially satisfied in personal acquaintance with Mrs. Calvert, having conversed together by letter seven years, but we never saw each other till now. I hope she is a true, serious Christian. She is near eighty, full of sweet and heavenly expressions, yet busied much with the affairs of that great family. We returned safe. Blessed be God! When I reflect on the fine people, stately house, and furniture, &c. with which I was lately delighted, yet my own mean house, being my *home*, is more truly delightful to me—because here I am to *abide*. All true comfort I see flows from interest. If I could look upon heaven under the notion of my home, it would make the thoughts of it sweet.

July 11. Wednesday. This week my good friend Mr. Illidge,* having been at Broad Oak, called on me. He brought me good tidings thence. I am concerned to hear him complain of want of love to God and things spiritual. If *he* finds so much wanting, surely

* Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 833.

I much more. The company of such is delightful to me in this our imperfect state. Thy people, dear Lord, shall be my people in all conditions. I have, at times, this week had some more warmth upon my affections in duty than usual; and here is my misery—that, whereas my straightness is a means to humble me, my enlargements often help to puff me up.

Oct. 29th. Sabbath. In the morning I read some of the sermons of my dear father, preached on the passion of Christ. How much more easy is it when I read of his sufferings to find natural affections stirring, than spiritual ones. What matter of grief and shame that an innocent person should be thus used. But Oh! how should it especially affect me to think that it was not for himself that he suffered, but for lost man—*to bring us to God.* Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this. I would not have my seat empty in the public assembly when I can go; therefore, in the afternoon I went to Wrenbury. I had some weak desires and breathings after communion with my God. Mr. Oliver's subject—Psalm cxlvi. 5: he shewed that those who have an interest in God are the only happy people, which is, certainly, a great truth. It is well with them in life, better at death, best of all to eternity.

Thursday. I went to Broad Oak.

Saturday. The near approach of the Sabbath puts me upon inquiring what I shall do to prepare myself to meet my God.

Sabbath. Nov. 4th. This is the day which the Lord hath made. A sweet exposition from the close of Matthew xi.—*Come unto me, all ye that labour.* May I not, with that poor blind man, rise, and be of good cheer, since he calls *me?* Dear Saviour, I come to thee, a poor, weary, heavy-laden sinner. From thee alone I expect a supply of all my wants. The subject of the day was John xiv. 27. *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.* Doctrine. The Lord Jesus Christ hath given and left his own peace as a precious legacy to all his disciples and followers to the world's end. Oh! this sweet gift, this peace! It is heart's ease; a house on a rock; heaven upon earth. Six hindrances of it—Want of knowledge—Want of grace— Want of godly sorrow —Want of faith—Want of prayer—Defects in obedience.

At the Lord's Supper my father had this expression concerning true believers—that the blessed God hath promised to come to them,

and make his abode with them. This I hastily catch at. My circumstances are such that I must shortly expect many weeks' confinement. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thine house. I would gladly have my *abode* there, but since I cannot, wilt thou vouchsafe to take *thine abode* with me? Will God in very deed dwell with man—a sinful unworthy creature? I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof, yet shall it be so? I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem—all that is within me—be careful that you do not grieve or offend this blessed guest.

17th. Saturday night. Reading in Mr. Flavel, concerning the vision of God which the saints in heaven have—he hath this scripture allusion to Deut. xii. 8, 9. You shall not love, nor delight in God *as ye do this day.* For, if the perfection of that state would admit of shame or sorrow, how should we blush and mourn in heaven to think how cold our love, and how low our delights in God were on earth. Further; under the same head, he adds thus—Ah, little do the friends of dead believers think what visions of God, what ravishing sights of Christ the souls of their friends have, when they are closing their eyes with tears. Serious thoughts fo this would moderate grief in such cases.

21st. Wednesday. We had a lecture at Mr. Becket's, at Sound. Mr. Lawrence came, and other friends, to seek God, especially for that family. One son lately died; another, who was entered into the ministry, in a languishing state. Father, hear prayer. If it please thee, reprieve and spare such as may be instrumental for thy glory. I had opportunity there to renew my covenant at the Lord's table, that ordinance being administered for the sake of old Mrs. Parker, who has been long confined to her chamber. I would come to that ordinance humbly to pay my homage to a crucified Saviour, and to avow to all the world that I glory only in the cross of Christ, whom I have this day received afresh to be mine, and given up myself to be his. Mr. Lawrence's subject was Psalm xxxix. 9. *I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.*

1696. Sept. 22d. Wednesday. Dear brother Henry preached Hanmer lecture, from Psalm ciii. 13. *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them that fear him.* An excellent sermon. The foolish, simple child is pitied and instructed. The sick child pitied and comforted. The froward child is pitied and borne with. The fallen child is pitied and helped up again. The punished child pitied

and spared. The penitent child pitied and pardoned. The weaned child pitied and fed. The weary child pitied and carried. The wanting child pitied and supplied. The wronged child pitied and righted. The weak child pitied and assisted. The willing child pitied and accepted. Knowing by some experience the tender bowels of a parent to my children, I can the better judge of the tenderness of my heavenly Father.

1697. Sabbath. January 10th. This day and the evening before I spent some time in reading my dear father's sermons on Col. iii. 11. *Christ is all and in all.* With this he concludes that subject which he was so long upon, viz. what Christ is to true believers in forty particulars. He is their Foundation, Food, Root, Raiment, Head, Hope, Refuge, Righteousness, &c. What can be added? He is our all—our all in all—both in respect of the *benefits* we have by him—Election—Creation—Conversion—Justification—Consolation—Teaching—Redemption—Strength—at Death—in Judgment—to Eternity. In all these Christ is all in all. Further, as to *duty* to be performed to him. He is all in all to be known, chosen, loved, desired, delighted in, trusted, thought of, followed, preached. He is all in all in the Scriptures, in the Sacraments,

in Sabbaths, in praying. Blessed be God for these sweet, wholesome truths to be food for my poor soul. He 'being dead yet speaketh.' And what is it he says, but that which his heart was always full of? Christ. Christ. Christ. Methinks I hear him still—Oh make *Christ* your *all.*

Friday, January 29th. I went to Whitchurch, and thence to Broad Oak. I found my dear mother well. Since my dear father is dead, I am ready to say—the glory is departed. But why should I say so, since the presence of God in his ordinances is continued? He appears to own and bless that young man,* so that the congregation seems to be as great as usual.

A comfortable day on Sabbath, January 31. Mr. Benion's subject was 2 Cor. x. 5, concerning the government of the *thoughts,* which is, surely, a very seasonable word to me. He gave four excellent rules.

1. Curb and check the first motions of your thoughts to evil.

2. Call them off, and reclaim them when busied about evil.

3. Inure your thoughts to good objects, which they should fix on.

4. Engage them to moderation when em-

* Mr. afterwards Dr. Samuel Benion, Philip Henry's successor. See Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 749.

ployed about things in themselves lawful. These lawful things undo us, said a good man. Oh, if I could observe these rules, what advantage should I have by this day's opportunity.

Tuesday, April 27. I went to Chester to spend a few days, and enjoy my dear relations. My good God brought me thither in safety, and I found them all well.

28th. A public fast appointed by authority for our whole nation to be humble before God—to pray, and seek his face, if so be that he will yet be intreated of us—that the issue of this summer's proceedings may be an honourable, comfortable peace to all Europe. My brother began with an exhortation to stir us up to the work of the day. Then prayed and expounded Jonah i. Prayed again at large. Then preached from Isaiah lix. 20, compared with Rom. ii. 26. *The Redeemer shall come to Sion to turn away ungodliness.* The Redeemer is Christ. Sion, the Church. Many ways he may be said to come. He came in his first appearing in flesh. He comes in the preaching of the everlasting gospel. He comes to Sion—when he enlarges Sion's borders — when he establishes Sion's peace—when he asserts Sion's privileges—when he abaseth Sion's enemies. It is our great duty and interest to prepare for his coming, which

must be by turning from ungodliness, according to frequent Scripture calls—Turn ye. Turn ye. Without this we must expect no benefit by his merciful appearances for his Church. Even the prosperity of fools tends to their hurt. He delivered many excellent truths. Lord, write them upon my heart that I may be the better. Oh that the prayers which have been offered to-day may return with a gracious answer. I was affected with a plea of dear brother's in one prayer this day—'Lord, whilst each of the confederate princes is taking care for his own interest, and securing of that, wilt not thou take care of *thy* people, and *thy* interest?'—It is comfortable that all the praying people of God in the nation have been our companions in the work of this day. Lord, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place.

Friday evening. Many good people met at brother Henry's, to a Christian conference. The subject they are upon is—The benefits flowing from Justification—Adoption—Sanctification—according to the Assembly's Catechism. This time upon increase of grace: The question was—What are the helps to increase of grace? The Word, Prayer, Meditation, Christian Communion, and many more mentioned, which I have foolishly let slip.

Friday, June 4th. My husband and I went to Broad Oak with our three little daughters. My dear aged mother hath been for some weeks much indisposed. Now, blessed be God, better. She cannot but be revived with eight of her grand-children about her. God hear her prayers for them all, that they may in due time be trees of righteousness.

Tuesday night, 8th. Brother Henry came to us there, and the day following preached the lecture on Job xiv. 14. *All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.* What is meant by *waiting?* Looking. Longing. Patience. Preparation. This *great* change will come, certainly, and may come suddenly: therefore, it is our great wisdom and duty to prepare for it. He gave the following directions. Get into a good state. Keep in a good way. Avoid those things which, when this change comes, will make it bitter. Abound in, and secure those things which will make for you at a dying hour; every day treasure up a prayer against that day. Sit loose to those things which, at death, you must leave. Converse much with those things which you must then go to. *Eternity, Eternity.* Oh that it could make some impressions upon my heart. I am ashamed that I, who perhaps am so near death, being but a

few weeks from a perilous hour, converse no more with it. How seldom and shy are my thoughts of it. I am loth to own my kindred to the dust. Unlike Job, he said *to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*

I had a comfortable time with my dear mother. We slept together, and often prayed together, with comfort, at our bedside. She told me of Mr. Steel's* remedies against distractions, which must be so as to a great many other evils which I daily fall into—viz. these two, Sincerity and Watchfulness. God help me in these.

Friday, June 18. I came to Whitchurch, to meet my husband to go home after a fortnight's absence. Blessed be God for mercy abroad, and at home; going out and coming in, no adversary or evil occurrent. I came home safe at night. We all met together in peace and love. Praised be God, whose good providence doth watch over us when absent from each other. It is a mercy to have friends and relations to be with and enjoy—but a greater mercy to have a comfortable *home* to come to—to find 'REST *in the house of a husband,*' if any thing in this world may be called so.

* Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 78.

Thursday, 24th. This day brings afresh to my mind the sad providence of this time twelve-months, when God, by a sudden stroke, took away the desire of our eyes—my dear father. It is easy to weep over some of those showers of tears that were then shed, but it is hard to make a right improvement of the event. Oh! sin, sin. Sin it is that makes us naked, and deprives us of our comforts. The Lord is righteous, because we have provoked him.

Tuesday, July 27th. We had Mr. Lawrence with us, a few of our neighbours and friends being met to seek God, especially for mercy for the family, and myself in reference to the hour of my approaching sorrows. He expounded Psalm xvi. very sweetly. He observed from ver. 2, that there are saints *in the earth*—that they are the excellent ones of the earth, and that in them we should greatly delight. The subject was Psalm xxii. 30. *A seed shall serve him*—namely, Christ. He hath in all ages had his remnant, who have faithfully owned and served him—he has so at this day—and will have to the end of time. What a great duty lies upon parents in training up children. Oh that ours may be a seed to serve Christ, and to bear up his name in their day. I have often prayed (yet with submission) that, if it be the will of God, I

might not bear or nurse any who shall dishonour him—but if it should please him to deny me this request, I am told to-day of two things to comfort:

1. The testimony of conscience that I have done my duty towards them: which God assist me in for his mercy's sake, for I am weak.

2. This may comfort, that Christ will have a seed to serve him, though mine should not be of them—which God forbid. He can of stones raise up children unto Abraham.

1698. January 5. I went to dear Broad Oak. I found dear sister Tylston* there. She and I are all that are left of four.—A joyful, sorrowful meeting. Oh that I could look above and beyond all the things of sense and time, and have my thoughts surely fixed, where alone true and substantial joys are to be found.

Sabbath. January 9. Brother preached at Broak Oak, from Colossians iv. 12. *That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.* The words seem to imply Sincerity—Strength of grace—Steadiness and perseverance in grace. He gave the following directions.

Have respect to all God's commandments. Psalm cxix. 6.

* For a Memoir of her husband, Dr. Tylston, see the Investigator, vol. ii. pp. 254—272.

Hate every false way. Psalm cxix. 38.
Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 11, 13.
Abound always in the work of the Lord. 1 Cor. ii. last.
Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. x. 31.
Watch in all things. 2 Tim. iv. 5.
Press on toward perfection. Philip. iii. 13, 14.
Whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

We had likewise this day a sacrament opportunity. May I not say as the Psalmist,—'Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over!' I have afresh renewed my covenant with God, professed my faith in a crucified Christ, and hope of salvation *only by him*. None but Christ. None but Christ. The great things which I want, and he has promised them, are—Remission of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Wednesday. June 13th. Dear brother preached our lecture on Zech. xii. 10. *They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn.* Have I had such a sight of him, as to cause me to mourn after a godly sort? Truly, sometimes, I fear lest I have been wanting herein, having not lain so low as I should in

deep humiliation. He exhorted those that do *not* truly mourn for sin, to look on the torments of hell, and dread them; and to look on the sorrows of the Redeemer and the penitent sinner, and imitate them. Those who *do* truly mourn, he exhorted to continue mourning. Every day brings fresh cause. And to comfort themselves from it, considering—That while they are looking on Christ with an eye of sorrow, he is looking at them with an eye of grace and mercy. That sin that thus troubles them shall never hurt them. That the time is coming when even these tears shall be done away. Sorrow for sin shall cease in heaven. *All tears* shall be wiped away. He concluded with Psalm cxxvi. last. *They that sow in tears shall reap with joy.* Blessed be God for this good word. Do us all good by it.

Sabbath, July 3d. I went to Wrenbury, both morning and afternoon. Mr. Garnett preached well, from Psalm lxiii. 1. *O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.* How earnestly doth the divine Psalmist breathe after God in this wilderness state! How comfortable is it to have an interest in God when trouble comes!—To be able to say, as David, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all

things and sure." I find it is my great fault to be too solicitous for my *house*, especially my dear children. But why should I be so when God is mine? All *good* things are mine, whether for the life that now is, or that which is to come.

I must not omit this remark to-day. Being at our church in a pretty full assembly, and observing the universal bowing of all about me at the name of *Jesus* in the Creed, I had this thought—Why do I not do as the rest? Is it because I do not honour *him*, and his *name*, as well as they do? Surely I have as much cause, to whom so much is forgiven. If I thought he did require that outward ceremony, or had commanded it, I should not be wanting in it, though it were a thousand times more. But I have been taught that he requires the *heart* more than the knee, and I desire heartily to subscribe to his government, to own him as King in his church, and my King. Does that evangelical prophet say—*the government shall be on his shoulders?* I say—Amen. It shall.

Let it be so, O Lord, and let all the people of the earth be thy willing subjects.—As to this ceremony, I cannot see reason for bowing at the name of Jesus in the Creed *only*, and not at other times when he is named. Besides, I have

heard it said, by those who understand the original, that it is not "*At*," but—"*In*"* *the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.* But I will not judge those that practise it. If we can each approve ourselves to God, it is enough. Indeed, it is well that we are not to be each other's judges.

October 10. Monday evening. My dear brother Henry and sister Tylston came to us; truly welcome, though not then expected. Blessed be God, whose good providence has brought so many of us together of the remnant that is left in the land of the living, though we cannot but sensibly remember those who are taken from us. This night brother expounded 2 Cor. v.—That which I chiefly observe is from verse 6. We should not be *at home* in the body, but rather, as strangers, and as in our inn. Next day he preached from Hag. i. 9. *Ye looked for much, and lo, it came to little.*—We are often frustrated in our expectations. I wish I could learn from hence to lean less on creatures. Inquiring in the close—Wherefore is it that God does, oftentimes, thus disappoint

* Philippians ii. 10.—See Doddridge's Family Expositor *in loco*.

and frustrate our hopes as to our worldly affairs—he observed, that it may be, there is a want of a true principle of grace in the heart—that perhaps secret, or family duty is neglected, or carelessly performed. If so, no wonder God crosses you in your affairs.—He asked, Do you give God his due in works of piety and charity? Are you concerned for the name, and interest of Christ abroad in the world? Do you not let his house *lie waste* in this sense? Help me, O Lord, to examine myself, and to look at my face in this glass.—Though, at present, our affairs are so smooth, and harvest completed, yet if God should turn his hand, and blow upon what we have, how soon will it be otherwise! I desire to stand perfect, and complete, in all the will of God.

Thursday, 21st Dec. We had a lecture.—Mr. Lawrence preached from Matt. xix. 21. *Thou shalt have treasure in heaven.* He had this remark, which I would beg of God to write upon my heart—If our treasure be on earth we are going from it—if in heaven, we are going to it. O that mine may be in heaven!

1699. Monday, July 15th. I went to Nantwich. Dear brother preached excellently from John xvii. 16. *They are not of this world even as I am not.* Doctrine. That as Christ

was not, so true Christians are not, of this world. He gave eight useful directions in the close: Let not the wisdom of the world be your guide.—Let not the way of the world be your rule.—Let not the wealth of the world be your chief good.—Let not the cares of the world encumber you.—Let not the comforts of the world entangle you.—Let not the crosses of the world disquiet you.—Be not too fond of life.—Be not too fearful of death.

I heartily bless God for this good word, and will endeavour, by his grace, to be made better by it.

Sabbath, Aug. 6th. How fast, methinks, time passes. Now the sun is beginning to go from us; and as fast eternity hastens. Death will shortly put an end to my sabbaths, and sabbath opportunities. O my soul, up and be doing. Give all diligence about thy great work while doing time lasts. This sabbath I spent at home. The weather wet, and I unwell. I read this morning Hosea xii. I find Ephraim reproved for feeding on wind. Do I not the same when filled with vanity, as I am too much when I have, or might have, better? A sweet promise, verse 9, of restoring ordinances, and opportunities for our souls' good. I observe that it is here mentioned as an aggravation of

the sin of that people, that they were the seed of godly Jacob — a praying man. I would remember this.

1700. Sabbath. Feb. 4th. I was at Nantwich in the afternoon. Mr. Lawrence preached a funeral sermon for my aunt Burroughs, from Acts xxvi. 8. *Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?* The resurrection of the body is one great article of our Christian faith, which I find is more easy to prove, than improve. Should I not glorify him with my body, seeing he hath prepared so much glory for it? Lord, I offer it to thee a living sacrifice, and it is but *reasonable service.* The return of the season brings to mind the mercy of God to me last year, about this time, in supporting and strengthening me when confined to my chamber and bed. He was pleased to make it, and to make it easy. Blessed be his name for the honey which I found on that rod. But, alas! the sense of the affliction, and the mercy which attended it, soon wear off. Woe is me! that neither the north wind nor south wind have their kindly effect on me.

> "Hard is my heart, Lord, to my grief I feel,
> Be thou the loadstone, let me be the steel."

Sabbath. March 19th. Methinks I should be learning to endure hardness like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The cause is good—the Captain gracious—the combat short—the conquest sure—the crown glorious. I daily find the combating between grace and corruption. First one prevails, then another. Oh how should I groan and long for the rest on the other side Jordan. When shall I come and appear before God?

July 6th. At Broad Oak. Had comfort in the society of my dear mother, especially when we prayed together in that which was, once, my dear father's closet, and which he, so solemnly, dedicated to the service of God.*

Next day Mr. Benion preached; his text—*Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat;* a duty I have been greatly wanting in, and in which I cannot fix my vain heart. When I think I have a heart I want time; when I have time I want a heart, so that this exercise is greatly neglected. Yet I cannot but say I find a settled principle which inclines me to seek and love God.—As holy Mr. Corbet expresses it—"I had rather have a heart to love him perfectly, than have all the wealth in the world." I had an opportunity to renew my covenant at

* See P. Henry's Life, ut supra, p. 69.

the table of the Lord. *Behold, what manner of love is this, that we should be called the sons of God.* I deserve rather to be among the dogs or swine, than to partake of children's bread. Yet it is thy rich bounty thus to treat me. *Bless the Lord, O my soul.* Receive Christ and all salvation in him, and with him. Lord, I do. *My Lord and my God.* I was drowsy before, but not after the ordinance. I discover much corruption by being no more sensible of this great love.

Mr. Nevet (a son of old Mr. Rowland Nevet, a nonconformist and dear friend of my father's*) preached in the afternoon. His text, Psalm cix. 104. *Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way.* An excellent, plain sermon. One mark of a true hatred of sin was—when we hate it most in ourselves. This I think I do.

1701. May 13th. I was safely delivered of a daughter — my eighth child. Means were ready, and my good God much more so. He was a present help, according as we have often prayed. *I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.* I will love prayer, and practise it more.

* P. Henry's Life, ut supra, p. 271.

Through mercy I soon recruit my strength. The Lord is my *strength*, and he shall be *my song*. How much am I indebted! Not a mother only, but a nursing mother. Comfortable nights. Sleep—God's physic.

Tuesday, being the eighth day (as of old the ordinance of circumcision was attended to), May 20th, brother Henry and sister came to us. We invited our neighbours, and some relations, to the enrolling of the dear little one. After we had professed our faith in Christ, and purposes, and desires of obedience to him, the infant was solemnly received into the visible church of Christ. Named Hannah, especially from Samuel's mother. Lord Jesus, gather it into thine arms. Let it be among the lambs of thy flock, whereof thou thyself art the great and good shepherd. Hear the prayers of the day for parents and children; and, as thou art pleased to add to our numbers, add daily unto our graces. One hint brother had this day which was very seasonable: "The birth of children should remind us of our departure hence. They come on the stage, as it were, to thrust us off; and shortly we must give way to them, as others, who went before, did to us." Oh that the consideration hereof might help to loosen me from all these com-

forts. What have I here? This is not my *rest.*

I must also remark the mercy of God to the country in the weather this month. We have had seasonable and refreshing rain, so that the earth yields her increase. Let God, even our own God, give us his blessing.

Monday, July 7th. Dear brother preached our lecture from Job xv. 11. *Are the consolations of God small with thee?* They are not small in themselves, nor should they be so to us. Is it a small thing to have an interest in God as our Father? in Christ and his purchase? Is it a small thing to have the throne of grace open? to be sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise? to have a title to the heavenly glory? Are these *small* things? By no means. Then, O my soul, up and be doing. Mind most these great things. Lord, let my *actions* discover what it is that I most value—earth or heaven.

1072. February 22d. I am yet spared through divine patience; a wonder of mercy that such a barren, worthless tree should yet have a place in the vineyard. One sabbath more put as a price in my hand to get wisdom. Blessed be God, who waits to be gracious. I heard Mr. Edgly in the afternoon, from Isaiah i. 16, 17. *Wash ye, make you clean;*

put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. O Lord, I am greatly polluted. Do thou wash me—not my feet only, but my hands and my head; and, above all, my *heart.* I am sensible if thou wash me not, I have no part with thee. O Lord, thou God of peace, sanctify me wholly—soul, body, and spirit. The more I am acquainted with myself, the more need I see I have of this washing. My dear father desired that repentance might accompany him even to heaven's gate. Much more may I.

Sabbath. March 1. How happy were it for me, if a sabbath frame of heart did but return with the blessed day. *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord.* My soul thirsteth for God, even for the living God. In many congregations in England, I think most, this is a sacrament day—a covenanting day. I have earnestly desired my God to fill his ordinances with abundance of his Spirit and blessing, without which they are dry, empty, and barren.

April 8. Wednesday. Brother Henry came to Broad Oak. He preached the lecture from Isaiah xl. 31. *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*—Those that are constant

to God in ways of duty, shall find him constant to them in ways of mercy. Many good lessons were taught us to-day. At death the soul shall mount, not on eagles', but on angels', wings. At the resurrection the body shall mount up to meet the Lord in the air. But he gave us this caution, which was very seasonable—See that you are sanctified, and renewed *now*, or else there will be no mounting up then. An earthly sensual heart will sink rather than soar.

Wednesday, May 13. This evening old Mrs. M——, of Wrenbury, was buried. Mr. Garnett's text was chosen by the relations, she having had it read to her the day she died. Psalm cxix. 128. *I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right, and I hate every false way.* "This," said she, "hath been my practice for many years," and caused it to be read again. I heartily desire to fall under this character. Lord, grant that I may, and, so far as I am able to judge of myself, I do, esteem all *thy precepts concerning all things to be right. The law is holy, and the commandment holy, just, and good.* As David, in the 47th verse of this Psalm—*I will delight myself in thy commandments,* WHICH I HAVE LOVED.—In the next verse he repeats it—*which I have loved.* —Though I cannot say, which *I have kept,* I

hope I can say, which *I have loved.* I hate *every false way.* I hate sin more in professors than in others—more in my own house than in others—and most of all, in my own heart—which makes me pray, *O Lord, wash my heart from wickedness.*

1703. January 4. I had desires towards God, that I might sanctify this holy day, but alas! present things do greatly deaden and hinder. I read an excellent sermon of my dear father's, whose memory is very sweet, on those words—*I am the way*—namely, to the Father: The way to acquaintance with him, access to him, acceptance with him. The way of atonement—adoption—accomplishment of promises—admission into his heavenly kingdom. Lord Jesus, be thou my way; and seeing I receive thee as such, help me to walk in thee.

Tuesday, March 9th. Brother Henry preached at our house from Matt. v. 4.—*Blessed are they that mourn.*—Gracious mourners are blessed, and shall be comforted. I bless God who hath given me any thing of a serious spirit, though my natural temper inclines me to the contrary. His wisdom has cast my lot where I have not those temptations to levity and diversion which some have, for which I humbly bless and praise him. Lord, make me

more and more serious. There is great reason. God is serious above us. Devils are so in tempting. The blessed angels are serious in their work. And shall we, of all the creation, be light and vain? Gracious mourning is seen in habitual seriousness—and in actual mourning on a spiritual account. Lord, make me one of thy mourners. Such are blessed. For, they are like Christ. Their sins are pardoned. They are freed from many sins which vain mirth exposes to.

May 23. Sabbath. I was at Wrenbury morning and afternoon. I was somewhat affected with that expression in the Common Prayer—"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known." I have sometimes good desires which prove abortive, for want of endeavours accordingly. Mr. Garnett's subject was, Galat. v. 25. *If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit.* Oh, it is this heavenly walking which is the life of religion. Without this I am but as sounding brass. It is my great grief that I do not more manifest a real work of grace by a suitable conversation. We had public notice given of a general fast next Wednesday—Lord, help me to humble my soul. But, alas! how hard do I find it to *sanctify* a fast. It is little that I can, and less I do. To

rest from common labour is easy, but to devote and dedicate that rest to God is not so easy.

Sabbath. October 10. Our minister preached a good sermon against swearing—*Swear not at all.* It is a shame it should be such a reigning sin in a land of such light and knowledge, that the blessed name of God must be rent and torn by debauched wretches, to fill up the vacancies of their idle chat. Lord, forgive me, that I do not, as I should, mourn over this crying sin of the land. It is a great mercy to be out of the hearing of it, as I am, especially to be delivered from such sad pollutions myself, for I have that in my heart which would incline it to all sin, if my God should let me loose to the power of mine own corruptions.

October 17th. I was at home all day. I called to mind some discourse I had with my dear mother lately. She said she had this from an excellent minister—That we must make it our business to search out the sin which we were most exposed to, and to strive, and pray, and watch, against that, or else we do nothing in religion. Lord, help me here; that which my own conscience accuses me to be the sin that most easily besets me is too much love of, and too many cares for, my children. Lord, turn it into the right channel—into care and concern for

their precious souls. Methinks, as my dear father's grand-children increase, and grow up, I cannot but have many fears lest any of them should go out of God's way, and be a reproach to the holy profession which we have made. The Lord, in mercy, prevent.

1704. Feb. 27th. A comfortable opportunity at Nantwich; having long been fasting from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I had some spiritual hungerings. Oh that my poor soul may be emptied of self, and filled with Christ; emptied of earth and filled with heaven. The subject was, Rom. xv. 4. *That we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, may have hope.* Many things are revealed to us in the Scriptures which are great matters of comfort to us. There is a glorious happiness in the other world, and a way open to it, through Christ, for fallen man. He is himself *the way.* We may *know* that we are in this way. I bless God for his revealed will. Mr. Lawrence told us to-day that there is no true peace or satisfaction to be found in this world, but that which arises from the testimony of a good conscience. Speaking of the providence of God towards his people, he had this expression—the father of a family takes care of the meanest servant he has, nay, the meanest beast;

but he has not the same degree of care and love for them which he has for his children. So it is with our heavenly Father. I have this day afresh bound myself to my God in a perpetual covenant. Oh that I may not henceforth walk as other Gentiles walk.

March 26th. I was affected with hearing this passage, which I remark, because it may affect some when I am in the dust. When some considerable gentlemen of the society (at Nantwich) were gone in together one Lord's-day evening, and were talking of something unsuitable to the day, poor Betty Parsons, a good old disciple, overhearing them, said—"Sirs, you are making work for repentance." This short and seasonable rebuke damped them much, and turned the stream of their discourse into a better channel. So true is that saying of the wise man—"A word spoken in season, how good is it."

July 10th. My dear mother sent for me to Broad Oak, to meet my dear brother Henry, who preached the lecture that day from Sol. Song, i. 4. *We will remember thy love more than wine.* Holy souls take abundance of pleasure in remembering the love of the holy Jesus. I desire to remember the contrivances, the condescensions, the costliness of his love: but the constancy and continuance of it, especially,

affected me. That we who live, as it were, in the old age of the world, so many hundred years after his incarnation, should still receive the sweet, and fresh effects of it.

Oct. 29th. My dear brother has lately printed a discourse concerning the Lord's Supper, wherein I find sweetness. I desire to look beyond instruments—for who is Paul, and who is Apollos? Yet I bless God from my heart for them. This expression affected me—"The father of the family loves not to have any of the children absent at meal time!' Lord, grant that this spiritual food may nourish, and refresh my soul.

1705. June 24th. I cannot but remark the providence of this day nine years, in the surprising death of my dear and tender father, who served his generation faithfully, and naturally cared for souls. He was removed to heaven in the midst of usefulness. Oh that I may still retain the good things he taught me, and follow him who followed peace and holiness. I cannot but sometimes remember that habitual weariness which he complained of, because I many times find it so with myself, especially when the days are long, and the season hot. This day I was somewhat refreshed in mind as to this—that my dear Lord Jesus submitted to the same. He

was *wearied with his journey*, John iv. 6; and if so, he knows my frame. Surely, *he bare our griefs.*

Sabbath. July 1. How swiftly does time hasten away! Now six of the twelve months of this year are gone. We are beginning the other six. What may be before the end God only knows. Blessed be God for any hope of a happy eternity. I would fain be conversing more familiarly with death.—Oh blessed, blessed for ever, be my God, for any light in my understanding, and warmth in my affections. It is the grace of God that distinguishes me from the vilest.

September 30th. I was at Nantwich, having not had a sacramental opportunity of several months. Blessed be God for any hungerings. It is the same that *opens* my mouth that *fills* it. He shall have the glory of all. I have had comfort in avouching the Lord this day to be my God. O this precious, precious blood, this sealing blood. Shall I ever esteem it as a common thing? God forbid. The exhortation was—*The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner.* God hath set him for a foundation. Blessed are all they that build upon him. Lord, I desire to build the hopes of my salvation on this rock—*other*

foundation can no man lay. This alone is enough.

October 29th. In reading, in course, Ezekiel xxii. I find, when God, by the Prophet, is judging that people, and enumerating their manifold sins, he twice mentions Sabbath provocations, verses 8, and 26—as if those sins, above others, were of a crimson dye.

On Wednesday I went to see my dear mother. I found her as to her outward man, weak and feeble, but strong in the graces of Christ Jesus: the inward man renewed day by day. She abounds in humility, meekness, and contempt of the world, and the sight of her excellent carriage does very much confirm me in the substantials of religion—that God will enable those that are his to persevere to the end of their race, and will be with them in the end, preserving them to his heavenly kingdom. O that I may, by her example, do as those Christians in the primitive times—*Thank God and take courage.*

December 29th. I became the mother of a dead son. My God was to me a present help, as he has been many times in like circumstances. I adore his wisdom in choosing this rod to beat me with; he is righteous, nay, gracious. I would be thankful that he has spared me. *Why*

died I not from the womb? Job iii. 11. The hope of the hypocrite is compared to an untimely birth: God grant that my hope may not be such, but be built on Christ—the rock of ages. The infant was buried at Wrenbury by the other dear little ones. The fourth of mine that lies here. Oh what a reign has death even over those *who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression!*

I could not but be affected with a passage in a divine hymn of Mr. Baxter's, somewhat applicable to my case:

"In saddest thoughts and grief,
In trouble, fear, and pain,
I cried for his relief,
And did not cry in vain:
He heard with speed,
And still I found
Mercy abound
In time of need."

Blessed be God for the good Spirit, who is my remembrancer.

A remarkable event I cannot but remark. Lately, a Mr. L——, formerly living in this parish, but now in Malpas parish, buried a daughter aged sixteen or seventeen years, at which the mother, being a passionate mourner, said, She had rather have buried her husband,

and two or three more of her children. And now, this week, it has pleased God to take away another daughter. There has been but a fortnight and two days between the two funerals. See how sad and provoking a thing it is to murmur against the Majesty of heaven. He does whatsoever he pleases, and why should our folly prescribe to his wisdom? A third daughter has hardly escaped the distemper. She was reported to be dead.

1706. Saturday morning, March 9th.—I read, in course, Joel iii. I thought it was very refreshing in the midst of that great wrath which was threatened against the church's enemies—so that blood should flow as out of a wine-press—that *The Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel.* v. 16. All sincere Christians are the true Gospel Israel, and God will be their strength and hope in the worst of times. This promise reminds me of a passage of Zuinglius, who, when flashing the terrors of the law in the very face of impenitent sinners, would say,—"Good Christian, stand aside, for this is not thy portion." How comfortable is it to say—By the grace of God this wrath belongs not to me. It is the Lord Jesus Christ alone who delivers from the wrath to come.

Sabbath. July 14th. I was all day at home; spent some time, in the afternoon, in reviewing my diary, written nearly twenty years ago. I find sweetness in the reflection that I had then, often, communion with God in secret prayer and meditation. I remember the love and kindness of God to me then. I am affected with what my dear mother said to me at leaving dear Broad Oak: when I urged my unfitness for my new state, she replied—"you will now find exercise for those graces, which, hitherto, you have not exercised." And I cannot but own now, after nineteen years, how kind and good my heavenly Father has been to me here, in placing me in these comfortable relations, so that here is no want of any good thing—but more grace.

November 30. Saturday. This week we received brother Henry's new Annotations on the five books of Moses. Lord, bless all helps, and crown all pious endeavours with thy blessing.

1707. January 1. One year passes, and another comes, so my time insensibly slides away. And what have I done in this year that is past, for my God, or for my soul and eternity? I desire to renew my resolution of closer walking for the future. It may be this may be

the year of my death. I bless God that the thoughts of it are not so terrible as, sometimes, they have been. As I grow into years I see still more and more of the emptiness of all things here below.

October 9th. I was a little discomposed on the account of our worldly concerns; things not succeeding as I expected, I was ready to be all in a flame. My spirit was more ruffled than it had been a long time. But behold how my wise heavenly Father deals with me. We read, in course, in the family, as soon as I was up, part of Psalm cxix. and that verse, *The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.* It was so to David. It should be so, it shall be so, to me. I will endeavour not to repine at any event, since I have thy good word to be my guide, companion, and counsellor.

Saturday. I went in the evening to Nantwich, in order to spend the Sabbath there, it being our monthly opportunity for the Lord's Supper; and a comfortable season we had. I trust I do get ground of my corruptions, though slowly, and one good evidence is, that I am glad when I hear ministers on searching subjects, as Mr. Lawrence was, 2 Tim. iii. 5. *Having a form of godliness but denying the power.* I

have reason to fear this is the character of very many among ourselves. He had many excellent things, and in the close, these which I desire to remember—The more of the power of godliness, the more comfort. That the form without the power will bring none to heaven. Lord, grant that I may get good by this awakening word. A form of religion I have, and ought to have. I need not be ashamed of my Master. But if I have no more than the form, I am miserable. One character of such he told us, is—that they rest in outside performances, which, I hope, I do not.—Alas! what are these but the shell and leaves? The fruit and kernel are what I thirst after—that I may *find him whom my soul loveth.* Through mercy I was not at all drowsy in this day's work. I returned home safely, but dull and unfit for closing duties. Next morning, my body, though sown in weakness, was raised in power. Blessed be God for sleep, health, food, and all other my common mercies; the want of any one of which, would make my life uncomfortable. Especially, and above all, I bless God for spirituals—the Lord Jesus Christ (who is my hope), and all the benefits I enjoy in, and by, him; particularly for the good helps for my soul.

"Whilst means in plenty I enjoy,
Let not my soul be parch'd, and dry."

I was much refreshed, this week, by reading in brother Henry's book on the Lord's Supper. The benefits to be received by that sweet ordinance are—Pardon of sin—The privilege of adoption—Inward joy and peace—The strengthening and increasing of grace—The earnest of the eternal inheritance. God be praised for this good word. Let it comfort and quicken me.

1722. February 27th. This day twelve months my dear Philip took leave of our world. It was a time to bring to remembrance. The wormwood and the gall of that providence my soul hath still in remembrance. I purposed to sanctify it as a fast, but I was forced to be employed in household concerns, by things unforeseen. I find it much easier to fast, than to pray and sanctify the fast, as I should. I would learn more humility, meekness, weanedness from all creature comforts. Mr. Vawdry had an excellent subject on sabbath-day—*The love of Christ constraineth us.* Surely it should constrain me to a patient, quiet, meek frame under his afflicting hand—and to be sowing, even in *tears.* This week we lost two young cows. Many years we have had no such loss. *The Lord gave,* and, when he pleases, *he takes away.*

March 28th. Reading, in course, John xx. 26, concerning Christ's appearance to his disciples, I was pleased with a sweet remark in the Annotations. "See the condescension of our Lord Jesus. The gates of heaven were ready to be opened to him, where he might have been in the *midst* of the adoration of a world of angels; yet, for the benefit of his church, he lingered on earth, and visited the little private meetings of his poor disciples—stood in the midst of them, with—*Peace be to you.*" What encouragement is this to us now, since no length of time can, in the least, abate his love and tenderness. *Having loved his own, he loved them to the end.*

This week I was much affected to hear a poor old woman of our society complain of decays, especially of drowsiness in God's worship. "I go," said she, "in pain and weakness, yet if I could be lively, and in a good frame when I come there, how I should be comforted." I often fear the same of myself. Lord, pity, and help under such decays, and let me be more busy now, and endeavour to lay up something in store against such an evil day.

July 29th. I find among my old papers* a good remark on Psalm civ. 28. *That thou*

* See ante, p. 102.

givest them they gather; though it was spoken of brute creatures, yet it is applicable to us. What God gives I should *gather,* whether abroad or at home; in the congregation or closet; in preaching or reading. What thou givest, O Lord, *help* me to gather. I gathered out of a good book, the great duty of meditation. I endeavoured a little with this naughty, earthly heart, but I brought little to perfection.

In reading over my old papers, especially some of good Mr. Lawrence's sermons long ago at Nantwich, I find things that please and edify me. Treating of the love of God, excellently from that scripture — *The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God,* he says — "There is great reason to fear we have but little of the true love of God, few delightful thoughts of him, few careful thoughts to please him. How little is there bestowed upon God, and on his service. — Most of us love a cheap religion. Many times one lust is more chargeable to a man than all his religion."

October 7th. Sabbath. I kept home all day. I employed my spare hours in reading some collections out of Mr. Baxter's book concerning being crucified to the world. Very excellent things, and suitable to me. We converse so much with it, that we are in danger of being

swallowed up of it,—like poor Korah, and his rebellious company. Lord, keep us from being over fond of it. I find in the fore-cited collection this passage, which pleased me. Speaking of the excellence of being crucified to the world—"It is," saith he, "the very honesty, chastity, and justice of the soul—our fidelity to God in keeping the covenant made with him—thus giving God the creature, and your hearts, when covetous worldlings unjustly rob him of both." Lord, keep, keep, and help me to keep myself, unspotted from this vain, evil, sinful world. Though the world should not, must not, be made a rest, or bed for the soul, yet it is convenient to travel in—as a way to a better country. Lord, give me wisdom and grace to use what thou givest me for thy glory, as a good steward that must give an account, and knows not how soon.

1723. Wednesday. February 27. Dear Philip's dying day. Two years. Mrs. Ann Clive here—mingles tears with us. We sung together Watts's hymn on Rev. xiv. 13.—Concerning all the pious dead,

"Sweet is the savour of their names."

I rejoice in hope of the glory of God. This week I read in dear Mrs. Hunt's papers what

affected me—viz. "The true love of God is to be the spring of our duties."—When I retire to my closet, I would reflect—Is it the true love of God that brings me hither? Or, is it not obedience to my natural conscience—that dares not omit such a known duty? I hope the former.

Sabbath. April 14. I keep home as usual. Did something for my soul, but too little. I prayed sincerely for those who go abroad for help for their souls, while poor I sojourn in Mesech and Kedar. This day not well. What dear rent does the soul pay for this earthly tabernacle! Seldom that I would do good, and then, how to perform I find not. This should make me long for the everlasting Sabbath. *Then*, no indisposition. Nothing to clog or hinder the full enjoyment of God to eternity. Hallelujah! This day, looking over some old papers I found this remark, which pleased me: "There is a sweet sympathy between a regenerate heart, and a precious truth." Afterward—"'Tis only saints in heaven who may be said to keep *holy-day*." Another: "Many would weep and lament if they knew they had not a month to live, who now laugh and rejoice, though they know not they shall live a day."

June 27th. Thursday night, about nine

o'clock, dear Betty Keay (my grand-daughter) resigned her spirit with little seeming extremity (small pox). A holy, sweet, dutiful, humble child. Gone to a better world. She had made a great progress in religion, beyond what we could have expected. Many excellent things dropped from her in sickness; *e. g.* "When I have formerly read of that martyr in flames, who said he felt no more pain than if on a bed of roses, I knew not then what he meant—but I bless God now I know, and am so swallowed up of joy as not to regard my outward pains." When recovering from a fainting fit, she would say—"Thy rod and staff support me." So one by her spoke of the *bright world*—to which, she soon added, "*to which I go, I hope.*" The Saturday after, we laid up the dear remains in Hanmer church-yard, by her own dear father, in hope of a joyful resurrection. Oh! what an awful day will that be, when the last trump shall call all the dead—and the dead in Christ shall rise first—and she among them. I bless God, several things alleviate my grief for this stroke.

"Short was her life, the longer is her rest:
God takes them soonest whom he loveth best."

One good lesson, methinks, I have learned by this girl's piety—the power of divine grace, notwithstanding little other helps. If he will

work, who can let or hinder? Surely it is a great confirmation to me of the truth of the Christian religion. I have sometimes been grieved to think of their loss of their dear father, but with God the fatherless findeth mercy. When her mother said—"Thou art going to thy dear father," she replied—"I am going to my *dear Jesus.*" Oh! the inestimable worth of an interest in him at such a time.

Sabbath. November 20. In the afternoon I was at home alone. I read some of an excellent sermon by Mr. Watts, entitled 'the Hidden Life of a Christian,' which he indeed describes so that one may discern he lived that sweet, excellent life. What is there in a poor saint here, he asks, that discovers what he shall be hereafter? Those holy martyrs and confessors described Heb. xi. in their sheep-skins and goat-skins — wandering in deserts—hidden in dens and caves—What was there in these poor, miserable spectacles, that looks like a saint in glory? *It doth not yet appear what we shall be.* Then shall it be made known to the world—these were the men that wept and prayed in secret—that sought the face of God in their private chambers. They are now made more than conquerors through Him that loved them. The poor trembl who lived this

hidden and divine life, watering this hidden seed of grace with so many secret tears, shall now reap a rich and glorious harvest. *He shall doubtless come again with rejoicing. Light is sown for the righteous.*

> "The seeds of joy and glory, sown
> For saints in darkness here,
> Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
> And a rich harvest bear."

Surely the very thought of this should quicken and encourage me.

1724. Feb. 6. I have been lately reading a sermon of Mr. Tong's for the funeral of Mr. Slater, an aged London minister, preached in the year 1704, from 2 Kings ii. 9, where Elisha requests a double portion of Elijah's spirit. Many excellent things;—*e. g.* They that have the golden key of prayer, and know how to use it, may go to all the treasures of divine grace, not only for themselves, but for their friends. In p. 18, speaking of the good old ministers that were truly of the primitive stamp, he says,—"It is to them, under God, we owe what is yet left of practical and serious religion, which, with much difficulty, they have endeavoured to keep alive in times of great impiety and corruption: it is to them, under God, that we owe our present

liberty of conscience, and purity of ordinances; for if they had given up these most valuable things by mean and sinful compliances, we had never enjoyed them at this day. They have transmitted them to us at the expense, not only of their labour, but sufferings too: and therefore, they are worthy of double honour."

Sabbath. May 10th. We had a full family, about eighteen in all. My daughter Holland went with the young ones to Nantwich. She left me her last to take care of. I had comfort in her society, and was much affected with God's goodness to mine in things pertaining to this life. She told me of an excellent petition of Dr. Bates, which he often used—that we might have a tolerable passage through the world, and a comfortable passage out of it. It was eminently granted to him. He died without any previous sickness, laid down on his bed, saying he was not very well—only his own children were about him—they knew not when he expired. No doubt the blessed angels were ready to do their office, and convey the precious soul to Abraham's bosom.

When I saw them set out to-day to Nantwich, I applied to myself that of the prophet Elisha to his servant—*Went not my heart with thee?* I should much rejoice in joining with those

societies. My soul needs the best helps. Woe is me, I sojourn in Mesech. I comfort myself that Christ knows our works, and *where we dwell*—what temptations, what discouragements.

July 26. I read parts of a sermon in the Morning Exercises. That which most affects me, is that of excellent Mr. Steel, concerning the Memory, which is, certainly, a noble faculty.

"It should not be like a child's pocket, filled with trash, but like the ark of the testimony, in which the tables of the law were laid up." How prone am I to remember what I should forget, and to forget what I should remember. Mr. Steel, in this sermon, brings in eight particular things which we should remember—Our Creator—The love of our Redeemer—The doctrines of our religion—The duties of Christianity—Our sins—Our vows and obligations made to God—The church of God, the mystical body—Our latter end. Lord, write on my heart these good lessons.

November 15th. I am all day at home. I should spend more of this holy day in joy and praise. There is matter enough. O what a pleasant work it is! I should begin my *heaven* now. I read some old papers of my dear Philip written at Boreatton. The strict watch he kept over himself, and his own heart, comforts and

shames me. He had but little working time, and was busy. He was soon taken to his reward. One evening this week, I was refreshed in reading, in the family, *When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open springs.* Like that sweet scripture — *He filleth the hungry with good things.* Meditation on this did me good afterwards. I set my poor seal to this truth. My dear God has opened springs for me in this dry and barren wilderness. I have great encouragement to pray and thirst. The Lord's arm is not shortened. I would be daily inquiring—*What lack I yet?* I was told by one that lately heard our excellent Mr. Watts, at Berry-street, in London—that he thus closed a sacrament there: "Now, Christians, *Arise, shine.*" Surely this is what the Lord my God requires of *me.* I should *shine*—in a holy conversation. These good remarks, that sometimes come strangely to me, perhaps through many hands, yet are spiritual food, and help to nourish and comfort my poor lean soul. Blessed be God. If I should always return thanks for corporal food, which only nourishes a dying body, surely much more for this spiritual nourishment. Our dear Mr.

Lawrence had long ago this observation from that scripture—*Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread?* Whenever we meet with any thing that does our souls good, though but in discourse, that is *bread*.

1725. March 28. I was affected with what one told me lately of a person who complained to her minister, that she constantly attended the duties of religion, but did not find any spiritual growth, or that she was any way better. He replied,—"as long as your *love* to these duties continues, you may be assured you *do* get good, though insensibly."

Sabbath. Sept. 20. I pleaded with God in my closet that I come in a *good day*. A remarkable day. A day in which he uses to own and bless his people. This morning I was affected with dear Mrs. Hunt's* definition of secret prayer: "It is the familiar entertaining of ourselves with God about the inward state of our souls, to which we are emboldened by the merits of Jesus Christ." This I have remarked before, and it is worthy of double observation. Further. Reading in those excellent papers I find this remark: Thursday, February 21, 1695. She went to her grandmother's (an old disciple of

* Of Boreatton. See the Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 17.

great worth,) where she had appointed a private day of prayer for herself, children and family. There were four excellent ministers, Mr. Howe, Mr. Shower, Mr. Reynolds and Dr. Annesley. They all prayed. Mr. Howe only preached on that sweet scripture, Psalm xlii. 8.— *The God of my life.* "There was," she says, "such a double portion of God's Spirit poured out on all present, both ministers and people, that they said they never experienced the like. As for me," she writes, "I was not troubled with one unruly thought all the while, but I was as if I had been in heaven—composed and serious. The hours seemed but as minutes. I then thought, surely religion is the greatest reality in the world, else it could not produce such real and strong effects." O that my soul may be gathered to that sweet, and general assembly both of ministers and Christians, where so many now are who so experienced the powers of the world to come. My greatest grief and trouble is the want of a fixed heart. O that I could get and keep a sabbath frame.

Wednesday morning, October 13. I had some sweet thoughts on an old subject of my dear father's long ago—*Even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come.*—There is a wrath to come. Assuredly hell is no bugbear.

A remnant are delivered from it. The deliverer is Jesus. Sweet name, as ointment poured forth. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.

1726. February 20. I was affected this morning, when my dear read in the family, Psalm xlii. with that passage where the Psalmist styles God—*the God of my life.* I desire to own him as such. He is God both of my temporal and spiritual life, and will take care of both. One morning, this week, I reflected seasonably on a passage I have long since been pleased with: A good man thus reasons with himself: "O my soul, when wilt thou be at leisure to meet with thy God?" We are hindered by a thousand impertinencies that are nothing to the work of a Christian.

November 22. Tuesday morning. I redeemed time early for my closet, and had the comfort of it. I began the book of Deuteronomy with brother's Annotations. Many excellent things. I remember my dear mother, when the book of Annotations came to her, said she began with Deuteronomy, and gave this reason—"I shall not live to read the whole, therefore, I take this which is the summary of the rest." Brother observes, that it was spoken in the last month of Moses' life in the plains of

Moab. When he knew he had but a little while to live, he was the more busy. Surely I should be so. I am now in my climacteric year. I should daily apprehend my nearness to eternity, and move more swiftly, since I cannot but see *the day approaching*.

1727. February 4th. At Whitchurch. I saw a few of my old Christian friends, with whom I have fasted and feasted; but the greater part are gone to the better world, where I hope to meet them, and join in everlasting praises.

I read a sermon of my dear father's concerning the last judgment. Many things in it very awful; but that which, especially, affected me was this, "Things done in the closet shall be proclaimed." This should excite me to seriousness. The motto good Mrs. Bury had written in her closet was—Thou God seest me. I praise my God that this thought yields me some comfort. My dear and kind heavenly Father sees some secret transactions between him and me, which I trust he will accept only, only for Christ's sake.

Wednesday evening. March 27th. I should be trimming my lamp, and doing something in preparation for the Lord's table on sabbath-day. It troubles me that I have not of late felt those

inward meltings of soul as formerly, in that ordinance, yet still I would be found as at the pool side waiting. I am, sometimes, comforted to think that my delight in closet duty increases, and I trust my heart is more engaged to inward universal holiness.

1728. Nov. 3. Sabbath. At night I read an old sermon of dear father's; on that—"The disciple whom Jesus loved"—though he loves all the disciples, yet some above the rest—they that are most like him, and love *him* most—they that have the most humility—faith—most active for God. Young disciples that have loved him in youth; and old ones that have continued long to love, and serve him.

1729. Sabbath-day, Jan. 5. This evening I hear of the death of my old friend, Mr. Illidge, of Chester, a true lover of my dear father, and his descendants; he died the 29th ult., and was buried privately on New Year's Day at St. Martin's Church. An upright useful man gone to receive his reward.

Saturday night, Jan. 17th. I read an old sermon of Mr. Taylor, of Wem, preached at Broad Oak in 1689, concerning prayer—he quotes it as a saying of one of the ancients—"Be not curious in seeking out a place for prayer, but enter into thyself."

1730. Sabbath, April 26. I read lately in the life of Mr. Bailey, one of the New England divines, that his earnest desire was to get up his spirit to these three things, which methinks I desire; namely, Patience under the calamities of life—Impatience under the sinful infirmities of life—and earnest longings after a better life. Elsewhere thus—If I can but exchange outward comforts for inward enjoyments and graces, it is well enough.

Thursday morning. Feb. 11, 1731. We sung in the family that verse in the 74th Psalm,

> " Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
> When men review my days,
> They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
> In ev'ry line thy praise."

I thought how some that come after me, and read my poor Diary, will read there the love of God to *me* in every page. *Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days*—in the single, married, widow state—through all the changing scenes of life.—Whence I take comfort that he will keep me to *finish well.*

1732. Nov. 26th. Sabbath day. Mr. Witton's*

* The Rev. Richard Witton, M. A. was Mrs. Savage's son-in-law. He was forty years Minister of the Dissenting Congregation at West Bromwich, and died December 28, 1765, æt. 82.

text, Isaiah iii. 10. *Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.* Blessed be God for these comfortable tidings. I close this day with satisfaction, that it shall be well with me living, dying, and to eternity. The comforts of a dying hour are usually proportioned to the holiness of the past life."

1735. Sabbath-day, 23d February. I waked in a dull frame; unsuitable to this holy day: afterwards my spirit was somewhat raised by finding a good old letter of my dear brother to me when I was newly married fifty years ago—this passage—" As to your fears of the want of Broad-Oak opportunities—God is the same in all places. Christ is the same. The everlasting covenant the same. Get near the fountain; conscientiously improve the helps you have; and remember that Daniel and his fellows were in better liking with pulse and water, than all who did eat the portion of the king's meat."

I cannot but own with thankfulness that I have experienced any thing of this. I am ready to sign a discharge in full; there has not failed *one* word of *all* his sweet promises. I thankfully remember the earnest prayers for me then, though the pious suppliants are long since in the dust.

Monday, May 30. Mary Bate (that was) our

old servant, came to see us; staid two nights: has much affliction by a froward husband and his carnal relations. I was pleased with what good Mr. Mottershed said to her lately—not having seen her of some time, though formerly of his flock—"Well, Mary, are you well, hearty, and in the way to heaven?" An excellent serious question which I would be often putting to myself—Where am I? what am I doing? what ground do I get?

1740. April 2. Monday morning, on my bed, I had some reflections on dear father's observation of the prayers, and promises; he told us the promise, like the figure of 9, looked downward. Prayer, like the figure of 6, looked upward. I had comfort in repeating these, which he sometimes did alphabetically, of which we have some scripture examples. In the 119th Psalm, each part begins with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. So likewise Lament. iii. Though now such things are quite disused, yet I cannot forget them for his dear sake. This day I met with this good remark from a pious friend (Mr. Illidge) that we must not admit of any excuse from duty, unless we think it one that will avail in the day of judgment.

The commencement of one of Mrs. Savage's later diaries, furnishes an apt conclusion to the preceding extracts.

" I find when I began my two last books of this kind, one in 1714, the other in 1722, I did not then expect to live to finish them, yet it has pleased God so to lengthen out my frail life that I continue to this day a living monument of sparing mercy. And I am still desirous to persist in this poor account of myself, hoping it may be useful to some of mine, when I am in the dust, for their quickening, and encouragement in the narrow way. I find in brother's Annotations on Deut. iii. 22, the following note on the encouragement Moses gave to Joshua:—' Those that are aged, and experienced in the service of God, should do all they can to strengthen the hands of those who are young, and but setting out in religion.'—And since 'tis observed, that what is written remains—I here leave the testimony of my experience, that Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light.

" SARAH SAVAGE."

The following " Select Sentences," gleaned from various of Mrs. Savage's papers, will not be unsuitably preserved in the present memorial.

It is an awful thing for the best saint, who has his accounts most ready, to stand before the Judge of heaven and earth, to receive his final doom.—*Mrs. Hulton.*

Serious thoughts of *eternal* happiness, and eternal misery, will make all our difficulties vanish.—*Ib.*

Whatever takes me off from making the favour of God my chief end, and Christ my only way to it, does but deceive—cannot satisfy—is not *bread.*—*Mr. Lawrence.*

We are more apt to fear the death of friends than the death of religion.—*Ib.*

As secret sins allowed do, in effect, deny God's omniscience—*How doth God know?*—So secret duties own and approve it.—*Ib.*

There is need of much wisdom and grace to direct in managing the body—to give it its due and no more—as to food, raiment, and rest.—*Ib.*

The world has a great many servants and friends, but I never knew any praise it at parting.—*Ib.*

While the world is in a bustle about earth and things below, the believer steals to heaven and makes little noise.—*Ib.*

We must not admit of any excuse from duty unless we think it is one that will avail in the great day of judgment.—*Mr. Illidge.*

What an absurd sight to see a crucified Saviour on the board, and a sleeping christian in a pew.—*Dr. Benion.*

To be amended by a little cross, afraid of a little sin, and affected with a little mercy, is a good evidence of grace in the soul.—*Mrs. Parsons.*

I find that God will not maintain, or encourage, any of his children in sloth, or idleness. When I took more pains with my heart, I was in a better frame. I never took extraordinary pains, but I received extraordinary profit.—*Mrs. Hunt.*

In keeping up a profession of religion, you meet with difficulties from without.—In keeping up the power, you meet with difficulties from within:—but hold on, and be not discouraged—the *pure in heart* long to see God, and in a little time those longings shall be satisfied.—*Matthew Henry.*

Those who desire spiritual blessings are blessed in those desires, and shall be filled with those blessings.—*Ib.*

He that gives to God his soul, and serves him with the inner man, will think no outward expression of reverence too much—He will give his body too.—*Philip Henry.*

A heart to be truly thankful for the Redeemer,

is a good sign of an interest in the redemption. —*Ib.*

If we copy the example of Christ, it will be an evidence that we are his now, in the kingdom of grace, and an earnest that we shall follow him hereafter into the kingdom of glory. —*Ib.*

Though we cannot wash in innocency, yet we must wash in penitency.

Forced absence from God's ordinances, and forced presence with wicked people, is a grievous burden to a gracious soul.—*Ib.*

Christians are witnesses to the power of God's grace, to the sweetness of his comforts, to the truth of his promises, and the tenderness of his providence.—*Ib.*

The happiness of heaven consists in being with Christ—that they may be with *me*.—Thoughts of this are reviving, and should be improved, as a cordial to keep from fainting under any trouble—as a spur to put us forward in duty—as a bridle to restrain from sin—and as a loadstone to draw our affections upward.—*Ib.*

APPENDIX.

No. I.—Page 1.

Of the excellent wife of Philip Henry, little, comparatively, is known. What she was, may however be gathered, though nothing is particularly said *of her*, from her son's (Matthew Henry) sermon on her death. See Henry's Misc. Works, p. 80. She died May 25th, 1707, in the 79th year of her age. The following extracts from Mrs. Savage's diary are interesting.—*The memory of the just is blessed.*

"1707. Monday morning, 28th of April. I went to Broad Oak to visit my dear aged mother; very sensible of the honour and duty I owe her while she lives, though not in a capacity to pay it as I would. I found her weak in body, yet strong in the graces of the Spirit—faith, love, and thankfulness—contempt of the world, and longing for heaven. O that

I may tread in her steps. She said to me—'I have been a great while here; to what end should I desire to live longer?'

"Friday, May 2. I went to Broad Oak. Found my dear mother very weak. Some days in bed all day. But, blessed be God, her faith and hope not shaken. It is a great confirmation to me of the reality of invisible things, to see a holy life end so well. *The end of that man* (or woman) *is peace.*

"Sabbath. May 4. I spent at dear Broad Oak, the place of my solemnities, where I have had many a comfortable Sabbath. Blessed be God for the opportunity of this, though not as formerly. Weeping should not hinder sowing. We had Mr. Doughty* to be our good helper, from Galat. vi. 9.—*Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.* A very good caution. Alas! I am apt to faint, to flag, and tire. But I have a great deal of reason to hold on and hold out, forasmuch as in due season—in God's due time—I shall reap. When I told dear mother the subject, she replied—'nor in evil suffering.' Let this be a quickening consideration to me when I faint and tire—a blessed, glorious

* Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 147.

harvest is before me, I trust, which will make amends for all.

"Wednesday, 7th, I went again. Dear brother came from Chester. We had a very affectionate prayer at meeting at our dear mother's bedside. He had this expression in pleading with God for mercy for her—'Her children do rise up and call her blessed; Lord, do thou command the blessing.' He preached the lecture there. We had a comfortable opportunity from 1 Cor. xv. 19. *If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable.* A Christian's hope in Christ looks above, and beyond this life, or else their case were very sad. He shewed that true Christians have hope in Christ for righteousness, strength, everlasting happiness. They have hope in Christ in this life, in reference to daily sins, daily services, daily sorrows. But not in this life only—their comfort looks above and beyond this life—We *hope in Christ*—That he will be with us in our dying agonies: he is not like the master of that poor Amalekite, 1 Sam. xxx. 13, who left him *because he fell sick*—That he will receive our precious souls into glory—That he will bring us off in the judgment—That he will make us eternally happy in the vision and fruition of God.

"May 11th. I heard yesterday that my dear mother continues as she was. Lord, support. Put under thy everlasting arm.

"Friday. I went to see my dear mother: found her still declining, yet very sensible. That afternoon I was much revived by brother Henry coming and praying with her, and the family—all coming to her bedside, as she desired. The chapter in course to read was 1 John v. 5. When he came to the 11th verse—'And this is the record, that God hath given to us *eternal life*,' she attended heedfully, and said—'And that's enough.'—Afterwards she joined in singing some verses of the 23d Psalm. Afterwards he prayed—short, but full of pious affections—and she solemnly blessed us all. And it was the *last* time.

"The Sabbath, May 18th, I spent at Broad Oak.—Dear mother still declining. Finding her memory fail, she said—'This day I am afraid of speaking much, lest I should not speak *well*.'—She often spoke with much cheerfulness of the happiness she was almost arrived at. When some were about to pray by her, she requested them 'not to desire her life, for she was full of days. I have,' said she, 'as many of the comforts of this life as I can desire, and now want nothing but the comforts of a better.'

"Wednesday. Mr. Pell, their late minister, died of a consumption, at Whixall, to whom she had pleasantly sent this message some weeks before—'Desire Mr. Pell not to be angry if I get to heaven before him.'—But it proved that she (though he was but five-and-twenty, she seventy-eight) stayed a few days longer,—Towards the end of the week we saw her decline apace: her memory often failing, she did not speak with that coherence she always used to do. As one said, on a like occasion, it could not but grieve me to hear one that was not wont to speak an impertinent word, let drop some now when so near eternity. But God's *way is in the sea.* It is a quickening to us to be busy, while senses and understanding, and memory are continued, because we know not how they may fail us.

"On Saturday, sometimes, she would be cheerful.—When asked how she did, she would say —'Pretty well'—but more often, 'Pray for a poor, dying, senseless creature.' About a quarter after twelve that night, without so much as a groan, she gradually expired—began her everlasting sabbath. *At midnight the cry was made* —the bridegroom came.

"'A poor beheaded family,' (said brother Henry in one prayer) 'but thou, O Lord, art

the ever-living head of all the families of the earth.' Lord, thou art righteous. I will lay my hand on my mouth. She hath finished well --come to her grave in a full age—like a shock of corn in its season. Lord, make me to know my end. I find this stroke, coming so gradually, much easier borne by me, than that of dear father eleven years ago. O what a glorious Sabbath do they keep together in heaven, who kept so many solemn comfortable ones on earth! What glorious sights are opened to the eye of the soul of a believer, while we are closing the eyes of the body with floods of tears. I heartily bless my God for all the good I have got, though far short of what I might, from her excellent example, especially humility, contentedness, contempt of the world, zeal, and life in holy duties.

"Wednesday, May 28th, we accompanied the dear remains to the ship of the grave. And further we cannot go. Dr. Benion preached the sermon at Broad Oak, at ten o'clock, from Heb. vi. 12. *That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.* A very suitable subject wherein he gave her her due character. Among other things he said (than which nothing could be more true) 'She was always well satisfied with

whatever God and her friends did for her.' She hath run out a comfortable race—having, from her youth, chosen the narrow way, not suffering the concerns of earth to swallow up the main matter; yet she hath been continued head of a large family for sixty years. Lord, grant some one may stand up to do something towards filling up the gap. She hath left only three children, and twenty-two grand-children. Oh that the prayers that are upon the file for them may descend in showers of blessings: Amen. Amen.

"I cannot here omit Mr. Baxter's epitaph which he placed on his dear wife in Christ Church, London:—

'Thus must thy flesh to silent dust descend,
Thy mirth and worldly pleasures thus will end;
Then *happy, holy souls:* but, woe to those
Who heaven forgot, and earthly pleasures chose.
Hear now this preaching grave without delay,
Believe, repent, and work while it is day.'

"Upon this I was thinking while we stood by dear mother's grave, in Whitchurch church.

"June 3d. We went once more to dear Broad Oak. A headless family.

"4th. Wednesday, brother preached a funeral sermon for dear mother, on Prov. xxxi. 28. *Her children arise up and call her blessed.* Whence he drew an exhortation to *parents*, so to carry

it that their children might have reason to call them blessed for their kindness, wisdom, charity, prudence, and, especially, piety. To *children*, to own with thankfulness the great mercy of having such parents. Bless them, that is, honour and reverence them while we have them; and bless God for them, when gone, that ever we had them—that we had them so long.

"And, surely, if ever any children in the world had reason to rise up and call a parent blessed, we have.—So wise, so kind, so tender, charitable, prudent, provident, and above all, so pious. Sure we can never say enough in her praises; all that knew her will with us bear record.

"That we have to do is to *rise up*, and study daily in every thing to follow her example. That we be not *slothful*—for we all know she was not. These things do, for the present, make a good impression on me. God grant it do not wear off, but that they may sink into my heart, that I may now be gathering, and lay up for myself in store a good foundation—forasmuch as I see the end of those who are holy and useful."

The late Mrs. Brett possessed a painting of Mrs. Henry.

No. II.—Page 13.

A SERMON, PREACHED AT A WEDDING, NOV. 6, 1684, BY THE REV. MATTHEW HENRY.

[From the original Manuscript.*]

Psalm ci. 2.

O when wilt thou come unto me?

These words may be looked upon as spoken by the sweet singer of Israel; either,

1. In his personal capacity as he was a saint. And then they shew what is the great thing that a gracious heart pants and breathes after, namely, the presence of God, which, it should seem, David at this time wanted, or, at least, wanted the comfort of. Note—1. God may sometimes, in appearance at least, withdraw himself from his people, and seem to be at a distance from them; Christ himself upon the cross experienced this truth, when he groaned out his *Lama Sabacthani*—Why hast thou forsaken me? If this be done to the green tree, what shall be done to the dry? Note—2. When God is withdrawn, the child of God thinks the time long till he comes again. David does not

* Obligingly communicated by the Rev. Thomas Stedman, M. A. Vicar of St. Chad, Shrewsbury.

at all question God's coming to him—No, faith says, though he be gone he will come again; but only desires that it may be hastened. Compare Psalm xiii. and 1st verse.

When wilt thou come? As the saints desire to come to God hereafter, so they desire to have God come to them here. The Spirit and the bride, that is, the spirit *in* the bride, saith, *Come. Come. Even so come, come quickly. Make haste, my beloved,* is the natural language of grace. And is this the language of our hearts? A wicked man cannot truly desire God to come to him, knowing that if God comes to him, he comes in anger; and, therefore, he wails when he sees him come—Rev. i. 7. But to a child of God, nothing is more welcome, his heart is ready for him, the everlasting doors are lifted up for the King of Glory to come in; and he is glad of such a guest.* Or,

2. In his PUBLIC capacity, as a magistrate, for this Psalm is penned to a royal tune, ver. 8. Some think it was penned before his coming to the crown,* and then *when wilt thou come* is, when wilt thou make good the promise which thou hast given me of the kingdom? And truly he had reason to say, When wilt thou come? for it was a long time, and a sad time with David

* Calvin.

between his anointing to, and his possession of the kingdom. Some read it, I will behave myself wisely until thou come.—*q. d.* I know thou wilt come; though thou art slow, yet thou art sure; and I will endeavour to carry myself aright till thou dost come. We find that he did so.—1 Sam. xviii. 14.—*David behaved himself wisely in all his ways.* He did his duty and left the event to God. Others think it was penned after his coming to the crown, and then he earnestly desires God to come to him.

1st. To establish his kingdom to him, and to subdue his enemies before him, which he could never have done, as he did, without the presence of the Lord of hosts—It was he that went upon the top of the mulberry-trees.—2 Sam. v. 24.

2d. To assist him in the performance of the duty of his kingdom.* I will behave myself wisely, saith he, and O that infinite wisdom would come and help me so to behave myself. Observe, how abruptly this comes in here in the midst of his resolutions, like that of Jacob—Gen. xlix. 18.—In the midst of his speaking his purposes to others, he turns to God to speak his request to him for aid and assistance, as knowing that without *that* all his purposes would be to no purpose.

* Ainsworth.

3d. To give him the comfort of all his enjoyments. For a kingdom, a world is nothing to a gracious soul without God. Or,

4th. David might speak these words in his PRIVATE capacity as a master of a family; for it follows—*I will walk within my house.* God having called him to a house of his own, he humbly desires God to come and dwell with him in it. *Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?*

Doctrine.—That the presence of God, in a house or family, is a very desirable thing. Or thus—"'Tis a very desirable thing when a man hath a house of his own, to have God come to him, and dwell with him in it."

I shall shew,

I. WHAT THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS.

II. PROVE IT VERY DESIRABLE. And

III. SHEW WHAT WE MUST DO, THAT WE MAY HAVE IT.

I. I SHALL SHEW WHAT THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS.

1st. There is his *common* presence; by which he is every where; excluded out of no place—included in no place;—of this David speaks in Psalm cxxxix. 7, &c. And thus he is in the most wicked house in the country, and sees and

registers, and will one day severely reckon for, all the wickedness that is in families. But,

2d. There is his *special* presence, and that is meant here; the presence of his love, and grace, and blessing — his covenant presence. Such a presence as is promised to be "where two or three are gathered together in his name." Matt. xviii. 23. Such a presence as was in the house of Obed-Edom, when the ark was there.— Such a presence as went down with Jacob into Egypt. Gen. xlvi. 4. Such a presence as was with Joshua in his wars, (Josh. i. 9); and with Caleb in his, (Josh. xiv. 12); and with Gideon in his, (Judges vi. 12); and with David in his, according to his desire (1 Samuel xviii. 14). David *behaved himself wisely* according to this purpose of his, and the Lord was with him according to this prayer of his.

II. To PROVE IT DESIRABLE we shall consider, *what kind of presence the presence of God is;* and then, *you shall judge if it be not desirable.*

1. It is a *guiding* presence; where God is he is as a director, Psalm lxxiii. 23. *I am continually with thee;* what then? Why, ver. 24— *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.* We have often need of guidance when we *know not what to do,* as the phrase is, 2 Chron. xx. 12.

When we know not what to do in point of *duty*—what we *must* do. Then, God directs by his word and Spirit, and his deputy conscience; making the way of duty plain; resolving our doubts, satisfying our scruples, shewing us the way; and, which is more, leading us in it. And is not this desirable?

When we know not what to do in point of *event*—what we *shall* do. Then, God directs by his providence, opening a door where we saw none; extricating us out of difficulties when we knew not how to do it for ourselves. Where God is, he is a pillar of fire and cloud, in every wilderness—eyes to the blind: and have not families need of this guidance in family affairs? Job v. 24—*and shall not* ERR—so some.

2. It is a *guarding* presence. Where God dwells in the house, he is *a wall of fire* about the house—Zech. ii. 5. 'Tis the *Lord that keeps the city*—Psalm cxxvii. 1, 2. The inhabitants of that house where God dwells *abide under the shadow of the Almighty*—Psalm xci. 1, &c. And is not that a precious privilege? When God is in the house, the glorious angels pitch their tents round about it—Psalm xxxiv. 7; and these are a better guard than ever a prince or potentate in the world hath. *Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor*

sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

3. It is a *supplying* presence. As nothing truly and really evil can lie upon, so nothing truly and really good, can be wanting to, that house and family where God is. When the fountain of good comes, the streams come with him; so that whatever a child of God wants at any time, he may be assured it is not good for him, and then better to be without it. *Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him,* AND HE WITH ME. God is a guest that brings not only his own entertainment, but entertainment for those that let him in, along with him, When God comes to a house-warming (pardon the country expression) he brings a royal present with him: like that of Hazael's to Elisha—2 Kings viii. 9—*a present of every good thing. My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.*

4. It is a *supporting* presence. Whilst we are in this world we have not only our wants,

but our burdens; pains, sicknesses, losses, crosses, and disappointments. These are burdens, family burdens, which we are often groaning under. Now where God is in a family, he will either take off these burdens, or, which comes all to one, he will sustain under them. He will either lighten the load, or strengthen the shoulder. *The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.* Deut. xxxiii. 27. *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*—Psalm xxiii. 4. David comforted himself with this when he should be in the valley of the shadow of death; that is, in very great trouble, that *God* would be *with him* as a shepherd, and there would be his rod and his staff.

Shepherds use a staff to bear up the weary sheep; nay, God, the great, the good shepherd, carries *his lambs in his arms.*—Isaiah xl. 11. Where God is he will not be wanting in inward, spiritual supports, under outward, temporal burdens of what kind soever.

5. His presence makes all *sweet.* It sweetens all family *crosses.* These are things which we must count upon, and look for here, in this world. But the presence of God takes out the sting—the bitterness of every affliction. 'Tis

that that puts honey on every rod. 'Tis that that is the alone comfort of a child of God at all times, and in all conditions. See that promise, Isaiah xliii. 2.—*When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.*

It sweetens all family *comforts*. 'Tis the presence of God that is the sugar of all our enjoyments. What are relations and friends without God? A spread table, a full cup, a warm house, a soft bed, without God? Mercies are then sweet when we can see them come, not from a hand of common providence, but from a hand of special love. 'Tis the covenant, or rather, God in the covenant, that puts milk into the breasts, wine into the bottles of all creature comforts. All creatures are that to us that God makes them.

6. His presence makes all *successful*. When God was with Joseph, though in the narrow sphere of a prison, all that he did was *made to prosper*—Gen. xxxix. 23. The presence of God in a house makes all the affairs to prosper, the corn to prosper, and the cattle to prosper; and *all* to prosper as far as will be for good. It is promised (Psalm i. 3) as part of the blessing.

Job xxii. 28. Psalm xxxvii. 4, 5. Deut. xxviii. 3, &c. *He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine upon thy ways. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field.*

If Laban's family prospered while Jacob was there, much more will that family prosper where the *God* of Jacob is.

The psalmist gives us, in Psalm cxliv. 12—14, a picture of outward prosperity, and his heart was beginning to bless the covetous, and to say, *Happy is the people that is in such a case.* But he soon corrects himself, *Happy is the people whose* GOD IS THE LORD, for they have all this, either in kind, or kindness.

And now tell me, if the presence of God be not very desirable in a house?

III. I AM TO DIRECT YOU WHAT TO DO, THAT YOU MAY HAVE THIS PRESENCE OF GOD IN YOUR HOUSES.

I hope you are convinced it is desirable, and

are truly willing to do any thing that you may have it. Then,

1st. If you would have God come to you, you must *invite him to come.* Send a special messenger to the throne of grace humbly to desire the divine presence. Breathe out those words of David, *O when wilt thou come unto me?* God will not come uninvited. You will scarce come to a friend's house that does not desire your company.

In the Gospels we find Christ once at a wedding, but then he was *called.* John ii. 2. If the divine presence be not worth the asking, it is not worth the having, and then it is worth nothing.

Make an errand, then, to God, to intreat him that he would be pleased to come under your roof. Go to him, and tell him you have a house at his service, and that you shall think it an uncomfortable house if he does not come and dwell with you in it. Tell him he shall be heartily welcome to the best you have, and you are sorry you have no better. Be earnest with him. Resolve to have no nay.—See Exod. xxxiii. 14, 15. When Solomon had built a house, he made a solemn business of inviting God to it (2 Chron. vi. 41), and he had a gracious answer (chap. vii. 12). This is called dedicating a house (Psalm xxx.) the title—(Deut. xx. 5)—passing over the

right of it to God, and to his service; and, where that is done in sincerity, God will be sure to take possession. Open the gates to let him in (Psalm xxiv.); and say, as Laban to Abraham's servant, (Gen. xxiv. 31) *Come in.*

2dly. If you would have God come and dwell in your houses, you must *bid him welcome into your hearts*, for it is the heart that God looks for—the heart that God calls for. If you had a thousand houses, and should give them all to God, and bid him welcome into them all, if you should not give him your hearts, you would give him nothing. Where God shall not be a heart-guest, he will not be a house-guest. Plainly, thus. If you would have God to come to you, you must get him to be your friend, and then he will be sure to come; and how must that be done but by making Christ yours by a true and lively faith; closing with him, accepting of him, making him your friend, and then God in him will be your friend too. Is this work done, or is it not? If not, do it, and do it quickly, as you tender the welfare of your families; for till this be done in sincerity, God will never come near you nor your house either.

Christ is said to *dwell in the heart by faith.* Eph. iii. 17. Now when Christ dwells in the heart, then, and not till then, God will dwell in

the house. Now what say you to this? If you would have God come to you, you must come to him. Behold he calls you—do you come at his call, and then he will come at yours. Admit Christ into your hearts; put the key into his hands; let him have possession of every corner of it: for assure yourselves, you cannot have a better guest.

3dly. If you would have God come to your houses, you must *keep them clean swept from all sinful pollutions:* for what fellowship hath light with darkness, Christ with Belial, or God with sin? Sin is the only thing that God hates; and, therefore, he will have nothing to do with those hearts, with those houses, in which that is uppermost. Will you lodge the traitor, the rebel, in the best chamber, and then invite the Prince to your house? See Job xxii. 23.—*Thou shalt put away all iniquity far from thy tabernacle.* As you must not be wicked yourselves, so you must see that none of yours be wicked. You must use your authority with children and servants to keep them from sin.—Remember Eli: how dear the indulgence of his sons cost him; there is a terrible Scripture, (Prov. iii. 33,)—*the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.* —Those that are housekeepers, if they be sin-keepers, the curse of the eternal God (hear this

and tremble) will rest upon them, and their house. Will God dwell there, where drunkenness and uncleanness is; where cursing and swearing, where lying and Sabbath-breaking is? You know he will not, therefore, have nothing to do with *the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them,* especially in those that are under your charge, for to them you are reprovers by office. What hath God given you your authority for, but that you may use it against sin? Take pattern by holy Jacob (Gen. xxxv. 2.) He said unto his household, *Put away the strange gods that are among you;* and holy David in this psalm, (verses 3, 4, 5, 7,) which is called the householder's psalm—*I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside: it shall not cleave to me. A froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person. Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off: him that hath an high look, and a proud heart, will not I suffer. He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.*

4thly. If you would have God to dwell in your houses, *you must furnish them, and make them ready for his entertainment.* The Shunamite woman, when she would have the prophet

lodge under her roof, provided prophet's furniture for him, a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick; and then he turned in thither.

Now there are two things which you must set up, and keep up, in your house for God, if you would have him come and dwell with you; these are, A THRONE AND AN ALTAR.

1st. You must set up a *throne* for him. You, and your house, must be truly willing to be governed by him in every thing. For God will not dwell where he shall not rule. He will not be a guest, where he shall not be a king. Where he shall not be all in all, he will be nothing at all. Let not those expect his blessing that will not bear his yoke. God will have the uppermost place in the heart, and in the house too, or else he will have none; for God will come no where to be an underling. Now what say you to this? Are you willing to have him upon these terms? Will you promise that, by the grace of God, sin shall not rule you, the world shall not rule you? For, *no servant can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.* Luke xvi. 13. God will not come to that house where the love of the world reigns. I dare say he will not, for *the friends of the world are the enemies of God,* James iv. 4; and God's enemies will not have him to reign over

them, Luke xix.; and then, he will never come near them unless to their ruin.

2dly. You must set up an *altar* for him, and it must be a smoking altar. I mean this: if you would have God to dwell with you, you must set up and keep up, the daily worship of God in your families. He expects and requires a lamb in the morning, and a lamb in the evening. You know what was Joshua's resolution; *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.* Let it be your's. Pray with your families. Read the Scriptures to them, and sing Psalms. These are the three great family duties; and see that none of them be neglected. Which of them is not very profitable, and very comfortable? Take some time also to catechize your children and servants. Teach them the good knowledge of the Lord. God has committed them to your charge, and expects from you an account of them.

Remember also to make a business, and to make a conscience of family worship. Be diligent and serious in it. Consider what a God you have to deal with, and carry it accordingly in all your performances. Be careful to time duty aright. 'Tis usually the earlier the better, both morning and evening. Let not worldly affairs crowd family worship into a corner, or lead you

to omit any part of it, or to huddle it over slightly.

Especially be careful to sanctify the Sabbath in your houses as well as in church. The fourth commandment seems to be directed, especially to masters of families. *The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gate.* If thou be careful and conscientious in this matter, go on and prosper; and be assured that the Lord is with you.

5thly. If you would have God to dwell in your families, you must *be very careful in the performance of the duties of your family relations;* as superiors, inferiors, and equals, always remembering, that we are really what we are relatively. Study the law of the fifth commandment, and be obedient to it. There is great duty in the conjugal relation. The husband's duty is, to *love his wife even as himself.* The wife's duty is, to *be obedient to her husband in the Lord.* The duty of both is, to do all they can to help one another to heaven. To pray together, and be concerned for the welfare of one another's souls. Parents' duty is, to *bring up their children in the nurture and admonition*

of the Lord. Masters' duty is, to *give their servants that which is just and equal.* Children are to *obey their parents,* and servants their masters, *in the Lord.* These duties are often mentioned in the Epistles, to shew what stress God lays upon them. The great family duty is mutual love and unity. See Psalm cxxxiii.

To conclude. Now you see what you must do that you may have the presence of God with you in your houses. And, I think, in shewing you what kind of presence that is, I have said enough to persuade you to it. Now will you be persuaded? If *not,* take what follows—the curse of God.

If you *will,* be assured that God will certainly come to you, and take up his abode with you, be your house never so mean in this world; and you shall shortly go to him and take up your abode with him in a better world. *With which words comfort yourselves and one another.*

No. III.—Pages 22 & 46.

Account of the Death of the Rev. Matthew Henry, from Mrs. Savage's Diary.

1714. Tuesday, June 22. This day brings an affliction. We went, yesterday morning, to

Nantwich, to meet dear brother Henry in his return from Chester. When we came to Nantwich he had met with a fall, but no seeming hurt; said he was well, and hastened to chapel, which was filled with hearers, where he preached on Jeremiah xxxi. 18. *I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God.* (His farewell sermon as it proved.) He did not preach with that vigour he used to have; was something short, and afterwards, exceedingly heavy and sleepy. He was bled, but towards morning grew convulsed, and, about seven or eight o'clock, the immortal spirit took flight to the land of everlasting peace and rest, with very little extremity. He could spend and be spent, and now he has sealed it with his blood. Lord, what is man? If a hair falls not, sure a head, such a head, cannot fall without particular direction or disposal of our heavenly Father.—What is this that God has done unto us?—Well may it be said, *We are this day weak, our hands are feeble.*

Wednesday, June 23d.—I went to the place to take leave of the dear earthen vessel, in which was lodged such a treasure, and shall always

remember there was nothing of death to b
seen in his face, but rather something of
smile. How is the gold become dim, and th
fine gold changed!—That head, that hand s
fitted for service, now cold and moveless. Lord
what is man, the greatest, the best? When
God bids Moses go up and die on Mount Nebo
it is observable, he adds—*As Aaron thy brothe
was gathered to his people.* Sure this should
mind me of my own dissolution, as sprung from
the same good olive, and spending our childhood
together, in much comfort and pleasure, under
that dear and benign shadow. I have reason t
think he loved me the best of all his sisters, and
it is with satisfaction I think of the love I ha
for him, and the great unity that was among
us then, so that I do not remember one angr
or unkind word betwixt us. O how happy a
thing it is thus to dwell, and not to have the sti
of any unkindness in the reflection. Though
I well remember that I have thought my dea
mother had most tenderness and love for m
brother, yet I was so far from envying for h
sake, that I complied with her, and loved hi
with a pure heart fervently. I remember th
many cares and fears I had for him when h
was ill of a fever at London, at Mr. Doolittle'

* Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 9, &c.

and the strong cries and tears I offered in secret to my heavenly Father, accompanied with a purpose of a particular act of religion that I would be found in, if God should hear prayer for him, and spare him to us, greatly dreading how my dear parents could bear the stroke, when I saw them so afflicted for the death of Mr. Bosier,* his companion and friend. God was graciously pleased then to hearken to our petitions, and give him to us again; but, after a time, my good purposes (to my shame) proved abortive.

Friday, June 25th. We gathered up the mantle of this dear Elijah; took the dear remains to Chester, lodged them in the silent tomb—*the house appointed for all living.* We laid him in Trinity Church (by his dear first wife,) accompanied with a vast crowd, desiring to pay their tribute to his *blessed memory*, for so that of the just man is. Before we came from Nantwich, good Mr. Reynolds preached† in our chapel, from that text—*Well done, good and faithful servant.* He shewed that our Lord Jesus will certainly come again, and reward all his true and faithful servants, and those whom he blesseth, are blessed indeed. One inference,

* Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 12.

† The Sermon was printed.

I remember, (among many good ones) was, if our Lord does own and commend them, he will not be displeased with us for commending them, which, indeed, is comfortable, for this Demetrius had a *good report of all men*, and we cannot but *bear record*. May I not be slothful, but a follower of him in faith and holiness, that I may share with him in that blessed rest. We have no reason to weep for him, but for ourselves. Our sins have provoked God to put out this *burning and shining light*. As to the manner of his death (being on a journey and amongst strangers) I doubt not God had wise and holy ends in so ordering it. Sad, sad, sad tidings to his poor family.

Sabbath, June 27th. Mr. Mottershead* preached for dear brother — *My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.* God will own his faithful servants living and dying; the angels are fellow-servants with the saints, and will attend them, and guard the precious soul to the prepared mansions. Many of our good friends mourn with us. I desire to sit alone and keep silence. God's will be done, and he does all *well* and *wisely*.

I must not here omit what he himself spoke of to Mr. Illidge, last May, in London, with

* Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 159.

much affection, and said, it should be his particular saying or motto, "That a holy, heavenly life, spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most pleasant and comfortable life any one can live in this world."

Dear brother's sudden removal has deprived us of many excellent things that would no doubt have dropped from him; he only said once or twice, "I bless God I have inward supports." Another time he said, "Sin is bitter;" but his head was so soon seized, that it could not be expected, nor did he say one word of his dear wife and children.

What shall we say to these things? *The gold is become dim, and the fine gold changed.* I would be quickened to be doing my great work, because I know not but my great Master may come suddenly. O Lord, cause me to live as I would die. Methinks my heart is so full of this subject of dear brother, that I can scarce turn my thoughts or pen to any other. I trust the removal of such excellent ones will help more to familiarize death to me, and endear the heavenly glory.

The sabbath after, good Mr. Gardner, at Chester, had the same text with our Mr. Mottershead. Afterwards Mr. Worthington, his assistant, from those words of our dying Lord—

Weep not for me, but for yourselves, and your children. So I do, and shall. I am sometimes ready to say, I shall go to the grave mourning for him, especially for the sake of the young ones—the rising generation.

No. IV.—Page 50.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JAMES OWEN.

The Rev. James Owen was born November 1st, 1654, at Bryn, near Carmarthen, in South Wales.—His parents were persons of good repute, but his father being a steady royalist, they suffered much during the civil wars.

He was placed under the care of Mr. Picton, a Quaker, who instructed youth in Carmarthen Castle, and afterwards of Mr. Phillips, Master of the Free School, in the same town. While there, he studied accurately the elements of literature, and a very short time only had elapsed, before he was distinguished for uncommon industry and attainments. Such was his thirst for knowledge, that he neglected the usual recreations of youth, and spent in close study those hours which are commonly devoted to amusement.

It was when at school, that his mind was divinely impressed with the importance of scriptural truth, and from that period his path was adorned, as might be expected, with the graces of Christianity. His choice led him to the work of the ministry; and his generous father, though surrounded by a large family, and limited in his pecuniary resources, readily acquiesced; for he discovered in his son, at that period, a clearness of perception, a solidity of judgment, and a fondness for books, which being connected with a seriousness of disposition, presaged considerable usefulness in the sacred office.

When his classical studies were completed, he went for instruction in academical learning, to Brynllwarch, in Glamorganshire, the residence of the Reverend and learned Samuel Jones,* under whom he obtained a competent acquaintance, as well with philosophy, as with theological and other science.

After he left Brynllwarch, he spent several months with his god-father, the Reverend James Howell, a clergyman, and nephew to the author of "Familiar Letters." It was while resident with him that he studied with great attention, the controversy then so warmly agitated respecting Conformity; and, owing to some conscientious

* Noncon. Mem. vol. iii. p. 501.

scruples, began to express himself favourably as to the views of Protestant Dissenters. Many arguments were urged by his parents (who were inviolably attached to the Established Church), by Mr. Howell, and by other valuable friends, in favour of Conformity. The Dissenters, he knew, were not only despised, but surrounded by numerous and powerful opponents, and that by espousing their cause, he could only expect disgrace and poverty. But the objections he entertained, being of a nature not to be affected by pecuniary considerations, and all arguments failing to convince his judgment, after mature deliberation, he entered upon ministerial labours among that persecuted body.

He commenced his professional career at Swansea, as assistant to the Rev. Stephen Hughes,* but was speedily so harrassed for nonconformity, as to be obliged to seek an asylum, which, for a season, he found at Bodwell in Carnarvonshire. While disengaged from public work, he usually studied sixteen hours daily.

In the year 1676, he was invited to Sweeney, near Oswestry, in Shropshire; where, after preaching some time with encouraging acceptance, he was ordained. From this time he laboured increasingly to spread divine know-

* Noncon. Mem. vol. iii. p. 498.

ledge; in consequence of which, persecuting zeal attacked him with renewed violence. He was apprehended for preaching, and committed, with many of his hearers, to Caerwys gaol. The imprisonment, owing to particular circumstances, was deemed illegal, and he was advised to seek redress; on hearing which, the magistrate who signed his mittimus, was so much alarmed, as to order his immediate discharge. But no arguments could induce Mr. Owen to improve this advantage against his adversary. He preferred a humble reference of his cause to the supreme Avenger of wrongs. When, however, his love of peace was discovered by the magistrate, he ungratefully fined him and his fellow-prisoners; and the sum not being paid, their houses were plundered, and their goods seized and sold.

From Sweeney he removed, in the year 1679, to Oswestry. In this place he continued many years, enduring much afflictive persecution, and preaching, statedly, with little encouragement to a small congregation. He diligently endeavoured to diffuse through the dark corners of Wales, the cheering light of religion: but opposition kept pace with his labour, and in many instances, he fulfilled his duty at the hazard of his life.

Who can help lamenting the evils of intolerance and bigotry? Where is the ingenuous mind that is not afflicted by a contemplation of the persecuted among any religious denomination, especially where their sufferings originate, as in Mr. Owen's case, in a difference of opinion as to the mere circumstantials of religion? The observation of the late noble Earl Mansfield deserves to be remembered; "There is nothing, certainly, more unreasonable, (said he,) more inconsistent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion, more iniquitous and unjust, more impolitic, than persecution. It is against natural religion, revealed religion, and sound policy."* As Britons, we may rejoice that our favoured country is delivered from the prodigious evil. Mildness, justice, and toleration, have ascended the throne. There may they reign for ever!

Mr. Owen's settlement at Oswestry, introduced him to the acquaintance of that great and good man, Mr. Philip Henry. By him he was early noticed, received to particular intimacy, and confirmed in those principles of moderation

* Lord Mansfield's Speech in the House of Lords, in the case of the Chamberlain of London, against Allen Evans, Esq. See the Appendix to Furneaux's Letters, p. 278.

and candour, for which the Henry family are, to this day, so eminent.

His learning, piety, and exertions, tended to spread his reputation, and he became very popular. His counsel was sought, and his judgment, on difficult points, much valued. He was noticed by some of the principal families in the county; and when he was properly known, his society, always instructive and pleasing, was much prized. This was the case, particularly, as to the ancient and honourable family at Boreatton, near Shrewsbury.

The year 1681 was a memorable epoch in the life of Mr. Owen. Doctor William Lloyd, the excellent and learned Bishop of St. Asaph, (afterwards of Worcester,) being an avowed enemy to persecution, endeavoured, by mild persuasions, to remove the scruples entertained by Dissenters against conformity. For this end he visited most of the principal towns in his diocese, and, among the rest, Oswestry. After several conferences with Mr. Owen in private, his Lordship appointed Tuesday, the 27th of September, for a public disputation with him in the Town Hall there: to give an account, by what right he exercised his ministry, not having had episcopal ordination. The celebrated Mr. Henry Dodwell attended with the Bishop, and Mr.

Philip Henry, and Mr. Jonathan Roberts,* of Llanfair, in Denbighshire, with Mr. Owen. Many of the clergy and gentry of the county, the magistrates of the town, and a considerable number of other persons, assembled on the occasion. The discourse began about two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till between seven and eight at night. His Lordship managed his part of the debate with great gravity and calmness; and though the meeting proved unavailing, as it respected the grand object, yet it tended to soften prejudices, and promote the important purposes of Christian charity.

In the year 1699, Mr. Owen was urgently invited to Manchester and Shrewsbury; but after much deliberation he preferred the latter, and accordingly removed thither to assist the Rev. Francis Tallents,† and to superintend the education of young men for the ministry. This was the last sphere in which he moved: and here he gave additional evidence, that religion, far from being inconsistent with extensive learning, or opposed to moral excellence, is that which, while it sanctifies the one, is by its

* Life of Philip Henry, ut supra, p. 276.

† This learned and valuable Minister was ejected by the Act of Uniformity, from St. Mary's Church, in Shrewsbury. Noncon. Mem. vol. iii. p. 153; and Matthew Henry's sermon on his death, Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 771.

sacred principles, and inexpressibly glorious prospects, the legitimate and fruitful source of the other.

Possessed, naturally, of superior abilities, industrious in the pursuit of learning, and also a careful redeemer of time, it is not surprising that his literary acquirements were solid and extensive. With his native language, the Welsh, he was critically acquainted, and wrote in it several treatises. His knowledge of the English, considering the age in which he lived, was no less correct. When young he was familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and, without the aid of a living instructor, made creditable progress in the Arabic, Syriac, Saxon, and French languages. With history, especially that of the church, he was very conversant, as also with the fathers; and he epitomised, both in Greek and Latin, many of their works. Indeed, whether the writers he studied were Christian or Pagan, he noted and borrowed whatever was good, whatever evidenced a love of truth and virtue; and he aimed, in the mean while, to make all the improvements of his understanding, and all the treasures of his memory, subservient to the purification of his heart. But after all his classical pursuits, he was principally indebted to the Bible for his advances in knowledge; and such

was his veneration for the sacred Scriptures, that he committed the greatest part of them to memory. In the Volume of Inspiration he beheld, with the highest intellectual and spiritual pleasure, the "glory of the Lord," and therefore, studied it with adoring attention. Herein he resembled the angels. To them the Gospel has unspeakable charms; and prompted by ardent curiosity, they divert their eyes from celestial splendour, to gaze upon its mysterious light. *Which things the angels desire to look into*—stoop or bend downward, in order to study intensely.

Mr. Owen displayed, in his life and general deportment, the reality and excellence of those principles by which he was governed. He was a man of great moderation, activity, and usefulness; a bold but mild reprover of sin; cautious in the choice of companions, and highly edifying in the strain of his conversation.—Rich in good works, he uniformly appropriated the tenth part of his yearly income to charitable purposes, to which further expressions of his liberality were occasionally added. Like a genuine philanthropist, he industriously concealed his beneficence, and drew a veil before his charity, which those who were nearest could scarcely penetrate. His family order was highly exemplary. He would

not suffer his domestics to speak of secular and common things on the Lord's day. When any occurrence of that nature happened, he would say, with pious indignation,—*Leave these things till to-morrow*—and then observe—that *one of the first evidences of a gracious work upon the heart is a conscientious regard to the Sabbath.*

In the conjugal relation he was affectionate, and tender.

As he was a learned and devoted minister, so he was a peaceable and loyal subject, and he neglected not to seize opportunities of inculcating the duties of subordination and obedience to existing authorities. "Princes," he would say, "are terrestrial gods. They partake, in some measure, of the divine perfections; are illustrated with some beams of the excellent glory. Their persons are sacred, and have visible characters of majesty upon them. Dominion over creatures of an inferior rank is part of God's image upon man. Dominion over man is a more excellent resemblance of God, the supreme rector of the world. They are honourable ministers of the eternal King, deputed by him, and intrusted with the government of this lower world: hence subjects are required to honour them next to God. The life of all society is order, and subordination to lawful

rulers. It is as just to pay tribute unto them, as to pay any debts to our fellow-subjects. To wrong the king of his just dues, is the greatest injustice, for it is a public wrong, and the king is disabled thereby from giving necessary protection to his people. It is but just he should have part of our estates, who, under God, defends the whole."

Though Mr. Owen was a dissenter, he was not, therefore, estranged from the established clergy, but sincerely valued and respected them. A particular sect did not form the boundary of his charity. He regarded the *communion of saints* as a subject to be *enjoyed*, as well as professed; and saints, wherever found, were the objects of his warmest affection. While he conscientiously objected to episcopal ordination, he did not revile or condemn those who felt no such scruples, but gave them credit for acting as conscientiously and uprightly as himself, and ever defended them against the cavils of bigotry. Nor did he forbear to urge their claims to suitable support.

As a minister, Mr. Owen was able and faithful. His sermons were plain, judicious, pathetic, and well studied. His manner of preaching was free, natural, and grave; and his matter seasonable and convincing.

He discharged the office of a tutor, with distinguished ability. In the discipline of the academy order reigned. To the students he was easy of access, affable, and communicative. His labours to increase their knowledge, and promote among them true piety, were indefatigable. He endeavoured to impress on their minds the conviction he felt, that "When a minister wants purity, and becoming gravity, his character can never rise to that dignity of virtue which begets esteem and authority, which gives weight to his instructions, and influence to his example." The plan adopted in the seminary was as follows:

In the morning, about six o'clock in summer, and seven in winter, the students were called to prayer. A small fine was imposed on absentees (unless a sufficient reason was assigned); the money so raised was either given to the poor, or laid out to increase the library. After a short prayer, a chapter was read by Mr. Owen, six or seven verses of which he expounded, paying particular regard to the original text, which he critically examined. A psalm was then sung out of Tate and Brady's version; after which one of the students prayed. Mr. Owen was very exact in his directions to them relative to prayer, and would exhort them to frequent

reading of the Scriptures, that their memories might be well furnished with inspired language, which he thought most fit to be used, as much as may be, in that Christian duty. He also pressed a diligent perusal of Bishop Wilkins' Gift of Prayer.

About nine o'clock he began to read lectures, which he did daily to each class. The authors used were — In *Logic*, Burgersdicius, Hereboord, Ramus. — In *Metaphysics*, Fromenius, Eustachius, Baronius.—*Physics*, Le Clerc, Du Hamel.—In *Geometry*, Pardie's Elements, Euclid.—In *Astronomy*, Gassendus.—In *Chronology*, Strauchius.—In *Ecclesiastical History*, Spanhemius. — In *Theology*, Wollebius, and Byssenius's Abstract of Turretine. Each class was examined closely, and a familiar explanation given, in Latin, of whatever needed remark.

In the evening, the same rules were observed as in the morning. Public disputations were held once a week, when each class had a question for discussion.

On particular occasions, as November 5th, orations were made, and poetry recited, in Latin and English.

We have seen how Mr. Owen lived; how diligently, how honourably, how faithfully he improved for the benefit of man, and to the

glory of his great Master, the various talents with which he was intrusted. It remains only to notice his latter end; and in it Solomon's observation was fully realized—*The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* In this lower world he had, indeed, shone brightly, his genial influence had imparted warmth and light to many; but at the meridian his sun suddenly went down, to rise and break forth amid the splendour of a glorious immortality;—to our lower world, however, this occasioned a gloomy scene.

Unceasing exertions, and sedentary habits, brought on the stone, which for thirty years had afflicted him, and thereby injured his constitution, so that he became an easy prey to the last enemy. The fatal attack commenced while preparing to go to preach a short distance from Shrewsbury, and prevented the journey. Dr. Hollings, an eminent physician, attended him, but all means proved ineffectual. Neither the tears of mourning relatives, nor the earnest desires of multitudes, by whom his life was valued, nor the fervent prayers of his afflicted congregation, could obtain a longer reprieve. He met the king of terrors with dignified fortitude, and meek composure. Having assembled his weep-

ing family, he affectionately addressed them— *I would not for ten thousand worlds but have lived as I did; now I have the blessed comfort of it, and would not, for a world, be without those divine joys, which refresh my soul.* On his beloved children, he tenderly urged the study of the Scriptures, and prayer. *Speak nothing*, he added, *to the Supreme Being without serious premeditation, and take heed you do not pour out any crude and indigested expressions before him.* He recommended humility to the students as their brightest ornament. One of them who had behaved improperly, coming near to him, said, *Sir, will you forgive me?* He took him by the hand, and, with a smiling aspect, said, *Forgive thee, child? Aye, and pray for thee. Be not, as Esau, the bad son of a good father. Be holy, humble, and diligent.*

His pain was severe, but the conflict was short. He anticipated the heavenly reward, and died in peace, April 8th, 1706, aged 52.

> ———"His pilgrimage of trial o'er,
> He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more."*

Many did him honour at his death, and, with great lamentation, witnessed his interment, April 11th, in St. Chad's church.

* Montgomery's World before the Flood. Canto iv.

Mrs. Savage's Diary thus records the event. "Monday, April 8th. This day died my worthy friend Mr. Owen, of Shrewsbury. He was minister of the dissenting congregation there, as assistant to Mr. Tallents. He was a great scholar, and a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He had only a small handful of people at Oswestry. There, between high conformists on one side, and high dissenters on the other, he had a difficult post. He was often buffeted on each side, yet enabled by God, so to weather the point as to keep a good conscience; he so approved himself in the sight of God and man. He was one who preached upon occasion of my dear father's death. His text was—*My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof! and he saw him no more, &c.* Now we may say so of him. We have the treasure in earthen vessels—but Jesus Christ is still the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

"On Thursday he was buried. The dear remains (still united to Christ) were laid up in the grave, as in a safe repository, till the great gathering, when not one particle shall be lost. My brother preached the funeral sermon* from Acts xx. 38."

* This sermon was printed. See Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 735.

Mr. Owen was the author of several publications (a list of which is given in the life before alluded to), but the most considerable seem to have been "A Plea for Scripture Ordination," and the "History of the Consecration of Altars, &c." After his death was published his "History of Images and Image Worship," a work of considerable labour and research.

A painting of Mr. Owen is in the author's possession.

No. V. — Page 71.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. RADFORD, BY HER BROTHER THE REVEREND MATTHEW HENRY.

[From a Copy in Mrs. Savage's Hand-Writing.]

Eleanor, the third daughter of Mr. Philip Henry, was born at Broad Oak, July 23d, 1667, being Tuesday. Her father writes in his memorandum of it, "Blessed be God, who was present in the time of need."

She was baptized privately, July 27th, by Mr. Jonathan Edwards, of Jesus College, in Oxford.

Her natural temper, from a child, was timorous.

She had her name Eleanor appointed her by the last will of her grandfather, who died half a year before she was born.

While she was a child, she had frequent illness, which the Lord graciously brought her through. She was of a very tender, loving, and towardly disposition, and became acquainted betimes with the things of God, of which, through her great modesty and self-diffidence, she was not very forward to express herself, but very sincere and industrious in her converse with them.

She began early to write sermons, and the daily family expositions of the Scripture, and what she wrote she made use of; for while she lived in her daily reading of the Scriptures, in her closet, she read along with them the expositions she had written. She gathered, in writing, what she thought observable in the books she read, or in the papers communicated to her, and kept it together.

She was married to Mr. Samuel Radford, a tradesman in Chester, January 1st, 1688-9; and as by the grace of God, she was enabled to do the duty of, so she had abundance of comfort in, that relation.

What account we can find among her papers since her death, concerning her spiritual state, and her communion with God, is only a constant register which she kept of all her approaches to the Lord's Supper. She made her first approach

in the seventeenth year of her age, and then writes thus:

"I was advised by my father to put these three questions to myself, for my help in preparation, and to examine myself upon them. What am I? What have I done? and, What do I want? And by these three questions I did search and try myself, according to my weak ability, and what was amiss therein I humbly beg of God to pardon.

"*Question 1st.* WHAT AM I? Am I in a state of sin, or in a state of grace; a child of God, or a child of the devil? Have I renounced *all* for Christ?

"*Answer.* I hope I can say, in the truth and uprightness of my soul, that I have renounced all my sins, and taken Jesus Christ to be mine, and given up myself to him to be his.

"*Question 2d.* WHAT HAVE I DONE?

"*Answer.* God knows, and my own conscience knows, how greatly I have sinned against, and provoked, the pure eyes of his glory.

"1. The sin of my nature testifies against me, and I desire to testify against it. Lord, forgive the sinfulness of my nature.

"2. The numberless number of actual transgressions which I have been guilty of.

"In *thought:* Which of the commandments have I not broken? Who can understand my heart sins?

"In *word:* Telling untruths—some, since I have known to do better. I am convinced that my vain and idle words must come into judgment, and my idle unprofitable letters too.

"In *deed: Omitting known duties.* I have not been so frequent and constant as I should have been, in the duty of secret prayer; in reading God's word, and singing his praises alone. *Committing known sins.* I have not carried it aright towards my relations, superiors, inferiors, and equals. I have not been diligent to use my uttermost endeavours, as I should have done, for the salvation of the souls of those with whom I have conversed. I have always had too good an opinion of myself. Lord, humble me for my pride. I have enjoyed great means of knowledge, and yet am very ignorant of what I might, and should have known. I have often quenched the motions of the Spirit, and not hearkened to the voice of my own conscience. *Lord, who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.* My sins have been more aggravated than the sins of others, having been committed against

light and conviction—Having drawn up this bill of indictment against myself, next comes in,

"*Question 3d.* WHAT DO I WANT?

"1. I want pardon for these, and all my sins.

"2. An interest in Christ, as my Redeemer and Saviour.

"3. I want to have my strong corruptions weakened;

"4. And my weak graces strengthened.

"These, and many more, I expect, and desire, to have supplied at the Lord's table.

"The Lord will supply all my wants out of his fulness. Amen. I was admitted to the Lord's table this February 17th, 1683-4, where I felt unspeakable sweetness; then and there the knot was tied, and the bargain made, which I would not release for a thousand worlds. I desire from the bottom of my soul, to bless God that ever I knew the meaning of a sacrament. I have this day felt that in my soul, which did much warm and refresh me, namely, a full persuasion of the love of God to me, and I desire to love him better than ever. I have heartily closed with him to-day: my soul hath said—*None but Christ—None but Christ*—The Lord make my heart more and more sound herein. The exhortation was that of Christ's, *Go and sin no more.*"

On the next opportunity she writes; "I came away greatly comforted, and more sensible of the love of Christ to me, and I hope I shall have cause to bless God for this day as long as I have a day to live. The exhortation was Psalm lvi. 13. *Thou hast delivered my soul from death, wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling?* He that hath done the greater will do the lesser."

On another: "This was a price put into my hand to get wisdom. Blessed be God. The duty pressed was—to continue with Christ in his temptation: the Lord help me so to do."

"Another precious day of grace. I was a guest at the blessed table, and must say, as Mephibosheth—*Who am I that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?*"

"Another sweet opportunity, wherein I have, as well as poor I could, given myself to God wholly, only, and for ever. Amen."

On another: "I have to-day, by the unspeakable goodness of my God to me, come away from his table with abundant consolations and satisfaction, because I hope I am in Christ Jesus. I am grieved that I walk no more closely with God. O that the sweetness I have found to-day may engage me to more watchfulness. I have this day, with an eye of faith,

seen the great love of Christ to me; I tasted it, and was refreshed. Blessed be God, I had a comfortable day of it; I endeavoured to set faith on work, and came away comforted."

At another time: "A sweet opportunity; the duty pressed was, *Arm yourselves, likewise, with the same mind.*"

At another: "A wonder of mercy, that I, who am not worthy of a crumb from the table, should be admitted to sit at it, and feast, not only with, but upon the Lord. How is it? I have renewed my covenant afresh with him, and deliberately chosen him for my treasure; and now, I bless God, I count the world, and all things on this side *him*, but trash."

"Another precious opportunity. The duty pressed was, *to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling.* The Lord help me in it, *and work in me both to will and to do.*"

At another: "From Phil. iv. 1, *so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.*"

At another: "The exhortation was from Ps. cxvi. 16, *Truly I am thy servant.*"

At another: "From 1 Samuel xii. 24, *Only fear the Lord.*"

At another: "From Romans xii. 1, *Present your bodies a living sacrifice.*"

At another: "This was an avouching day:

I did afresh take God to be mine. The Scripture closed with was Deut. xxvi. 17, *Thou hast avouched the Lord.*"

At another: "Job x. 15, *If I be wicked, woe to* me. Woe, and a thousand woes to me, if *I* be wicked. *I* that have known more, and professed more, and been more convinced than others. *I* that have had so many mercies from God, and so oft renewed my covenants with him. If *I* be wicked, and must go to hell at last (as all that are wicked must,) it will be hell indeed to *me.*"

At another time: "I was minded of that great duty, in *all my ways to acknowledge God,* from Prov. iii. 6."

"I was exhorted from Hebrews xii. 1, to *lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth most easily beset me.*

"From 1 John i. 12, *Not to sin.*

"From Psalm xxxi. 23, *To love the Lord.*

"From Rom. viii. 1, *To walk after the Spirit.*

"From 1 Cor. xv. 58, *To abound in the work of the Lord.*

"From 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, *To live to Christ.*

"From 1 Thess. iv. 1, *To walk so as to please God.*

"From Colos. iii. 1, 2, 3, *To seek the things above.*

"From 2 Peter iii. 18, *To grow in grace.*

"From Ephes. v 15, 16, *To walk circumspectly.*

"From Ephes. iv. *22, 23, To put off the old man, and to put on the new man.* I hope I have done that to-day, which I shall have cause to bless God for to eternity.

"From 1 Cor. x. 12, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*

"A sealing day; the Lord did accept, and pardon. I did endeavour to give myself to Christ, deliberately, sincerely, freely, and, it shall be, for ever. The Lord keep it always in the imagination of the thoughts of my heart, and establish my way before him."

At another: "The exhortation was, from 1 Peter i. 13, *Gird up the loins of your mind.* It was a sweet opportunity. What I have in hand is nothing to what I have in hope. *Not unto me, O Lord, but to thy name be the praise.* I had the comfort; God shall have the glory." At another: "1 Peter i. *22, Love one another.* I was dead and cold at the ordinance, I would endeavour to make up what was amiss by after diligence. The Lord set in with me."

"2 Samuel xxiii. 5.—*Yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant.* I did afresh take God the Father to be my chiefest good and

highest end; God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour; God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide, and Comforter; God's Word to be my rule in all my actions, and his people to be my people in all conditions. The exhortation was, to join in the angels' song, Luke ii. 14, *Glory to God in the highest.*"

Thus far before she was married.

At another time—"The exhortation was, Ps. lxxxv. 8, *Not to return again to folly.* All sin is folly, but sin, after God hath spoken peace, is folly with a witness."

At another time: "From Hosea xiv. 8, *To have no more to do with idols.*—From Psalm xxiii. 6, *To dwell in the house of the Lord.*—From Colos. ii. 6, 7, *To walk in Christ with thanksgiving.*—From Isa. ii. 5, 6, *Walk in the light of the Lord;* that is, 1st. to walk closely in my family, in my shop.—2d. To walk comfortably; for God would have his people a comfortable people. From John viii. 10, *To go and sin no more.*"

At another: "I was very dull and drowsy some part of the time, but came away rejoicing that I had what I came for. The Lord help me to be the more busy after. The Scripture closed with was Romans vi. 12."

At another: "the exortation was from 1 Peter

ii. 9. *To shew forth the praises of him who hath called us.*"

"From Joshua xxiv. 21, 22, 23, *Ye are witnesses.*"

"From Deut. xxix. 9, *Keep the words of this covenant.*"

"From Gen. xxix. 1, *Then Jacob went on his way. Margin,* then Jacob *lift up his feet;* when he had that view of God, chap. xxviii. 12, and made that vow to God, chap. xxviii. 20, *then* he lift up his feet."

"From Jer. xiii. 11. *To be unto him for a name and for a praise,* and, therefore, to abstain from those things which make a dishonour and disgrace to God, and to abound in those things which are for his honour."

"From Eccl. viii. 11, *Keep the king's commandment, because of the oath of God.*"

"From 2 Timothy ii. 3, *To endure hardness.*"

"From 2 Chron. xv. 14, 15, *To seek with my whole heart.* The Lord grant that the impressions of this ordinance may not wear off."

"From 1 Cor. v. 11, *To purge out the old leaven.*"

"From Daniel xii. 13, *Go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest.*"

The last she received was July 4th, 1697. "The exhortation was from the practice of the

eunuch, Acts viii. 39, *He went on his way rejoicing.*"

These are some of the Memorandums she kept of these opportunities.

In her letters to her sisters there are many very savoury, pious expressions, that speak what her heart was full of.

"This is the world of troubles and disappointments. I never saw so much of it as now. I desire your prayers for me, that I may be weaned from it more and more.

"I desire to be content in the place where God hath set me. O that I had wisdom to do the duty of it. I see we must not have every thing that we would have in this world."

She was seized with a fever, as it proved, though little suspected of several days, August 1st, 1697.

In the beginning of her illness she often expressed an entire submission to the will of God, however he should please to dispose of her.

It was the ninth or tenth day of her illness before it appeared perilous, and then it grew violent, and seized her head.

She breathed out her soul into the embraces

of the Lord Jesus, August 13th, being Friday, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

She was buried in St. Michael's Church, Chester, August 16th, being Monday.

Mr. James Owen preached her funeral sermon that evening, at her brother's meeting-place, on Rev. ii. 7, *To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MRS. HULTON,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE REV. PHILIP HENRY, A. M.

BY HER BROTHER,

MATTHEW HENRY V.D.M.

. . . . "She was born from Heaven,
Fulfilled her visit, and returned on high."

DR. WATTS.

PREFACE.

THE favourable reception given to Memoirs of Mrs. Savage, has induced the compiler of that volume to give publicity to the following sheets. They contain a memorial of one of the same renowned family, and are calculated, with the Divine blessing, for general edification.

It may be necessary to state, that the manuscript was written by Mrs. Hulton's brother, the Rev. Matthew Henry, for private circulation, accompanied with a Preface by the Rev. James Owen.* Mr. Henry, though strongly urged, could not be prevailed on to publish the narrative: having printed the well-known Life of his father, Mr. Philip Henry, he, according to tradition, deemed any attempt to increase the notoriety of his family inconsistent with modesty.

* For a Memoir of Mr. Owen, see Memoirs of Mrs. Savage, Appendix IV.

The manuscript has, therefore, hitherto remained in obscurity.

The following extracts from the preface by Mr. Owen, (who was Mrs. Hulton's friend) will not, it is hoped, be unacceptable to the reader.

"The picture exhibited in the following papers is for the instruction of the mind, and not the gratifying of the sight;—it is for imitation, not for ornament. It represents the hidden man of the heart, and not the outward countenance. It is the natural delineation of the new creature, not an artificial painting.

"It was drawn for the use only of some near relations who desire the memorial of those with whom they took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company."

Mrs. Hulton, and her sister Mrs. Radford,* died within a few weeks of each other, and within little more than a year of their eminent father, Mr. Philip Henry, whose most excellent Life has been lately made public. As a star of the first magnitude shines brighter by being attended with lesser lights originally kindled by its beams, so now by their natural relation and aspect they are happily formed into a glorious constellation.

The subsequent account, which for substance is extracted out of her own papers, is a signal

* See Memoirs of Mrs. Savage, Appendix V.

instance of the advantage and blessing of a religious education. She was planted in a fruitful soil, and being daily watered with the dews of heaven, grew up into a tree of righteousness, which the Lord hath greatly blessed, and soon transplanted into the Paradise of God. Her early acquaintance with the divine oracles made her wise unto salvation, directed her to repeat Mary's choice, and to regulate her conversation by that sacred volume of which she had a complete exposition, of her own writing, taken from her judicious father's mouth in the constant and unremitted course of his family worship.

I know not whether the children were more happy in having such parents, or the parents in having such children: they travailed of them in birth again till Christ was formed in them. What by their alternate instructions, prudent conduct, heavenly example, and powerful intercessions for them, they were the happy instruments of their regeneration, and beheld, with holy delight, their spiritual offspring. Happy are those parents that have their quiver full of such arrows.

This short narrative may be of use both to *young* people,—to engage them in early piety; and to *parents*,—to encourage them to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition

of the Lord; for faithful is he who hath promised that such that are trained up in the way they should go, shall not depart from it.

There is no failure on God's part in performing the promises, but the failure is on our part in the performance of duty. Let God be true, and every man a liar. If children miscarry, parents must charge themselves, either with the neglect of due instruction, or just correction, or with a defect of prudence in conduct, exactness in conversation, strictness in oversight of them—or a tender regard to their spiritual welfare in disposing them to worldly settlements.

Some one or more of these causes usually have an influence upon their degeneracy. It is sad that worldly considerations should sway so much with many (shall I call them *Christian* parents?) to expose their children to almost invincible temptations, by settling them in profane and prayerless families.

A seeming comfortable disposition in this world sways more with them than the everlasting concerns of their immortal souls.

They postpone their eternal welfare to the temporal conveniencies of this present life. Ye fond parents, ye go a very preposterous way to work; you would make sure of the world for them, and hope for grace; whereas you should

first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness for them, and other things will be added to them. Let piety be the *chief* thing in your eye in the disposal of them, if you would have them do well for *this world.*

How many have I known, who, by overlooking Religion, and grasping at secular advantage for their children, have, to their sorrow, lived to see them ruined for this, and the other world. Their spiritual welfare was what they could not promise themselves, therefore the disappointment was less, but the prejudice infinitely greater: their temporal welfare, at which they principally aimed, issued in the greater disappointment; and though the prejudice be the less, it is the more afflictive because more sensibly felt, and accompanied with the guilt of being accessary to their spiritual and eternal undoing.

Let me intreat you, tender parents, for the Lord's sake, for your own sakes, and for your children's sakes, when you put them to calling, to place them in such families as may improve them in the high and holy calling of a Christian.

And when you dispose of them in marriage, dispose of them to such meet-helps as that they may draw equally in the yoke of Christ; and if you must needs make some disagreeable allowances, let it be in the smaller things of this

world, and not in the greater things of Religion. Reckon that child well portioned indeed who hath chosen God for its portion. An interest in the everlasting covenant is the best inheritance you can leave them. Riches are transient and uncertain things; and the abundance of them contributes more to the miseries of a future life than to the happiness of this.

The more you covet of this world for your children, the more difficulties you perplex their salvation with, for the Divine Author of it assures us, that *a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

If you desire their present and future happiness, train them up in the ways of serious piety, and settle them in religious families; for "godliness hath the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come!!"

J. B. WILLIAMS.

Swan Hill, Shrewsbury,
Oct. 8, 1819.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. HULTON.

ANN, the youngest daughter of Mr. Philip Henry, was born at Broad Oak, November 25th, 1668; she was baptized by her father privately. When she was about a year old, she was sick and nigh unto death of an ague, on which he notes, "that she was freely given up to the will of God. Lord, do thy pleasure with me and mine, but contend not with a dry leaf."

He hath noted another ill fit she had when about a year and a half old, and adds, "No sooner doth any thing ail my children but I am presently thinking it is for death. My own guilt, and sense of my unworthiness, causes such misgivings, 1 Kings xvii. 18, but God is good."

She gave very early indications of a sweet and towardly diposition, and an aptness to learn above most of her sex and age, which induced her father, after she had learned to read English well, before she began to sew, to initiate her in

the Latin tongue, which she took very easily, but made no great progress in in.

From a child she knew the Holy Scriptures, and read them with delight; spoke intelligently of Scripture stories, and was betimes, as soon as she grew to any capacity, very well affected and inclined to the exercises of piety and devotion.

Yet in her own reflections upon her childhood, (written in the year 1688,) though she blesses God for the advantages of a good education, she bewails that the cursed fountain of original sin soon bubbled up. "My childhood and youth" (saith she) "were sinning vanity. I can remember nothing that I did in the world for many years, much less my sins; but when I now see what follies other children are guilty of, I have no reason to think that I came behind them therein." She accuses herself of loving play, and being froward: though few of her age were more mild and tractable, and loved work and a book better than she did.

She soon made her Catechism very familiar to her, and loved to hear and ask questions concerning the things of God. Before seven years old, she learnt to bear her part in the repetitions of the heads of sermons in the family, having the happiness of a very quick understanding, and a good memory.

When she was about eleven years old, she began to write sermons, and continued it all her days. What she wrote was good sense, well spelled, and the substance of a discourse. She kept her sermon-books very carefully, and in good order; she very frequently looked over and conversed with what she had written long before. Read under her own hand the account of the days of her youth.—"I soon learned" (saith she) "a course of external duties, and was pleased with the bare performance of the duty without looking at the *manner* how it was done; but at length it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, to call me by his grace and reveal his Son in me. I cannot be punctual as to the *time*, but rather desire to make sure the *thing*. The merciful circumstances of this good work were, that it was done early in my days, and not attended with such pangs and terrors as some others endure. The Spirit of God convinced me and wrought on me by degrees. Many a time hath God spoken to me in a still small voice, and therein he considered my frame, but the less fine was paid at first, the greater rent I must expect to sit upon afterwards; perhaps the least terror the more doubts afterwards. I might tell (saith she) long stories of the goodness of God in discovering to me the

infinite evil of sin, giving me to mourn over it, quickening me to duty, especially to make sure work about my *foundation*, enabling me to close sincerely with Jesus Christ, which I think I have done as well as I could, though never so well as I would. When God gave me some enlargements in holy duties, I rested much in them, and counted upon comfort and assurance; when, alas! I was not at all ready for it. But oftentimes my secret duties were more long than fervent; more external than internal." She complained to one of her sisters long after, that she found it was possible to lose much time even in the closet. Those that were intimate with her, could not however, but observe, not only how constant she was to secret worship, and how she abounded in it, but what a discernible pleasure and delight she took in it.

In the sixteenth year of her age, she was admitted to the Lord's Supper, February, 1684, and with a great deal of satisfaction both to herself and her father, joined herself to the Lord in an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten. After the second time of her approach to that ordinance, she made this remark of her spiritual state. "I now fell into a very dull and lifeless frame. Drowsiness prevailed much: it was very grievous to me, and after many foils by it, I

resolved, with tears, never to yield to it. How I got out of this frame I cannot tell, but this I know—that it was the work of the grace of God. It was a great hindrance to my progress in religion, that I did not open the case of my soul to those that were able to advise me; which proceeded from my reservedness, and has cost me dear. But this I did seriously promise to one that will be a witness against me if I lie, that whereas there are those who make excuses for non-attendance at the Gospel feast, I will not be excused." Afterwards she thus writes—"I was very full of complaints, and empty of praises. I had great supports, but few suavities; some sweet sabbaths and sacraments, but very many damps to my joys. Sin was exceedingly odious to me, and I remembered, with shame, how I had stifled convictions, and how careless and indifferent I had been in matters of religion; how pride and passion had most easily beset me; and how often God had called by his word and I would not hear. The place where I was planted was a vineyard, but it grieved me to think how I had cumbered the ground by my barrenness; yea, brought forth wild grapes by relative miscarriages, and other sins, both of omission and commission; blessed be God that which I did I allowed not; with my mind I

served the law of God, and delighted in it after the inner man. I esteemed holiness above any thing in the world, and had chosen God for my portion. I smarted greatly for some tongue-sins: some untrue words, though not devised, yet spoken in haste, through inadvertency, were as a sharp sword in my bowels, and my bones were broken through my own carelessness. The spirit of bondage long prevailed sadly; it cannot be expressed what straightness of spirit I found; how the wings of faith were clipt, and how the tempter conquered me. But when the sorrow of my spirit even tied my tongue, yet I loved to be alone before God, to be looked on by him; and many a time hath he had pity. I cannot say that ever he was wanting to me, but made all grace to abound towards me. His word has been a means of conviction, of quickening, of comfort to me many a time, and I have found it sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb. He restored my soul, he led me in the paths of holiness for his name's sake. It pleased God, some time after this, to make me more than ever sensible of the insufficiency of my own righteousness to justify me, and to show me my need of Christ, and his fulness: so that I counted all things but loss that I might win Christ and be found in him. Thus did the Lord, many a time,

wait to be gracious to me, when I was like him who said, *Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?* At length the Holy Spirit, who came to convince the world, was pleased, (as at a certain time I was verily persuaded) to convince me of these ten things, viz.

"1. That God is my chiefest good, and that to know, love, and serve him, is my honour and happiness; the greatest I am capable of.

"2. That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; that he is able and willing to save me, and there is salvation in no other.

"3. That religion is the most amiable, pleasant, and beneficial thing in the world.

"4. That much of the power of godliness consists in the great duties of self-denial, and mortification.

"5. That I have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and am undone without Christ.

"6. That the favour of God is better than life.

"7. That sin is the worst of evils, exceeding sinful; an evil, and an only evil.

"8. That there will be no getting to heaven without much pains and difficulty.

"9. That I shall never be a loser by doing my duty.

"10. That I am infinitely obliged to God who hath wrought these things in me."

"Now," saith she in her papers, "I fear I did every day act contrary to these convictions, not keeping up a continual watch over myself; but commonly my daily failings passed not without sad reflections. I was solicitous to make sure my being joined to the Lord in an everlasting covenant, and thereupon I did vocally do it in Mr. Alleine's form of words; and did also subscribe with my hand to the Lord; which remains as a witness against me if I be false to it. Renouncing the world and the flesh, I did cleave to God in Christ alone as my sovereign Lord and Ruler; my chiefest good and highest end; and I never repented it, only that I did it no better. God was pleased sometimes gently to correct me by distempers of body, but in much mercy; for I had been as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, knowing neither how to want nor how to abound; yet now I see he works all for *good*, and do purpose, by his grace, to be well pleased with every thing that happens to me, because it is the will of God."

In a paper written in the year 1688, she thus mentions the advantages of her education:—"I was born of one who had the honour to be of that office who are the messengers of the Churches, and the glory of Christ. (2 Cor. viii. 13.) A labourer in the vineyard; though

thrust out by men, yet at work in season and out of season: and being it was so, my education was accordingly—*in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

"As I grew up I have strained at gnats and swallowed camels, often falling into sin. I did not prefer the word of God's mouth to my necessary food. My own iniquity prevailed, that is, flesh-pleasing in food and apparel, and sinful bashfulness in profitable questions." "Yet," she adds, "one evidence of my love to God is love to the sabbath-day. It is the *best* day of the week to me. I am glad when it draws near; I feel the want of it before it comes. Another evidence is, mean thoughts of the world; my age exposes me to the contrary temptations: but *whom have I in heaven but thee?* and I would get above it. The promise-performing God has begun to perform that promise to me, (Romans vi. 14.) *Sin shall not have dominion.* Pride, that tympany of the soul, by the applications of the Heavenly Physician, is begun to be cured, though but begun. Psalm ciii. 2. *Who healeth all thy diseases. Vain thoughts compass me about like bees.* I am stung with them. My pride appears in my thoughts, pleasing myself with my own sayings and doings. O that I could say as David, Ps. cxxxi. 1, *Lord,*

my heart is not haughty." She observes once after a Sacrament, "I thought that the Apostle's method was taken, *Let a man examine himself and so eat;* yet dull, lifeless, and unbelieving."

"March 28, 1689. I was very proud, given to pleasure, with the neglect of God; and it does find me out; for *they that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies.*"

She mentions her father's particular advice to her to look to *secret* duty. Keep up that whatever you do, nothing will prosper without it; all grace grows, as love to the word of God grows.

This collection of her experiences she drew up when she was about nineteen years old, but, I believe, never any one beside herself saw it, or knew a tittle of it till after her death. For the top of her ambition was to be accepted of that God who sees in secret. Any one that hath read these lines, which were the easy and natural product of her pen, and of a-piece with her discourses, will say, There is something more in them than is usually found in such tender years; and will wish she had been more large and copious in the account.

She wrote also her father's exposition of the Scriptures in the family very judiciously; and made use of them in her private reading of the Bible. She gave herself much to the reading

of good books, yet not neglecting the usual employment of her sex and place. Mr. Clarke's last volume of Lives she read again and again with much pleasure, and was well versed in it: and ready, upon all occesions, to produce pertinent and profitable passages out of that and other good books for the edification of others: she was able, with the good householder, to bring out of her treasury things new and old. She made a large collection, in writing, of what she met with most remarkable in her reading.

How amiable and exemplary her deportment was in all relations!—as a Daughter, as a Sister, as a Friend, they who knew her can easily bear record: and, though it never appeared to the discouragement of the rest, yet it could not but be discerned that Mr. Henry had a special dear love for his little Nancy, and sometimes said she was the diamond in his ring.

In the twentieth year of her age she was married to Mr. John Hulton, a tradesman in Chester, April 26th, 1688; and she was equally yoked. Take the account of that turn of her life in her own words, in the continuation of the afore-mentioned papers:—

"After nineteen years' barrenness in the place where I first sprung up, God was pleased, by his providence, to put me into the married state,

and transplant me into a new soil. It was an affair I thought of great weight, and I was much afraid of seeking great things for myself in this world therein. When I press it upon my conscience, I cannot but acknowledge that I did therein commit my way unto the Lord, and did lay myself before him as white paper, for him to write his will upon me; and, accordingly, his providence brought it to a comfortable issue, after much distraction of mind about it."

April 21, 1688, (a few days before her marriage) she thus writes:—"I did set myself before the Lord to repent of all the sins of my single state; and if sin were never bitter before, I think it was exceedingly bitter then, and, through grace, I did then renew my hold of God as mine."

Soon after this, she removed to Chester. "That morning," she writes, "reading alone, in course (Exodus iii.) of Moses' objections against going on God's errand, I was much comforted by God's answer, ver. 12, *Certainly, I will be with thee.* Applying that word to myself was very refreshing. Some time before this, reading Genesis xxviii. concerning Jacob's vow, it affected me, and I then, with some seriousness, entered into a solemn promise, that if God would be with *me*, in that present way, and

provide for me, and make the issue comfortable, that then he should be my God; creatures should not have the throne in my soul. I would be more watchful against sin, and be more diligent and careful in his service."

Some weeks after her settlement at Chester she thus writes under the foregoing record of her solemn vow:—"Because deceit lies in generals, and because after particular foils by temptation my conscience reproaches me that it was for want of resolution, I now, in God's name, go forth resolving, not only in general to serve the Lord in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of my life, but particularly, in the strength of Jesus Christ, I resolve against the following sins:—flesh-pleasing and inordinate appetites; passion and frowardness; drowsiness and weariness in the worship of God; despising others; thinking or speaking ill of any; self-conceit and pride; a lying tongue; all injustice in the calling wherein God hath put me; discontent in the condition allotted for me.

"I do likewise, in the same strength, resolve upon the following duties:—self-denial; meekness; liveliness in duty; reproving when there is opportunity; humility, and low thoughts of myself; truth, equity, justice, and charity: in general, making conscience of all God's commands.

Thus she set out in her new condition, and how strictly she adhered to the rules she laid down was very evident, as far as could fall under the observation of others. Sometime after, she thus writes:—"Because, through the necessity of my outward affairs, my secret duties are commonly limited and contracted more than formerly, I have been ready to fear that I have declined in grace, and left my first love. I am sensible of the prevalency of unbelief, and of God's withdrawings; but, though he slay me yet will I trust in him. I have this day promised seriously, to spend some time every day in converse with God. I see in a trade the shop must be constantly attended, though, perhaps, for some time no profits come in; so the trade of religion must still be followed, though there be not, for the present, any sensible comfort and benefit. In this place where God hath set me, he doth require of me,

"1. That I get much knowledge and grace, because I have means for getting them.

"2. That I be very humble, because my gifts are small, and my attainments poor, graces weak, and failings many.

"3. That I be ready for death, because I see many funerals. And, because death at a distance did not affect me, it pleased God to bring

it nigh me in the death of a near, and that a very dear relation, viz. sister Henry,* February 14, 1688-9. The quarrel God seemed to have with me therein was upon the account of relative sins, and the omission of relative duties; whereupon I endeavoured to repent of them, and renew my covenant in that matter. And, because that providence did not do the work for which it was sent, shortly after, another dear friend whom I loved as my own soul, was suddenly taken away (Mrs. Bradbury); the circumstances of her death being such as I was near falling into myself, viz. child-bearing; it did much affect me with cares and thoughts about another world, which had been too little minded by me. After this providence, I was threatened by the illness of my dear mother; upon her recovery, my sense of the mercy obliged me to promise to be more freely willing to resign to the will of God another time; and surely there is all the reason in the world, when the great God condescends to grant my request, that I should say, His will be done. Sin hath much prevailed. Omissions witness against me, and a constant remissness in my walking. I cannot answer for one of a thousand; but—help is laid upon one that is mighty."

* Life of Matthew Henry, ut supra, p. 56.

She became a mother, July 29, 1689, (but the child died in the birth); on which providence she thus writes:—"A day never to be forgotten; wherein I felt the bitter fruits of the sin of my grandmother Eve; that part of her sentence being fully fulfilled, *I will greatly multiply thy sorrow. In sorrow thou shalt bring forth.* The peril and danger was much greater than ordinary; so that, as the Lord liveth, there was but a step between me and death. My flesh and heart were ready to fail, and friends ready to despair; but God became the strength of my heart and my portion; and I trust he will be so *for ever.* But, behold, what have these sheep done? The innocent I cannot say, but the less guilty must die; O Adam, Adam! what hast thou done! My comforts are taken away before I had well received them: was it all lost labour? Surely no; I have good hope that Heaven is something fuller for my babe. I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me. My God is instead of all to me; and were he not mine, sure it were impossible to bear up without sinking under those pains I endured, but the mercy swallowed up the affliction, and rejoiced against judgment. I often promised to love him, and to live to him; and I do it once more."

From the consideration of this event, con-

cerning her first child, she hath sometimes said, "What need mothers have to pray for their children before they are born!"

Her next remark is, April 26, 1690. "I sickened of the small-pox, and, though in perilous circumstances, yet was wonderfully brought through them: when I had received the sentence of death within myself, surely the Lord was ready to save me; and the mercies, the sweet mercies which I experienced in the affliction, I shall never forget.

"I may truly say with David, *Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction.* But God doth seem by his Providence to call me to be heavenly minded; to be more humble; to take up with him as my happiness; to be less afraid of Death;—to abound always in the work of the Lord. Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of destruction, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Isa. xxxviii. 17.

In this illness, when she was asked how she did, her usual answer was, "I shall be well."

June 29, 1691. "I received," she writes, "special mercy from God, in answer to prayer. He was to me a present help, and did not only spare, but multiply, and gave me a living son, or rather, lent him to me for a while: and I have

resigned him and myself to the will and disposal of our Heavenly Father. How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! 1 Zech. ix. 17. I look upon every sin, after such a mercy as this, to be more deeply aggravated than before.—My great unprofitableness, under the means of grace, is that at the serious consideration of which my heart doth even melt, and my spirits sink; finding comfort in that Psalm, (ciii. 12) *As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed my transgressions from me;*—I thought, with joy, if it were so good for me to have my transgressions removed as far as the East is from the West, how much better would it be when they shall be removed as far from me as hell is from heaven."

On a Sacrament-day, May 6, 1694, in which it seems she had more communion with God than ordinary, she thus writes:—"Forget not ever, O my soul! the sight that thou hast had this day from Pisgah's mount of Canaan's land; What shall I render to the Lord? I have, at the Lord's table, seen my Redeemer as he was in his blood and sufferings; but shortly I hope to see him as he *is*, though not as I am. See to it then, O my soul! that thou purify thyself, even as he is pure."

May 5, 1695, she writes thus:—"This last

month past I have received great mercy from God in the recovery of both the children from the small-pox; the one brought into great peril, the other brought through imminent danger, by a fever which seized him about three weeks after the beginning of the small-pox. What shall I render to the Lord for his great benefits? He hath been trying me whether I could freely give up my children, which, I hope, I having done, he turned the scale and restored them to me. God having corrected me by the child's relapse, my own heart condemneth me for my own backslidings. Oh, that now I might remember whence I am fallen, and repent and do my first works! I have been this day shewing forth the Lord's death, and renewing my covenant with him: surely it is meet to be said unto God, 'I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more.' Amen, Amen."

November 19, 1695. In her confinement, after the birth of a child that died when nine days old, she thus writes:—"God hath of late been proving and trying me, to do me good in my latter end. I looked for peace, but beheld trouble. My house not made to grow; but the Lord who gave quickly took away again, adored be the name of the Lord. And now, what do quire? My greatest

concern is to improve this providence. God hath (and so have I) been calling my sin to remembrance, that I may be humbled under his mighty hand, and cleave closer to him in love, dependance, and resolution; for even this is performed for me, and what have I to shew now for my interest in him and relation to him? Is not my hope a groundless hope? I do not ground it upon myself and my own righteousness, but Jesus Christ is he, concerning whom I say, *Whom have I in heaven but thee?*"

March 1, 1696. "Dare not, my soul, to deny that thou hast this day met with thy God at his table. Silence, thou loud and clamorous Unbelief. Never open thy mouth any more. God is willing to be mine, and who can say against it? For, if he will work, who can let it? Only remember, that having received Christ Jesus the Lord, I must walk in him."

Thus far goes her paper of experience, in which she seems to have given vent to her thoughts when they were more than usually enlarged. And if such as this was her converse with God, it will be of use to enquire what was her conversation in the world. Not to mention the common characters of all the saints, which appeared eminently in her, nor the careful discharge of the duties of her particular relation;

there are some things which have been observed concerning her, which were peculiarly exemplary and instructive.

1. That though she was so constant in her secret worship, and took so much delight in her closet work, yet she ordered it with so much discretion, that it did not interfere with nor hinder her from any needful attendance upon her worldly affairs — in the house or shop. Every thing is beautiful in its season: and there is a way of abiding with God, and serving the Lord Christ in the particular calling wherein we are called, as well as in his immediate worship. The virtuous woman will look well to the ways of her household, and yet not neglect the ways of her heart.

2. That she was very industrious to promote the family worship in all the parts of it; contriving for it in its season, that nothing might put it out of time; calling to it; being ready to attend on it; and careful to prevent all disturbance in it. If inferior relations would thus do their part, it would be a great help to the master of the family in the discharge of his duty. In her husband's absence she carefully and constantly performed all the parts of family worship herself. It being their custom to pray together morning frequently prayed with

him. She prayed much for their children, and carefully instructed them in the things of God as they grew capable. Her tender care of two orphans, the relations of her husband, which the providence of God brought into their family, was very remarkable, especially her great concern for their spiritual welfare.

3. That she was very few of her words, not only in making of bargains, but in her converse; *swift to hear and slow to speak:* but when she did speak it was with wisdom, and to the purpose. She was like the still waters which run deep but make no noise. One might observe in all her discourse, that she thought twice before she spoke once; and so prevented a deal of that guilt and grief which attend the multitude of words. Her speech was always with grace. She breathed forth a religious air in her common converse; and usually expressed herself in her converse with her friends in Scripture language. The word of God dwelt richly in her, and, by the Divine blessing on her great diligence in reading the Scriptures and other good books, (which was her daily practice) she acquired a good stock of Scripture knowledge; out of which treasury she readily brought forth things new and old, which rendered her conversation both pleasing and profitable.

4. That she preserved an evenness and composure of spirit under all events; one should seldom or never see her ruffled or disturbed by any provocation, lifted up with any joy, or cast down with any sorrow; but, whatever happened to weigh down one scale, her wisdom and grace suggested something to put in the other scale to keep the balance even. Upon the death of her father, an affliction that went so near her heart, how calmly did she apply those words of Thomas to his fellow disciples when Lazarus was dead, *Let us go and die with him.*

5. That she was very cheerful in her converse, and was far from that sourness and melancholy which some good people indulge themselves in to the reproach of their profession; she made it to *appear* that she found the ways of wisdom pleasantness.

6. She was very charitable to the poor, and stretched forth her hand to the needy. She was always very careful not to make the poor at her door stay long for their alms, for in that time, she would say, they might get another alms elsewhere. She loved to visit the godly poor, when they were sick, and discourse with them, and relieve them. She was one that devised liberal things, and sought opportunities of doing good.

7. On the Lord's day she commonly had her heart much enlarged in rejoicing and thanksgiving, and she used to refresh herself much on that day with singing of Psalms alone at the time of vacancy from other duties.

8. She was very forward to promote works of piety and charity, and to stir up others thereto. Her zeal herein provoked many; she delighted in opportunities of shewing kindness to others, and was very courteous in her behaviour towards all.

9. She was very frugal of her time, and was observed by those about her to be continually employed.

SOME SAVOURY USEFUL PASSAGES, GLEANED UP OUT OF SOME OF HER LETTERS TO HER RELATIONS AND FRIENDS.

To a gentlewoman, under some doubts about her interest in Christ, she thus writes:—"I know not what is better for a man when he is out of the way, and is convinced of it, than to turn back and get as fast as he can into the *right* way: if thou art persuaded thou art not yet in Christ, give up thyself to him quickly in a marriage covenant. The Word is nigh thee to direct thee; the throne of Grace is nigh thee,

and to it thou mayest draw near for assistance. I believe there is nothing God is more willing to give than his Spirit."

Upon the occasion of a marriage in her father's house, she hath this observation in another letter, "She that is married careth for the things of the world. Indeed, her opportunities of *doing* good will be more than they were, but of *getting* good less. *It is more blessed to give than to receive.* I find, as to myself, that a little thing abates my zeal and flattens my spirit in duties, which makes me fear the snares of the world. It is an enemy to our souls, and our graces; to our duties, and to our comforts; to our holy living, and to our comfortable dying."

She had a tender sense of sin, as appears by this passage in a letter to the same person: "Indeed, it is difficult to be sensible of sins we think small; they are like knots in a fine thread, or hair,—hard to untie: greater sins, like knots in a rope. I am greatly afraid of open presumptuous sins, such as may break my peace as long as I live. I may fitly compare myself to a body full of ill humours, though a sore in one place is seemingly healed, yet it breaks out in another; so when I am better in one respect I am worse in another."

Her mean presses in

another letter to the same person: "Should I go about to tell you how bad I am, it were more than I could do; surely I am ready to go out of love with myself every day; there is some shift to be made to flee from other things that molest, but not from one's self. Really, Madam, Religion is the most amiable thing in the world. If I could be very good, and yet think myself bad, how well were it."

In another, she thus writes about meditation: "I confess I am too little acquainted with it, especially the practical part, which is the sweetest. As to what I have tasted, I cannot tell the one-half of the sweetness of it, and many times I have found more of God therein than in prayer; before I can fix there is some preparation necessary, and many a chain of vain thoughts to grapple with, which do often prevail and rob me of all my meditating time. As to my helps in it,—my God is he that worketh both to will and to do: what more unruly than the thoughts? it is very hard to govern them! 1. I find a fixed heart a great help; the contrary I find a great hindrance; now where shall we find this, but whence every good and perfect gift comes? 2. An heart like the treasury of the good householder, wherein are things laid up both new and old. There must be knowledge to furnish us

with matter. It is easier to know what helps there are than to find ourselves holpen by them. Most of my meditations are confused and torn; sometimes some attribute of God is the subject of them, as his wisdom, power, holiness; sometimes some sin, some scripture," &c.

To her eldest sister,* who was married, she thus wrote:—"I am so well acquainted with myself as to know I am very unfit for the condition thou art in, and hast so much comfort in; the conditions are as the persons are. I sadly fear displeasing God or doing any thing which will wound conscience. I am ready to think there cannot but be more hindrances in our *great business* in that condition than in my present condition. Dost thou not find it so? If it be not for the glory of God, I hope something will be thrown in the way to hinder it: for, however it is, God is good. It is no small comfort to have Infinite Wisdom and Power engaged for one's good."

To another dear friend: "I fear thou hast too good an opinion of me, which makes my work more difficult to beat down myself. Be not guilty of blowing up that bladder which is so apt to fill of itself. I shall take it as a part of

* Mrs. Savage. Ed.

friendship if thou wilt chide, instruct, and counsel me. Put thyself in my case. Thus far I am determined, and no farther, namely, to be guided by Infinite Wisdom. I heard something suitable to-day from Psalm xxv. *He will teach sinners:* within that number I come, if not within the latter, *The meek will he guide.* Be thou a fervent intercessor for me at the throne of grace; and pray meet me there at six o'clock on Saturday night, if thou canst conveniently. This morning I met with a suitable promise, Isa. lviii. 11, *And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not:* — for the fulfilling of which to me I have no desert to plead, but Divine mercy, goodness, and faithfulness; and is not that sufficient? Who but a fool will be in want of any thing, when he may have it for asking? I cannot but reckon it one of the greatest of my earthly blessings, that I am the child of such a family, a branch of this vine; and have often acknowledged it as a great mercy that as I was the youngest, so I thought the most likely to stay longest here; and who knows but I may? I desire to trust God, however it be: the seed of the upright shall be

blessed. Though myself I think unworthy, yet I am come of parents that are in covenant; but this will not save me, unless there be a principle within; it is encouragement to think that the smoking flax shall not be quenched. Mr. Vines* observes, 'That Christ would not have them drowned whom he calls, *O ye of little faith.*' Matthew viii."

To the same bosom-friend she writes,—"I have not taken the world for my portion, and I think I have been made willing to take up with little of it for my passage: in my father's house the lines are fallen unto me in a pleasant place, and though I never absolutely resolved against a removal from it, yet I cannot but have dreadful apprehensions concerning it; the proposal of it hath occasioned me many a troublesome thought, and is like to do more: I am passive: delay in some cases is dangerous, but here desirable. Rebekah's relations, Gen. xxiv. 55, said, *Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at least ten.* But I was pleased to find it in the margin, a full year, or ten months. Sure that is a quiet and desirable world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; of what little avail

* A learned and excellent divine, who died A. D. 1655. See Clarke's Lives, fol. p. 48, and Brook's Lives of the Puritans, vol. iii. p. 230. Ed.

will it be there whether we were here single or married? My desire is to depart and be with Christ, which I am sure is best of all. Dost thou see the providence of God going before me? A stander-by may see more than a person concerned: it is very comfortable to have that to plead which Jacob had when in trouble, Gen. xxxii. 9. *The Lord which saidst unto me, Return.* The Urim and Thummim is now abolished, we must expect direction in an ordinary way: who hath known the mind of the Lord? Certainly this is his mind,—that we should live to his glory; this is *his* will,—even our sanctification—and it *should* be ours."

To the same gentlewoman, her dear bosom-friend, she thus expresses herself before she was married:—

"Thou art writ upon my heart in capitals easy to be read, as those that converse with me may see; thou hast given me the right-hand of fellowship in holy ordinances, but hadst thou seen through me, surely thou wouldest not have suffered me to sit so nigh thee; was there ever such a mispender of time, such a trifler away of opportunities as I am? When thou thinkest well of me, thou seest me not in my own clothes. I am much afraid of getting hurt by the good opinion thou hast of me. Thou seest in my

book the fulfilment of the Scriptures, Isaiah xliv. 5. O that thou couldest see in my life the fulfilling of my own engagements! It is easier to vow than to pay, but it is great encouragement to think that God is a covenant-friend. He is not so to every one. Who are we that God should take us into covenant with himself? It is not because he hath need of us, but because we have need of him. And must covenant people walk as other Gentiles? Surely no!"

Soon after her marriage she wrote thus:—

"I scarce know yet where I am, but this I know, that I am under the care of my Heavenly Father. It is now come to the trial, more than ever, whether I make conscience of duty or no, I mean my *secret* duty. When I had larger opportunities for it, I could not for shame, but at least seem to improve them, though, alas! what lost time was there in the closet which others thought not so! It cannot but be bitter now; yet I would not for something have all undone that hath been done there, but I wish it had been done *better*. Blessed be God for the Redeemer that is come to Sion to turn away ungodliness from Jacob; as it is quoted, Romans ii. 26, though it is otherwise, Isaiah lii. 9. My thoughts are very much of dear parents, and

brothers and sisters; but there is danger lest if I think too much I should be discontent with my present condition, which is best for me. I have seen a little more of the world than I had seen a little while ago, and, truly, there is nothing in it which affords solid comfort and satisfaction to the soul; one sight, by faith, of the lowliness of Jesus Christ, is enough to make one out of love with every thing else in comparison of him."

Upon the death of Mrs. Bradburne* she thus wrote to a dear friend:—"As was her way, such was her end, even peace, submission to the will of God, rejoicing in Christ Jesus; expressed in such language as this,—'None but Christ, none but Christ, he is my all in all.' Thus did she go triumphantly to heaven. I shall never forget her whom I so dearly loved: her death made some impression upon this rocky heart of mine. If this be done to the green tree, what shall be done to the dry? Sure it should make me think more of heaven. We used to fancy to ourselves how our friends and acquaintance that are at a distance from us in the world, do live; though we never saw how, yet, from what we have heard, we imagine what they do; what company they have; what privileges,

* Memoirs of Mrs. Savage, p. 21.

&c. And what a happy state do I imagine the soul of my dear friend to be in, whose face always shone, and yet was covered with a veil of humility. It is some comfort to me, that as I loved and delighted in her company here, so I shall enjoy it refined for ever. Though friends fail, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. As to myself, I might be useful in the world if I had a heart according to the price in my hand. Indeed I have lived at ease in Sion, as it speaks mercy. I wish it might not be said so of me, as it speaks a sinful frame. I have been ready to say, My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved; when it is but God's hiding of his face, and I shall be troubled. When friends are gone, the sting of affliction lies in the reflection upon my mis-improvement of them whilst with them. Let us therefore redeem the time, because the days are evil. The world is certainly nothing, and nothingness is all that is in it. Continue to pray for me for all things that may be suitable: spiritual mercies cannot be unsuitable. I pray forget not in all your enjoyments to enjoy God as the gladness of your joy; for, what is all without him, but vanity and vexation? Even ordinances themselves are dry and sapless unless he fills them, though there is the likeliest place

to find him: more *of* God, but not more *than* God we should seek for. It is very comfortable, methinks, when with new acquaintance we meet with those that are travelling in the same road with us, and aiming at the same ultimate end. It is sure God hath his remnant every where, and heaven will not want inhabitants, though such unworthy wretches as I come short through unbelief. You are singing of mercy and judgment, we are mixed; therefore providences are so towards us in this world,—a gleam of peace to fit us for a brunt of trouble—that we may not settle upon our lees. Where you are, you learned to know what David complained of, when he sojourned in Meshech, and dwelt in the tents of Kedar. In such a place there is good to be *done* where there is none to be *gotten:* and there is this advantage to it, that by doing good we get good; by kindling others our own hearts will burn within us, and who knows whether you may be cast there for such an occasion as this?"

To another of her sisters, upon the death of her sister Henry, in the year 1689, she wrote thus:—"There were few families so little acquainted with the scourges of Divine Providence as ours was; but now the days of visitation are come, and coming more and more. These are

teaching providences; should we not learn obedience by them—passive obedience,—lest the next furnace we are cast into be seven times hotter? It would, I think, be a greater affliction to have such relations as are with us our grief and burden, whilst with us, than it is to have those that were our comfort taken from us. We must consider that God hath a greater interest in all our creature comforts than we have; they are but lent us, and he may call them when he hath occasion for them; and who are we that we should contend with him?"

To her sister in the country.—"I rejoice to hear of the continuance of your welfare; the same that is good is still doing us good, and loading us with his benefits: we must not expect that our health and prosperity should always last. Shall we receive good and not evil also, forasmuch as we do evil and not good? If we could learn this good lesson in the enjoyment of our creature-comforts,—to enjoy God in all, and, in the want of them, to enjoy *all* in God, it would thereby appear that we lived by faith; it is difficult to learn how to want, and it is no less so to learn how to abound."

In a time of affliction she thus writes:—"'Tis pity that prosperity should do us hurt, for no affliction for the present seems joyous,

but grievous; and if the heart had been duly humbled by constant mortification and inured to the cross, these outward afflictions would not have been so hard to bear."

Upon her recovery from the small-pox she writes:—"I write to let you know that I am going from strength to strength, through the Divine goodness; yet reprieved, because not ready for heaven. Help me to praise God for sustaining and delivering mercy, and also to pray that I might greatly profit by this visitation, that my God may not complain that yet I have not returned unto him. I cannot but acknowledge with thankfulness the interests I have in the love and prayers of good people here, though unworthy of it."

At a time of public trouble, she writes:—"It is a mercy there are not fears within, as well as fightings without; though, truly considered, public calamities were worse than personal, yet, commonly, personal do more affect;—when the sword doth not depart from the house, as in David's case. It is an excellent thing to have a God to trust to, especially an interest in Him in whose hands our times are: not only events themselves, but the *seasons* of them. I find nothing more prejudicial to me than distrust, both in reference to the concerns of the

soul, and of the body also. I hope to see you shortly, but wives must be *housewives*, and sometimes *shopwives*, as I know who. I find it hard to turn into a closet. Let not *thy* farm, nor *my* merchandize, be hindrances to us in the way to heaven. The visiting of several sick and afflicted friends takes up a great part of our evening time now: we must not expect to be ourselves exempted from chastisement; the best we can expect is to have them from a Father—in measure and in mercy. There is no greater or better ground of hope than the truth and faithfulness of God, for that cannot fail; all the question is, Whether we can lay claim to the promises? He is in a sad case that must be miserable if the Word of God be true, and he is as happy that must be so if the God of Truth be true. Who shall separate us from the love of God? The children of Israel, in their march towards Canaan, removed out of the wilderness of Paran; in the world we go out of one wilderness into another, but the *Canaan* is before us. I am now at Elim, where there are twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees; led into green pastures and fed beside the still waters. The only trouble is my unprofitableness, barrenness, leanness, non-proficiency. It is easier to complain than to amend. I know

you rejoice with us when we rejoice: that you may do so, you must know how it is with us:—as yet, health and peace are continued; the nursery prospers, and the little ones; angels watch over us continually: the tediousness of nursing we owe to sin; that which sweetens it is the hope that some of our children may glorify God in the world."

And in another:—"The nurseries continue to prosper, thanks be to Him who comforteth us as one whom his mother comforteth. I am glad to hear you have this breathing-time. Our Heavenly Father is, we see, slow to afflict, but swift to shew mercy; long in forbearing, not long in contending. If it be that he is preparing to strike, we should prepare to be stricken: what! shall we receive good, and not evil? Faith and patience are the two great bearing graces which are necessary in a time of peril. Base distrust is a sin that doth most easily beset me, either of God's power or will; neither of which can easily be questioned; for is any thing too hard for God?—or is his mercy clean gone? No, no; O pray for more faith! I cannot but pity your frequent Sabbaths spent at home, while we have the manna at our tent-door; but remember that the careful Father, if there be no school near, will teach his child at home, rather than he should

not learn; so will the blessed Spirit, the Great Instructor, do the work himself, teaching his people to profit; and, if he doth it, it will be *well* done; for, assuredly, if he be not filling the ordinances, they are but empty breasts; if he pass by and do not speak, there is no meeting. O that we had more of God! not more than God, but more of him. Those same things you beg for yourself, beg for me, especially for faith; I have reason to believe (as Mr. Baxter said to his friends) that God will sooner hear your prayers than mine. In his funeral sermon, with the account of his death, his humility and self-denial appear admirable, and make me think of that Scripture, *If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?* If he did nothing to boast of, sure I have a great deal to *mourn* over."

To her sister in the country, with common tidings and business, she intermixeth very pertinently such lines as these:—"We need sometimes to be in heaviness, we must look for it: herein is the heart deceitful,—that we think we trust in God; but when creatures fail, we find by our failing, that we trusted in *them:* you will not want spiritual supplies while God is all-sufficient."

"To render good for good is no more than

the publicans do; yet, alas! how much *evil* do we render for good to Him that is good, and doth good!"

"Pray, pray that we may be found of God in peace, without spot, and blameless. The time is short, and therefore every opportunity ought to be taken hold of for improving relations, both near and far off, that that great talent of society may not be buried in a napkin."

"I have less thinking-time here than you have in the country. A solitary life I mightily prized formerly, but the great and wise God did not see it good for me: my temper inclined me to it, but now I can envy the outward condition of none."

"You would not envy my bare enjoyment of gospel privileges if you knew how unprofitable I am under them; it is easier to spend a deal of time in the external performance of holy duties in the old road, than to improve a little time seriously and profitably therein. If you knew my sad declinings, especially my great remissness in keeping my heart, you would pity me rather than flatter me. Pride is a weed that, in the soil of my heart, needs no watering."

"Poor sister Henry, upon the death of the child, is sitting alone and keeping silence. The consideration of her giving it up to God in

baptism, when she was asked by my father whether she could freely do it, hath had influence upon her submission. Let us in a day of prosperity be joyful, and think of a day of adversity."

"Is it any wonder that dying creatures die?"

"In this vale of tears we are full of complaints. It is a bad sign that former afflictions have not done their work, in that he is further testifying against me by the sickness of the children; when the staff and the rod will not do, the cart-wheel and the threshing instrument are used by him, who is *wonderful in counsel and excellent in working*. Isa. xxviii. 27, 28, 29. I need not request your prayers, mostly for divine teachings,—that they may accompany Divine chastenings. They are bitter things when an interest in covenant-love is not clear, but *He knows the way that I take: when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold:* let not the Almighty put me in the furnace and leave me there."

At another time:—"It is a mercy to have such comfortable homes as we have; such relations—so much health. O, how short do we come of the law of thankfulness; every one of God's mercies, even the least, calls for more praise and thanks than we return for them in general: to reflect upon my own unthankfulness

may make me humble. I desire your prayers, as you have mine, for mercy and grace. This is a vain world we live in; time slips while I hold my hand; how busy, how diligent should we be; all will be little enough when we come to die! I heartily sympathise with you in the tediousness of your nursery, but take heed of complaining as Rebekah:—'If it be so, why am I thus?'—why is this child of promise so troublesome? It comforts me as to nursing inconveniences, that bringing up of children, lodging strangers, and washing the saints' feet, are put together as *good works.* 1 Tim. v. 10. Let not evil tidings remove your fixed heart; though when we looked for peace, behold trouble! did not we agree for this—if need be, for a season to be willing to be in heaviness? our sympathizing with each other is a little help, but, alas! miserable comforters are we. I have sometimes been dejected in remembrance of former zeal, forwardness, and fervency in the good way, from which I fear I have declined; upon which, once calling to mind that Scripture did comfort, (Ecclesiastes vii. 10.) *Say not thou that the former days were better than these.* O, that blessed book of God hath all in it I want! let us study it more. What calamities hath sin brought upon us, and yet *itself* we should count

a thousand times worse. It is easy to reckon up afflictions, but my sins and God's mercies are numberless,—one of which is the interest we have in the pity and prayers of our dear friends. I may hope that all these things are performed for me, and may gather hence, that seeing the threatening part of the covenant is feelingly made good in afflictions, the promising part (Psalm lxxxix. 30, &c.) will also: the same truth is engaged for *both*. I rejoice to hear of your children's recovery: are we like the one leper, who returned to give thanks, or like the nine? Times of trial are times of gaining experience, for patience works experience. We usually pray often for the preventing the evils we fear, but seldom thanking serves; sure the mercy, the God of the mercy, deserves as many *praises* as prayers. I find worldly cares rightly compared to thorns, but *one thing is needful*. My little girl is learning to walk, and represents the weakness of the heart after it falls into sin. It fears, faints, and flags. The heart's deceitfulness is desperate: when in prosperity, I have thought if I were in affliction I should be very humble and contrite under God's hand; when in affliction,—O, if I were delivered I should and would be very thankful and obedient! but it is neither so nor so; never may it be trusted in again."

Upon the death of her little one, at nine days old, November, 1695, she thus writes:—"It is easier to answer you to your satisfaction, than to answer the call of Divine Providence, which sounds louder and louder; it requires more time than I now have to tell you my need of chastisements, and God's wisdom and goodness in choosing this rod to do it with. My fruit towards him hath been untimely; the breasts of the promises have run waste: I have not drawn from them and been satisfied. It brings to my remembrance, as my own sin, so your affliction;—from the same hand, of the same kind, with the same design of good to us. O, that I could improve my present retirement in considering what the Lord my God requires of me! we should learn this by all our disappointments, not to boast of to-morrow, for we know not what a day may bring forth. It is no hard usage that I should be diminished whilst others are increased; for do not all things come alike to all? Nay, as many as our Heavenly Father *loveth* he rebukes and chastens, and though it be a mighty hand, and therefore good reason why I should humble myself under it, yet it is the hand of a *Father*, which, whilst it is on to afflict, is under to support; and death itself shall not separate us from the love which we have in

Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom be glory for ever. When I have been a few days from home, I begin to think myself a wanderer from my place, as a bird that wanders from her nest. I wish I do not settle on the lees, being so much a stranger to that sojourning state which Abraham was in in the land of promise. We are changing our servants; all changes are troublesome; this world, therefore, is a troublesome world, because so full of changes; sufficient to every day is the evil thereof."

A letter which she wrote to one of whom she heard something scandalous, taking care it should not be known from whom it came, may be inserted here.

"Mr. ———

"To ease myself, and, if it might be, to do you good, is my design in writing this. I having joined with you in Gospel ordinances, cannot hear of your fall without fear and trembling. Very loath I was to believe it, speak of it I may not:—'tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon;' but first to yourself, whom I cannot expect to inform of that which you know not, but remind you of that you do know,—that the prevailing love of God in the heart will no way consist with the love and

liking of any sin. Whoever they be that name the name of Christ and do not depart from iniquity, I am sure their profession will carry them but a little way, at farthest but to heaven's gates: dissembled piety is double iniquity, and shall receive greater damnation. I do wonder how, and with what face, any one can appear before God, among his people, in solemn ordinances, that is yet resolved to go on in sin. Consider, you may deceive us that join with you, but not Him that searcheth the heart, and knows what is in man. Is your spot the spot of God's children? It is true David fell foully, and I fear some have encouraged themselves in sin by his example: but let them consider it was once—in an hour of temptation,—and it cost him dear. He came home by weeping cross, and I believe he would not for his kingdom have repeated the sin: after which he had scarce a good day. Wherefore is his sad fall recorded, but that all people may take heed of *entering* into temptation, and watch and pray that they may not? Is it a light matter that Religion is so much reflected on? By your means the blessed name of Jesus Christ suffers. People say, Yea, they are all alike; whereas, God knows, as you have opened the mouth of the wicked, you have saddened the hearts of the

godly, who mourn in secret for your miscarriages. May I advise you, nay, doth not the Word of God command you, to remember whence you are fallen, and to repent; and let your repentance be public, as your fall hath been; there is yet hope if you return, but none if you go on: there is a fountain opened for poor sinners, to wash from sin and from uncleanness, but then you must look up to Him whom you have pierced, and *mourn*. I know not what frame you are in, but God knows: this comes from the true love I bear to your soul, and the interest of religion, which greatly suffers: offences do come, and will come, but woe to them by whom they come! Can there be baser ingratitude than to make Him suffer *by* us who suffered so much *for* us? Do you thus requite the Lord? Dare any come to the table of the Lord for a cloak to vile practices? O profound madness! Is the holy Jesus a pattern of sin? Is christianity a bare name? No, I will never believe it! What shall I say? Return unto the Lord, for you have fallen into iniquity: take with you these words, and say, *Take away all iniquity*. Hosea xiv. 2. I shall cease speaking to you, but not praying for you, who am

"Your soul's Friend."

When sickness had long been in the family (and breach upon breach made) of a near neighbour and relation, she thus writes:—"The hand of God is going out against us: his Providence shews his controversy to be great and long, and something more than ordinary. Judgments begin with us, the distemper spreads, and where it may end we know not; the dregs of the cup may yet be reserved for ourselves: I cannot say but I have had fair warning, and yet I have not got above the fears of Death, that king of terrors. It is a great attainment: I can think of nothing future with so much certainty as dying; that *great* work, *once to die.*"

When her children had the small-pox she writes:—"They and we are in good hands; it is a great mercy we are not singled out for some uncommon and *extraordinary* judgment, but visited with the same that many are tried with. I hope that you will intreat for us that this affliction may not be lost."

Writing the news of one who died suddenly, she added, "What need have we to be ready to die at very short warning? Desire sister Radford, though she be abroad from her family, yet being there where she is *useful*, not to be too thoughtful of home, as I myself have sometimes been, when I found afterwards that I was not so

much missed, as through my pride, and minding my own things, I thought I was."

After the death of her sister Radford she thus wrote to her sister Savage:—"The good tidings we have had of your safe delivery, (which was the next day after her sister Radford's death) and that God was to you a present help, and both root and branch are spared, mixeth our song of judgment with mercy, and God hath set the one over against the other. We have been continued together many years, and after the crown fell from our head,* God let us alone another year also, but now the knot is broken. O for a sense of Divine displeasure in this dispensation and wisdom to spell out the meaning thereof! *for all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still.* Dear sister Tylston† is very weak; we want our Aaron, the priest of the family, who would have stood between the living and the dead, that the plague might be stayed: God is angry, and yet I am not humbled as I should be under the mighty hand of God; and a mighty hand indeed it is. O, pray for me that I may be more so! I find there is no putting off the great work of closing with Christ till sickness

* An allusion to her Father's death. Ed.

† Catherine, the wife of John Tylston, M. D. See Mrs. Savage's Memoir, p. 167. Ed.

and death come, for that is a very unfit time. And when it is done I see it is not easy then to have the comfort of it."

And in another:—"This is a loud-speaking controversy, and where it will end God only knows; but he is no less wise and good than ever he was, however it is. This shall afterwards yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Pray, pray hold up the hands and the heart, and you may do more than I."

And a little after:—"That you may know the better how to direct your prayers and praises, this comes to acquaint you that we are not consumed, and it is of the Lord's mercies it is so. The Lord will perfect that which concerns us; and what is that but our eternal happiness mostly? if that be sure all is well; we have our infirmities, and is this our rest? If concerning this life only we had had hope, it had not been much worth."

When she had not occasion given her by providences to write such lines as these to her friends and relations, then she would fill her letters, (and abundance of them are so filled) with the heads of sermons she had heard last, giving a concise account of the substance of them, and especially what in them did most affect her, and do her good. This practice would never leave us unfurnished with matter for pious and

profitable letters, and might help very much to spread the savour of the knowledge of Christ.

A CATALOGUE OF SINS FOR HELP IN THE CONFESSION OF SIN.

"Who can understand his errors?"

ORIGINAL corruption; actual transgressions; sins of ignorance; sins against knowledge; sins in infancy, childhood, youth, and riper age; sins in the single state; sins in the married state; sins in unregeneracy; backslidings; sins against God, my neighbour, my own soul. More particularly,

Ignorance of God, aggravated by the enjoyment of the means of knowledge; atheism, questioning his being or providence; hard thoughts of God, forgetfulness of him; sins against the first commandment, which requires to know, love, and believe, in God; to fear him, and trust in him; giving that glory to any other which is due to him alone, in reference to God's worship, natural or revealed; neglect of prayer and praise; negligences in them; loathness to be beholden to God for any thing; ascribing the glory of deliverances to somewhat else, not to God.

Drowsiness; vain thoughts in prayer; sins in reference to God's Word; not hearing or reading it with attention, reverence, seriousness; but

slightly and cursorily. Sabbath sins; want of preparation for it; slothfulness on that day; omission of Sabbath duties; doing my own works; vain thoughts; weariness of the Sabbath. Sacrament sins; baptismal covenant oft renewed, but forgotten, not improved. Covenants against particular sins, to particular duties broken: especially as to the spending of some time daily in converse with God, by meditation; neglect of that great duty, both solemn and occasional, and of daily self-examination. Backslidings as to this from wonted care. Slovenly performance of closet work; taking the name of God in vain; spiritual pride and ostentation in religious duties; pride in apparel, in words, in thoughts; self-conceit, self-love: flesh-pleasing, gratifying inordinate appetites, the body fed, the soul starved; excess in food, sleep, recreations; God is not in all my thoughts, lying down and rising up; my aims every morning not actually set right at God's glory; the great Gospel-laws of repentance and faith broken; time, precious time, mispent; time of youth not improved; love of ease and pleasure; disobedience to governors: despising others better than myself: doing that which was good to be seen of men; no relation filled up with duty: many that I might have done good to dead and gone; others that I

might have got good by; the opportunity past, Sermons lost: reproofs lost and forgotten; anger and bitterness; unchaste thoughts, or affections; abuse of lawful things; loving, and overloving; doing any wrong to any person, whether knowingly or ignorantly; uncharitableness; giving grudgingly; not devising liberal things; lying through heedlessness; impatience of reproof; slandering or reporting of slanders; speaking evil of others; hearing evil spoken with delight; discontent; covetousness; love of this present world appearing in worldly thoughts;—many, constant, welcome. Envying, and inordinate affections; neglect of reproving and watching over others; sinful bashfulness; little grief for others' sins; sin sits light. Love of Christ little thought of; signal mercies ill-requited for; afflictions not improved; brought low, raised up again, yet not amended; no attainments made in grace answerable to the means I enjoy; great carnality; oppositions to the Spirit's motions of late and heretofore; prevailing dejections and despondencies of spirit. *God be merciful to me a sinner.*

Heads of Mercies for Help in Thanksgiving.

COMMON MERCIES.

A BEING, and that rational; mercies of my conception, birth, nursing, infancy, rational faculties, natural understanding, limbs and senses, preservation in the cradle, at the breast, sustenance, clothes, food, not only for necessity, but for delight; parents continued; other relations provided to take up before they forsook; mercies at school; a capacity to learn, a memory able to retain truths; continuance almost twenty-one years in the world; Divine patience exercised; scarce a day's sickness in all this time, as I remember; daily bread; varieties; drink hath not been tears. Much comfort in the single estate, in the married estate: suitableness in relations; extraordinary deliverance when in the valley of the shadow of death, July 28, 1689.

LESS COMMON MERCIES.

GODLY education; daily instructions; special means for getting of knowledge; wise and seasonable reproofs; holy ordinances duly administered; admitted to the Lord's Supper about

fifteen years old; the example of godly parents; line upon line; Sabbath; some measure of knowledge.

SPECIAL MERCIES.

ELECTION from eternity; free, effectual calling betimes in youth; strivings of the spirit; checks of conscience; admonitions; quickenings from the Word; strength vouchsafed to perform duties; victory over temptations: comfort in sorrow; preventing mercies; taught to pray; answers to prayers for relations in working good for them.

FAMILY MERCIES.

THE house preserved from fire when begun very near, June, 1690; the family begun to be built up; children preserved from the perils of infancy. Two of my near relations' children taken off quickly by death; mine, of the same age, spared. March 27, 1693.—One child of a dear friend burnt to death; another neighbour's child drowned lately, yet mine preserved; one of the children preserved from a dangerous

fall down a pair of stairs into the street; the recovery of both of them from the small-pox, May, 1695. January, 1695-6.—Both recovered from a malignant fever when they had been given up! at the same time two servants brought low by it, yet raised up. Ourselves preserved from the same distemper when two dear relations, mother and daughter, fell by it: wonder of mercy not to be forgotten.

NATIONAL MERCIES.

GREAT plenty; no famine; deliverance from the French fleet at sea, 1692, and victory over them, the wind turning for us; London delivered from the earthquake the same year when some kingdoms have been overturned and ruined by them.

Some Account of her last Sickness.

SHE was at public ordinances both morning and evening on the Lord's Day, August 29: she had been with her relations, who were ill the day before, and that day also. Though the distemper had seized her a day before, yet

she kept it to herself, as loath to be taken off by it from her work and duty. But that night it appeared that she was under the violent assault of a high fever, the alarm of which she received with her usual evenness and composure of spirit; and though she seemed from her first arrest to have received the sentence of death within herself, yet she was not at all disturbed at it, but spake of her circumstances with much cheerfulness. She was exceedingly afflicted with pain in her head, which quite deprived her of rest, and sleep departed from her eyes.

On Monday she sat up most of the day, spoke of her spiritual state with great humility and self-diffidence, repenting of sin, yet rejoicing in Christ Jesus: she said she was afraid of saying too much of her hope and comfort because the heart is deceitful.

All that week she continued worse (notwithstanding all means used) but kept in a very patient, submissive, heavenly frame. When asked how she did; she answered, "Better than I deserve." Often said, "I know whom I have trusted." She desired to have the beginning of Isaiah xliii. read and opened to her; that Scripture which Mr. Bilney the martyr supported himself with,—*When thou passest*

through the waters I will be with thee. She desired pardon for her omissions in the duty of her relations. The following sentences she uttered:

"I am not weary of living, but I am weary of sinning; I would live *as* Christ lives, and *where* Christ lives, and that I am sure will be *heaven.*"

"There are many passages in the Psalms not so proper for us but at such a time as this; as that, *My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.*"

"Let none think the worse of Religion nor of our family-worship, for the afflictions that are in our families, nor have a hard thought of God, for however it be, yet *God is good.*"

When her pain and extremity were great, she said, "I know the great God can do me no wrong: who would desire to go so many steps back which must some time or other be gone over again, when now I have but one stile more and I shall be at home?"

"I have hope in my death, for Christ hath said, *Because I live, ye shall live also.*"

"I have distrusted God, and am ashamed of it, for God is truth."

"Now for a promise."

"I hope this is no surprise."

"You are miserable comforters, but Jesus Christ is my abiding portion."

"I shall now be gathered to my people, and I have loved those that are godly, both poor and rich."

"Blessed be God for the Scriptures now."

Towards Saturday night she grew delirious; yet even then it was evident her heart was upon nothing so much as God, and the things of her soul; speaking often with a smiling cheerful countenance of psalms of praise and hymns of joy.

While she was under this disturbance she often recollected herself with this word,—"Here is nothing but Tahu and Bohu, (referring to Genesis i. 2.) confusion and emptiness, but it will not be so long."

After eight days conflict with her distemper, on Monday, September 6, 1697, between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, she fell asleep in the Lord.

She was buried, September 8, in St. Bridget's church, attended to the grave with abundance of true mourners, with whom her memory is and will be very precious.

Mr. Samuel Lawrence* preached her funeral sermon that evening at her brother's Meeting-place, on Job vii. 16. "*I would not live always.*"

* An account of this excellent divine may be seen in the Rev. Matthew Henry's Miscellaneous Works, p. 790. Messrs. Burder and Hughes' edition.—Ed.

FINIS.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BISHOPSGATE.